





Nfld Quarterly





The NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

SUMMER NUMBER, 1914

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.



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General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1914.

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H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1914.

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The Newfoundland Quarterly

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40 cents per year.

The "Newfoundland" Tragedy And the Loss of the "Southern Cross," with Passing References to Other Notable Sealing Disasters.

By Alex. A. Parsons, J.P.

"THE fares the barque, with trembling people charged,
That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea and horror looms
More horrible. Can human force endure
The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of wind and waves, the crash of ice,
Now ceasing, now renewed with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main."

THE prosecution of the seal fishery off these coasts, has always been, and will continue to be, so long as it is carried on as at present, a highly dangerous and exciting occupation, those engaged therein being perpetually exposed to disaster and death under conditions and circumstances that would intimidate



Photo by S. H. Parsons & Son.

THE STEEL SEALING FLEET OFF FOR THE ICE-FIELDS.

any men less daring than the hardy and intrepid sons of Newfoundland. Born, for the most part, along the seaboard, within the sound of the surging ocean as it rolls in from the storm-tossed Atlantic and breaks in thunder against our rugged shores, and "rocked in the cradle of the deep" from their infancy, they naturally find an inspiration therein that incites them to follow in the footsteps of their forefathers and earn their livelihood in the same free and fearless manner.

Never happier, never more at home, than when engaged in some extremely hazardous occupation or pastime, our boys begin their adventurous career by skating over the lightly-frozen lakes and "copying" on the pans of ice in the coves and harbors, emulating each other in the risks they run. As they grow up to manhood they long for the time when they can go

to the ice-fields in the early spring and to the Banks and coast of Labrador during the summer season. To our young Newfoundlanders both these branches of the staple industry possess attractions that are irresistible. They love to "dare and do,"—to sail close in the wake of the tide-driven iceberg, to climb its slippery sides, not knowing, or apparently caring, what moment it might roll over and engulf them,—to put out to sea in the severe gales, and to display the marvellous skill they acquire in "handling" their boats under circumstances so fraught with danger as to thrill and fascinate the spectator. To see these boats coming in from the "fishing ground" under a press of canvas, with the "spray" going over them, is a sight one cannot witness without expressing the liveliest admiration for the daring boatmen. I have seen mere lads of fourteen or fifteen years of age leaning out over leetling cliffs, or clinging to a single top or overhanging shrub, pulling young sea birds or eagles from their eyries, with jiggers attached to fishing lines, while hundreds of feet below lay, sometimes the angry waves, sometimes the jagged rocks, in any case meaning an awful death in the event of accident. Yet! our fishermen, young and old, are a splendid race, well worthy of the West Country vikings from whom most of them claim descent; nor is it any wonder we are now plunged in grief because so many of them have recently lost their lives on the treacherous and trackless ice-floes.

But while the magnitude of the present disaster is appalling, it is not true, as stated by some of the local newspapers, that "it reaches the proportions of the greatest sealing disaster in the Colony's history." At least one other tragedy involving a greater sacrifice of life than that caused by the loss of the *Southern Cross* and the death of eighty of the Newfoundland's crew, has occurred in connection with the seal fishery. If my readers will turn back to the first half of the nineteenth century they will find that, in the instance to which I refer, the "toll of the sea" was much greater than now, and that, on several other occasions, more than one vessel which left port for the ice-fields never returned. They went down with their gallant crews, leaving nothing to mark the spot where the ice-crested waves rolled over them. Here are some of the disasters recorded:—In 1830, the schooner *True Blue*, Capt. Picco, of Portugal Cove, was lost with all on board; in 1833, the schooner *Union*, Capt. Delaney, also with all hands—she had a crew of 28 men; 1837, six of crew of the schooner *Harriet*, Capt. Parsons, of Harbor Grace; 1838, fourteen vessels went down, not a single one of the crews escaping; 1843, fifteen of the crew of the schooner

Princess, of Harbor Grace; 1847, twenty-one of the crew of the *Margaret*, of that place; 1852, six men from the schooner *Georgia*; 1867, ten women and two men lost off Ragged Islands while in quest of seals; the same year two men and two women off Catalina; 1868, seven men from Foggo; 1872, forty-five of the crew of the *Huntsman*, Capt. Dawe, of Bay Roberts; the same year thirty-three of the crew of the schooner *Dundonald*, Capt. Jenkins, of St. John's, and eighteen men belonging to the schooner *Village Belle*, Capt. Antle, of Brigus. In 1892, twenty-four perished on the ice after being driven off from different places in Trinity Bay, and in 1898 forty-eight of the crew of the s.s. *Greenland*, Capt. Barbour, died from exposure on the ice.

It will thus be observed that—as I have already said—the worst disaster on record took place in the spring of 1898. During the voyage to the ice-fields that year the fleet experienced one of the greatest hurricanes ever known in the prosecution of this industry. In that storm fourteen vessels were lost with all their crews. Exactly how it happened none can tell, as not a vestige of them was ever seen or heard of from that day to this. Over three hundred perished, or fifty more than the total number lost by the *Southern Cross* and *Newfoundland* disasters combined.

Prosecuted as the seal fishery is during the cold and stormy month of March, it cannot be otherwise than a perilous avocation. It is, indeed, a voyage of hopes and fears, trials and disappointments, and the pursuit of it causes more anxiety, excitement and solicitude than any other occupation in the island, or perhaps anywhere else. Often the seals are sought after at a distance of four to eight miles from the ship, over huge masses

The first great tragedy since the introduction of steam into the prosecution of the sealing industry occurred in March, 1898, when forty-eight of the crew of the s.s. *Greenland* were frozen to death during an awful experience of twenty-four hours' exposure to the lowest temperature and biggest snow-storm of that unusually cold and tempestuous season. Previous to that, in 1892, we had the terrible affair known as the Trinity Bay sealing disaster, already casually mentioned here. On that occasion the seals were scattered about the Bay, some on pans of ice, others in the water. Many of the people pulled their boats far out into the Bay in quest of them, heedless of the approaching tempest. Some of the older and more observant fishermen noticed in time the first signs of the storm, and before its full force was felt, they were near enough to the land to reach it in safety. Over two hundred men were out among the ice and seals that day. About two-thirds of these got to shore after a tremendous struggle. The rest of them were not so fortunate. With strong arms and brave hearts they fought for their lives; but the freezing ice-tornado swept down upon them and paralyzed their efforts, while instant death appeared on every wave. Let me briefly quote from a contemporary writer—"One bold crew from English Harbor, seeing all their attempts to stem the tempest were in vain, made for the ice. So cutting was the blast that before the boat had reached the floe, flying before the wind, one young fellow became unconscious. However, they climbed to a pan higher than the rest, where they made a rude shelter; their boat was broken up to make a fire, and with this and some seals, they managed to live through the night. Thir-



Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

S.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND" CAPT. W. KEAN.



THE RESCUE SHIP—S.S. "BELLAVENTURE,"
CAPT. R. RANDELL.

of ice; and, during the toilsome journey, the men have to jump from one pan to another across frightful chasms, where yawns the dark blue water ready to receive them, should they miss their footing. Sometimes, as in the case of the *Newfoundland's* crew, when the sealers are at a distance from the vessel in search of a patch of hoods are harps, a freezing snow-storm comes on, when no object around can be described, and the distant ship is entirely lost sight of. The bewildered sealers gather together. They try one course, then another; but in vain; no vessel appears. The lights shown from their ship cannot be seen. The guns fired and the whistles blown cannot be heard. Night comes on and the unfortunate men perish through fatigue, cold and hunger, on the shelterless ice floe. Such tragedies are, alas too frequent in the experience of our seal fishers. Scarcely a season passes in which some of the wives and children of those hardy "ice-hunters" are not called to mourn the loss of their bread-winners. Our past history—particularly that portion of it which belongs to the sailing fleet—tells us how vessels were crushed between large masses of ice, and how all on board were consigned to one common destruction. Thus the force and meaning of the poet's lines are again and again brought home to us when he says:—

"There lieth a wreck on the distant shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the snow, upon mounds of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tossed."

teen fishermen were found frozen to death in their little punts; eleven others were driven up the Bay, where they perished in that dark cold night of death. The hardships that were endured the sufferings of the poor fellows that were saved, the agony of suspense for the dear ones on shore, the heroism of those humble souls in their hour of agony is known only to the Almighty Power that rules both sea and land. All that could be done was done to alleviate the distressed; a gallant crew from Heart's Delight saved the sixteen men on the ice. Capt. Fowlow put out in his schooner and succored some others and brought them home to their agonized families. Charity flowed in to the widows and orphans, and tender sympathy was called forth for the mourners.

But certainly the greatest disaster since 1898 is the one to which I now more particularly refer: The *Newfoundland's* death roll numbers 80. Add to this the crew of the ill-fated *Southern Cross* and we have a total for 1914 of 250. It was on the 2nd of April last, just as we were expecting to hear some encouraging news from the ice fields that a wireless message was received by Messrs. Bowring Brothers from Capt. J. W. Lean of the steamer *Florizel*, conveying to them the first intelligence of the disaster to the *Newfoundland's* crew. This message stated that a portion of them were caught out in the terrible blizzard which had raged along the coast a day or two previously, and that the *Bellaventure* had found fifty of them dead

and dying on the ice. In a few hours the whole Colony became aware of the melancholy facts and a feeling of deep and heartfelt grief manifested itself throughout the community. Never, perhaps, in the history of the Island were the hearts of the people more deeply moved than on that memorable occasion; and this feeling was, if possible, intensified a few days later when it was ascertained that the dead would number eighty and that many of the survivors were so badly frostbitten as to be maimed for life. The whole city felt a pang of bereavement—

"But who shall paint the various grief,
Where none was near to yield relief;
The cutting thoughts that crowd the mind
(The wives and children left behind)—
Of those whose hope had left a prey
To dark Suspense and pale Dismay."

The Government acted with commendable promptitude in the matter. As soon as the nature and extent of the tragedy became known, arrangements were made by the Acting Premier, Hon. John R. Bennett, (in the absence of the Prime Minister from the Colony) for a public meeting in aid of the sufferers and the bereaved wives and children. This meeting was convened by Sheriff Carter, and took place in the Court House on the 7th April. There and then His Excellency the Administrator, Sir William H. Horwood, appointed a general committee, which met on the 9th of that month, in the Board of Trade Building when His Excellency nominated an executive committee, and on the following day, April 10th, the latter held its first meeting, at which steps were taken with a view to a thorough canvass of

the city and volunteers, first-aid assistants, corps from the Naval Reserve and Lads' Brigades, stretcher-bearers, ambulances from the Hospitals and express wagons supplied by the Reid Newfoundland Company, were at hand and ready for immediate use. The arrangements were all that could be desired, and within ten minutes after the steamer's arrival at the wharf the work of removing the injured and the bodies of those who had perished on the ice began.

The "Newfoundland District of the St. John Ambulance Brigade Overseas" had all three of its divisions on duty. The muster comprised the following: One district officer; medical officers, two; ambulance officers, four; nursing officers, two; sergeants, two; privates, twenty-eight; thirteen nursing sisters; ten volunteer helpers—first aid certificates; three other volunteer helpers. On receipt of the news that the *Bellaventure* was homeward bound with the sick and dead, the Government made arrangements with the Port Medical Officer, who was given complete charge of everything except the stretcher work, which was allotted to the Police. Doctor Macpherson, District Surgeon and Superintendent, at once offered the services of the Brigade to the Port Medical Officer for ambulance and nursing duties at King George V. Seamen's Institute, and they were readily accepted. Later, in conversation with the Inspector General of Constabulary, the latter informed him that, with the limited number of men at his disposal to deal with the immense crowd which would gather, he feared the ambulance work would seriously hamper him, and gladly passed it over to the Brigade,



"BELLAVENTURE'S" CREW BRINGING SURVIVORS AND BODIES ABOARD SHIP.

the city and an appeal to the people generally for donations in aid of the "Marine Disaster's Fund." Between the 15th of April and the 20th of May the committee held no less than seventeen meetings, when responsible reports were received as to needy cases, all of which were promptly considered. These obtained help at once, a sum of \$4,500 being dispersed for that purpose.

The *Bellaventure*, with the dead and injured people on board, arrived at about five o'clock p.m. on Saturday, the 4th of April. As she steamed in through the Narrows, with her flag half-mast high, the pulse of business along the water-front for a moment stood still, while the thousands of spectators who had congregated about the Public Wharf, the premises of Harvey & Co., and the slope known as Custom House Hill, leading from Duckworth to Water Street, held their breath as they gazed over the harbor at the advancing ship and thought of the scores of their fellow-countrymen on board, still and cold in the embrace of death. Slowly she approached the wharf, where every necessary preparation had already been made for the landing of the dead as well as the injured, many of the latter being so badly frostbitten as to need the utmost care and attention. This they received unsparingly. The big, warm heart of the community was moved as, perhaps, never before, by an intense feeling of sympathy, every one being anxious to lend a helping hand. All the city Physicians, the Ambulance Corps, under Drs. Macpherson and Campbell, nurses from the General Hos-



Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

LANDING SURVIVORS AT HARVEY & CO'S WHARF.

which undertook full responsibility for all the ambulance work. The Commander of H.M.S. *Catypso*, placed a stretcher party, consisting of one warrant officer, six petty officers and twenty-four blue jackets, under Dr. Macpherson's orders, for service with the Brigade. These did most of the actual carrying of the patients. No. 1 (C. L. B.) Division were given the most trying task—that of loading the stretchers and bringing them to the ship's rail. No. 2 (Avalon) Nursing Division, with the assistance of two graduate nurses (Misses Taylor and Cunningham) converted the third flat of the Seamen's Institute into a temporary hospital, where they cared for ten convalescent patients from the General Hospital, removed to make room for the most serious cases among the frost-bitten sealers. To this hospital were brought eighteen of the less severe cases of frostbite among the survivors. These were cared for by No. 2 Nursing Division until discharged, or room could be made for them at the General Hospital. It is gratifying to be able to say that, from start to finish, every one thus engaged performed his or her work in a most satisfactory manner. No one faltered or fainted in the performance of their most trying duties, and this, too, in face of the fact that none of them had seen active service before. Thus this organization, the holding together of which has, in the past, met with so much difficulty, owing to the seemingly visionary character of the work for which it sought to prepare its members, has been amply rewarded for all its efforts by the excellent work its training has enabled it to do in this terrible emergency.

But to return to the actual work of landing the sick and dead.



The Grand Priory of

The Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England.

AMBULANCE DEPARTMENT.

The St. John Ambulance Brigade Overseas

Chief Commissioner.—Major-General J. C. Dalton (late R.A.)

NEWFOUNDLAND DISTRICT.—District Surgeon and Superintendent in Charge of District.—Cluny Macpherson, Esq., M.D.



Holloway Photo.

Members of the St. John's Divisions engaged in transport of the survivors of the *s.s. Newfoundland* disaster and the caring for them in the temporary Hospital which they established in King George V. Seamen's Institute.

TOP ROW:—J. King (Volunteer), Private H. Grant (3), Pte. P. O'Mara (3), Pte. E. Maunier (3), Pte. H. Macpherson (3), D. Brenton (Vol. F.A.), Pte. G. House (3), Pte. C. Edgar (3), J. Ellis (Vol. F.A.), Pte. W. Stevenson (3), Pte. H. Chafe (3), Pte. J. Hustins (3), J. Bemister (Vol.), Pte. G. Cross (3), Pte. L. O'Mara (3)

SECOND ROW:—Mr. Prout (Sick-Berth Steward H.M.S. *Caledon*), Pte. B. Noseworthy (3), Pte. A. Rumsey (3), Pte. W. Chafe (3), Pte. F. Williams (3), Pte. J. Carbery (3), Pte. J. Jeans (3), Pte. W. Strong (3), Pte. M. Murphy (3), Pte. W. Taylor (3)

THIRD ROW:—Pte. E. Ellis (1), Pte. F. Roberts (1), Pte. G. Edgecombe, Nursing Sister Miss M. Kent (2), N.S. Mrs. C. Muir (2), Miss M. Joyce (F.A. Vol.), N.S. Miss C. Ball (2), Miss M. Taylor and Miss E. Cunningham (Trained Nurses working as volunteers in St. J. A.B.), N.S. Miss E. Ellis (2), N.S. Miss A. Tessier (2), N.S. Miss J. Gale (2), N.S. Miss E. Hawkins (2), Pte. F. Samuelson (1), Pte. A. Bishop (1)

FOURTH ROW:—Pte. E. Spry (3), F. Miles (Vol with No. 1), Second Ambulance Officer E. Churchill (3), Capt. W. March of M.G.B. (Vol. F.A. with No. 3), Miss L. Spry, First Nursing Officer (2), Dr. W. Roberts, Divisional Surgeon (2), Dr. Cluny Macpherson, District Surgeon & Superintendent, Newfoundland District, Mr. W. Reeves, Ambulance Officer No. 1 Division; Miss E. Gaul, Second Nursing Officer (2); Mr. N. Alderice, Supt. No. 3 Division; First Ambulance Officer H. Pedigrew (3), Sgt. & Sec. H. Spry (3), Pte. S. Dewling (1).

BOTTOM ROW:—Pte. T. Hammond (1), Pte. H. Barnes (1), *Miss Lloyd, N.S. M. Worral (2), N.S. E. Christian (2), N.S. H. Galishaw (2), *Miss Forsythe, N.S. A. Worsley (2), N.S. I. LeMessurier (2), N.S. E. LeMessurier (2), Pte. W. Miles (1), M. Wadden, Insp. of Stores (3); Pte. A. Hammond (1).

* Sisters from General Hospital, who accompanied convalescents from hospital and remained while patients were being received from *s.s. Bellaventure*.

Under the direction of Dr. Campbell on board the ship, one after another, the frost-bitten men were gently taken on shore, the worst cases being removed first. They were at once conveyed to the Seamen's Institute, where they were examined by the doctors before driven to the Hospital. Those who were not seriously ill, but still suffered from the effects of exposure to the storm and frost, found the support they needed in the strong arms that assisted them as they walked from the wharf to the comfortable quarters provided for them at the Institute. The sick and suffering seafarers having received careful attention, the melancholy task of removing the dead to the Grenfell Hall was begun. All the bodies had been placed on the forward part of the ship and were covered with tarpaulins and canvas. Gently, as if the vital spark still lingered in these cold and inanimate forms, they were brought on shore, the Brigade boys saluting

and the citizens raising their hats and remaining uncovered while the cortege of stretcher-bearers passed from the ship to Hall.

Inside the Institute, as the bodies were taken into the Hall, many sad and touching incidents were witnessed, as relatives waited to receive their dead fathers and brothers. Undertakers and their assistants stood around and clergymen of all denominations were there ready to render any service that might be required of them. So pathetic was the entire scene that many strong men who were not directly interested vainly endeavoured to restrain their tears as sobbing friends came forward to identify the remains of their loved and lost ones. The bodies were then removed to the basement of the Institute, divested of their old clothing, cleaned, shaved, newly clothed and taken back to the Hall, where their friends were permitted to see them. The

touching scenes here witnessed have already been described in detail by the daily papers, and they are too fresh in the public mind to need further description by me.

The work of preparing the bodies for removal and burial went on all through Saturday night. Those belonging to the city and suburbs had been removed, and the larger number of those that belonged to the extern places, were sent out by train on Sunday evening, a large number of sympathizing citizens following them from the Institute to the railway station, where they were put on board cars specially prepared for the sad occasion, and taken to their late homes. Memorial services were held in all the city churches, and in most of the churches outside the city as well, where eloquent tributes were paid to the self-sacrifice and splendid heroism of those lion-hearted men who, enured to danger from childhood, could unconsciously meet their fate under such awful conditions. They did not "turn aside or falter" when death so grimly confronted them amid the biting frost and blinding snow-drift of an Arctic winter on the pitiless ice-floe. Perhaps they could, and did, say to each other during the lingering hours of that terrible Wednesday night, ere the chilly fingers of death had gripped them—

"In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's own eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet Him better
Than in working out our lot."

The story of this tragedy is best told in the words of Captain Randell of the rescuing steamer. In his evidence before the Commission of Inquiry appointed by the Government immediately after the arrival of the *Bellaventure*, Capt. Randell said in effect: "On the morning of Tuesday, 31st of March, the weather conditions were such as would warrant the ordinary sealing master in sending his men out on the ice in quest of seals.

The glass gave no indication of an approaching storm, and seals being reported in the neighborhood of the *Newfoundland*, it was not unreasonable that Capt. Kean should have his full complement of men on the ice. That morning I had most of my men out after a patch of old seals; but these were driven off and the men returned to the ship. At noon the barometer indicated an approaching storm, and it was snowing a little, with increasing wind from the southward. It began to get cold about 3 p.m., the mild weather giving place to a severe blizzard, with hurricane force of wind. At this time it was not intensely cold, but as the day grew so did the storm. Late in the afternoon there was a change for about an hour, when the wind swung round from the westward, making it quite mild, with soft snow. Up to 9 p.m. the temperature was such as not to cause frostbite; but about that time the wind suddenly changed to north, blowing with great violence and the temperature falling to zero. These conditions continued all Tuesday night, the ice being in such a state, and the atmosphere so thick as to render it impossible to find a crew, if any considerable distance from the ship. On Wednesday morning there was no change, the weather continuing frosty. If during this time Capt. Kean knew his men had not reached any other ship, it would be useless for him to search for them. If the men had taken the *Newfoundland's* position and set their compasses before the storm came on, it is just possible that she would be running away from them instead of drawing nearer. The men would be unable to reach the ship, owing to the thick snow, unless apprised by the sound of the whistle. At noon on Wednesday there was an abatement of the storm and at 2 p.m. it ceased to snow; but there was a "ground drift" on the ice, making it hard for those on the ship to see men at any great distance, though men on the ice would be able to see the ship and yet be unable to reach or signal her. On Wednesday afternoon the *Bellaventure's* men were on the ice and killed some three hundred seals. During this time we worked toward the *Newfoundland*. The night was colder and more severe than Tuesday, with continued north wind and drifting snow. Soon after daylight on Thursday the barrelman reported that he saw a couple of men on the ice. When he told me this I remarked that there must be a large patch of seals inside the *Newfoundland* or Capt. Kean would not have his men

out so early. Subsequently another report reached me from the lookout to the effect that the men were "wobbling" about and appeared as if they were out all night. The *Bellaventure* was then forced toward them and some of her men were sent out to render assistance. One of the men sighted walked to the ship and reported that he belonged to the *Newfoundland's* crew, that more than one hundred of them had been out since Tuesday morning and that upwards of fifty were dead on the ice-floe."

Captain Randell then goes on to speak of the work of rescue: "Full speed was ordered on the *Bellaventure* when the disaster was made known, and the crew were sent out in relays with food, stretchers, wood to light fires and various other things such as would be of service in caring for the survivors. Owing to the ice being very compact, the progress of the ship was necessarily slow, but the men sent out continued on and rescued those who had outlived the storm and brought them on board. Meantime a second man from the *Newfoundland's* crew walked to the *Bellaventure* and gave the death toll as greater than at first reported." "All day," says Captain Randell, "we continued the work of rescue, our men assisting those who could walk to the *Bellaventure*, and those who could not were placed on stretchers and brought to the ship as gently as possible. As the ship continued on, the dead bodies were taken aboard with the living, no less than fifteen being found on a single pan. At 5 p.m. the work was practically completed, when about sixty



Photo by S. H. FERGUSON & SONS.

WAITING FOR SURVIVORS AND BODIES AT SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE.

dead bodies and thirty-five survivors were on board our ship. Some of the latter completely collapsed as they reached the deck; a few were unable to speak and more or less suffered mentally as well as physically. These, during the night, recovered their reason, and the others, who had been but slightly frost-bitten, were able to relate the awful experience through which they had passed."

The *Southern Cross* was on her way home from the Gulf seal fishery with 17,000 seals. She had called at Channel, on the West Coast, where her commander, Captain Clarke, reported to the owners' agent here that the ship was loaded and everything right on board. It seems that she left Channel on Monday, March 30th, and at 11 o'clock the following day was reported five miles W.S.W. of Cape Pine, by the s.s. *Portia*, and, according to a private message, heading for Trepassay. Some of our experienced master mariners are under the impression that Capt. Clarke, after sighting Gallantry Head, St. Pierre, shaped his course directly for Cape Pine, giving Cape St. Mary's a wide berth, and, after passing the former Cape, made for Cape Race, hoping to get across Trepassay Bay before the full force of the storm could reach him. In this, however, it is painfully obvious that he failed, as nothing has since been seen or heard of him, his ship or her sturdy crew. The assumption is that they went down in the awful gale of that memorable night and the succeeding day. Most of those competent to give an opinion on such matters think that he (Capt. Clarke) would not take the risk of trying to enter Trepassay, and, seeing no chance to get around

Cape Race," "hove to," believing that, with plenty of sea-room, he could weather the gale and come out all right. But the days and the weeks and the months have gone by and the loved ones left behind are now reluctantly compelled to abandon all hope of ever seeing their bread-winners again—

"Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day.
No image meets the wandering eye
But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.
Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull
Bedims the waves so beautiful
While a low and a melancholy moan
Mourns for the glory that hath flown."

The appeal for donations in aid of the bereaved and suffering people, made by the Relief Committee, was handsomely responded to at home and abroad. And just here I would like to mention the suggestive fact that the two first contributors in England to the Relief Fund were their Majesties King George and Queen Mary, the former giving £100 and the latter £50. I use the word "suggestive" advisedly, because it further emphasizes the inborn sympathy of the Sovereigns with their people—a sympathy not confined to the "Parent State," but one that reaches out to their suffering subjects in the remote dominions beyond the seas. Such acts as these keep us in friendly touch with the centre of the Empire and the gracious Rulers to whom we pay a loyal and willing allegiance. But never was the proverbial generosity of our own people more freely and universally displayed. Everybody felt a desire to contribute according to his or



Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

FUNERAL PROCESSION TO RAILWAY STATION.

her means. Even the children gave entertainments, and held sales of their own work, gladly bringing the proceeds and placing them in the hands of the Honorary Treasurer. Nor was this feeling of practical sympathy confined to our own people. Much as the latter contributed—and the Treasurer, Hon. Robt. Watson, tells me they gave nearly half the total amount subscribed—their contributions were pretty well covered by the generosity of sympathizers outside. Friends in the Mother Country, as usual, responded in the open-handed manner so characteristic of them on such occasions. Stimulated by the active efforts of His Excellency the Governor (Sir Walter Davidson) and the Prime Minister (Rt. Hon. Sir E. P. Morris), both of whom happened to be in England at the time, they surpassed all our expectations in the number and size of their donations. The London Fund alone amounted to \$45,000. This, with \$5,000 contributed in other parts of England, brought the total amount received from the Old Land up to \$50,000.

On this side of the Atlantic the Canadian Government led off with the munificent vote of \$25,000, while the corporations and private citizens of the Dominion contributed as much more. Large contributions also reached us from Newfoundlanders and others in the United States, aggregating about \$25,000, the whole amount in the hands of the Treasurer on the 15th of June, when the lists were closed, being no less than \$275,000.

Add to these figures the sum of \$100 per capita of the 250 men lost—contributed by the local Government—and we have a grand total of \$300,000, for which it is needless to add, the widows and orphans, the sufferers still in hospital (those who are maimed for life) and all others interested in that awful tragedy express their deep and heartfelt gratitude.

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
How I wish that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill:
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Our Dead Seal Hunters.

By M. A. Devine.

Nor theirs to die where the falchion's flash
'Mid the din and the smoke of war,
Where the fratricidal legions clash,
And the cannons blaze afar.

No drum-beat boomed o'er the field they trod—
The plain of shimmering white,
Where our brothers yielded their souls to God
In the dark of the Borean night.

Red-blooded stalwarts were they all,
The pick of a Viking race
From a hundred hunting sires the call
Impelled them to the chase.

And though danger lurked by berg and pan,
They counted not their lives,
Each faced his duty like a man
For home, and babes, and wives.

To life and laughter and kindred face,
To home on the sea-swept shore,
The siren call of the ship of the chase
Shall wake them nevermore.

No grave or quizes for martial strife,
Was laced to their limbs or breast;
The gaff, the goggles, the belt the knife,
Sufficient for their quest.

And forth they fared on the frozen fields,
Unbending the threatening sky,
To prove that the true man never yields,
And to teach us how to die.

Oh, mothers, sisters, babes and wives,
Who weep by the Northern Sea,
May the God of pity overlook your lives,
And assuage your misery.

And believe that your husband, brother, son,
Has entered the Realm of Light,
Where the homespun garb for the dead well done,
Shall be changed into robes of white.

April, 1914.

In Memoriam.

Eunice T. Holbrook Ruel.

Out of the dark and driving sleet,
Out of the void and the lonely night,
Sweet came a voice o'er the icy deep,
"Let there be light."

Out of the terror and agony,
There where it seemed death could never cease,
One was among them stronger than death.
"Let there be peace."

Down on the flocks of the bitter north,
Out where death terrified with its shade,
Wonderful comfort! wonderful hope!
"Be not afraid."

Out of the shadow of death they went,
Brave heart and true, where He led the way,
Out of the darkness! Into the light
Of Eternal Day.

Some Indian Dream Pictures.

By Dr. Arthur Selwyn-Brown.



HE world is surprised at rare intervals by the sudden appearance of a poet or symbolist who expresses in a few terse words, great thoughts and emotions that everyone has long felt, but has been unable to satisfactorily phrase or utter.

Such a poet has arisen in India and his work received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913. The extraordinary prose poems of the Bengali poet Rabindranath Tagore are to-day attracting the attention of literary men in every country. These poems, or dreams as they might better be called, were published in a small volume in Bombay several years ago. They were in the Bengali language. Last year they were translated by the author into English and published in a small volume in London, and created a sensation throughout Europe. Indians say of Tagore: "He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of life itself and that is why we all give him our love."

Tagore is a musician and an English scholar. He sets his songs to music and has translated his "Gitanjali," or dream songs, into a most beautiful English prose which is quite unequalled by other modern writers.

These dream songs are philosophic pictures that have a haunting sweetness which seems to grow the more we become acquainted with their mysticism. William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, writes of them: "I have carried the manuscript of these translations about with me for days, reading it in railways, or on the tops of omnibuses and in restaurants, and I have often had to close it lest some stranger would see how much it moved me. These lyrics display in their thought a world I have dreamed of all my life long. The work of a supreme culture, they yet appear as much the growth of the common soil as the grass and the rushes. A tradition, where poetry and religion are the same thing has passed through the centuries gathering from learned and unlearned metaphor and emotion and carried back again to the multitude the thought of the scholar and of the noble."

Tagore's dreams, as we will call these splendid visions of the seer, begin with an invocation which is at once simple and pregnant with grand thoughts. He writes as follows:

DREAM 1.

"Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again and fillest it ever with fresh life. This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new. At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits in joy and gives birth to utterance ineffable. Thy infinite gifts come to me only on these very small mounds of mine. Ages pass and still thou pourest and still there is room to fill!"

DREAM 2.

"When thou commandest me to sing, it seems that my heart would break with pride; and I look to thy face, and tears come to my eyes. All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one sweet harmony—and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea. I know that thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a singer I come before thy presence. I touch by the edge of the far spreading wing of my song thy feet, which I never could aspire to reach. Drunk with the joy of singing, I forget myself and call thee friend who art my Lord."

DREAM 3.

"I know not how thou singest, my Master! I ever listen in silent amazement. The light of thy music illumines the world. The life breath of thy music runs from sky to sky. The holy stream of thy music breaks through all stony obstacles and rushes on. My heart longs to join in thy song, but vainly struggles for a voice. I would speak, but speech breaks not into song, and I cry out baffled. Ah, thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music my Master!"

In these beautiful words the poet invokes his muse, tells of his inspiration; glances throughout the many ages of the past and summarizes a quaint, mystical philosophy. "Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure." What a world of thought is hidden in this melodious line! Philosophical stu-

dents will therein find not only a summary of Buddhist principles but a good view of the teachings of Schopenhauer. "Thou hast made me endless"—an immortal spirit, living endlessly like the essence of a crystal or an electron; a passion adventuring as long as time extends. "At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits in joy and gives birth to utterance ineffable." Here is a great confession. The poet simply suggests that when the weary soul gives itself up to that ecstatic meditation so favoured by the poets of the Orient and by idealistic philosophers, it passes out of the realms of casual cognition and enters the happy fields of aesthetic and philosophical intuition which exist on the farther side of the veil of Maya, in Nirvana, and gladdens all hearts that are privileged to see them. Then silent singers break forth into sweet songs like the famed melodies the wind makes in the pine groves on stormy nights, and seers receive the secrets of the ages and revivify them so that they may be understood by all men. "Ages pass and still thou pourest and still there is room to fill." In other words, our life is but an episode in the grand procession of physical and spiritual changes that ceaselessly accompany the planetary evolutions. Such luminous ecstasies as the Roman Ovid felt many centuries ago are rivaled by the dreams of romantic spirits like Tagore to-day and will, likewise, be enjoyed by thousands of spiritual souls yet unborn. The Fifth dream says—"To-day the summer has come at my window with its sighs and murmurs; and the bees are playing their minstrelsy at the Court of the flowering grove." This gladdens the poet's heart and leads him to sing some fairy-like love sonnets and then we reach the 48th Dream—one of the most beautiful of all. This grand outburst is a delightful philosophical and musical prose anthem. It runs as follows:

DREAM 48.

"The morning sea of silence broke into ripples of bird songs; and the flowers were all merry by the roadside; and the wealth of gold was scattered down the rift of the clouds while we busily went our way and paid no heed! We sang no glad songs, nor played; we went not to the village for barter; we spoke not a word nor smiled; we lingered not on the way. We quickened our pace more and more as time sped by. The sun rose to the mid sky and doves cooed in the shade. Withered leaves danced and whirled in the hot air of noon. The shepherd boy drowsed and dreamed in the shadow of the banyan tree, and I laid myself down by the water and stretched my tired limbs on the grass. My companions laughed at me in scorn; they held their heads high and hurried on; they never looked back nor rested; they vanished in the distant blue haze. They crossed many meadows and hills, and passed through strange far-away countries. All honour to you, heroic host of the interminable path! Mockery and reproach picked me to rise, but found no response in me. I gave myself up for lost in the depth of a glad humiliation—in the shadow of a dim delight. The response of the sun embroidered green gloom slowly spread over my heart. I forgot for what I had travelled and I surrendered my mind without struggle to the maze of shadows and songs. At last when I woke from my slumber and opened my eyes, I saw thee standing by me, nodding my sleep with thy smile. How I had feared that the path was long and wearisome and the struggle to reach thee hard!"

There is a magic and witchery in these lovely words which must suggest to the reader all the beautiful pictures that the romantic poets have drawn for him with the utmost cunning of their art when they wished to describe a holiday in Cithara or the entrance of souls to paradise. This subtle dream provokes a multitude of dreams, carries us through all the countries we have travelled in and read about, while it holds in solution a grand philosophy. Not only a great expressionist but a great mystic penned such lines as these:

"When in the morning I looked upon the light, I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother. Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well. The child cried out when from the right breast the mother takes it away, in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation."

Minds that have been drilled by continued interest in commonplace affairs will see little more than a succession of beautiful

words in the above passage. But what a vast sunlit Vista it opens up for those who are fortunately able to appreciate the spiritual aspects and mysticism of life! The theme of the above quotation from the 95th Dream greatly attracts Tagore. He turns to it again and again, and lovingly clothes it with beautiful imagery. Thus he says:

"The day was when I did not keep myself in readiness for thee; and entering my heart unbidden even as one of the common crowd, unknown to me, my king, thou didst press the signet of eternity upon many a fleeting moment of my life. And to-day, when by chance I light upon them and see thy signature, I find they have lain scattered in the dust, mixed with the memory of joys and sorrows of my trivial days forgotten. Thou didst not turn in contempt from my childish play among dust, and the steps that I heard in my playroom are the same that are echoing from star to star."

England has bestowed many benefits upon India and the Indian not the least being good instruction in English, the finest and most expressive of all languages. It is agreeable to notice that one of the first offerings in Indian literature written in our beautiful tongue by a Bengali is this wonderful collection of prose poems, so full of philosophical truths, so graceful and delicate that no English writer to-day could surpass them. The spirit of the ages breathes in the 63rd Dream which runs as follows:

DREAM 63.

"Thou hast made me known to friends whom I knew not. Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou hast brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger. I am uneasy at heart when I have to leave my accustomed shelter; I forget that there abides the old in the new, and that there also abides. Through birth and death, in this world or in others, wherever thou leadest me it is thou, the same, the one companion of my endless life who ever loudest my heart with bonds of joy to the unfamiliar. When one knows thee, then alien there is none, then no door is shut. Oh, grant me my prayer that I may never lose the bliss of the touch of the one in the play of the many."

The old abides in the new; alien is but a relative term; nothing is strange to the contemplative intellect. Man is immortal; the spirit never dies; time only passes and ages; how then can kindred souls marching down the ages together appear as strangers? It is only in moments of forgetfulness, according to the poet, when we "lose the bliss of the touch of the one in the play of the many," that it is possible for us to be ignorant and alien. These thoughts are re-echoed in the 69th Dream which says:

DREAM 69.

"The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow. I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of the world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment."

Throughout the book, Tagore indicates that he is but the medium through which the spirit of the ages reaffirms its promises and leads us futurewards with the life-throb of the past stirring our blood and prompting to higher achievements. Bravely and in a clear, majestic voice the poet sings his postlude in this song?

DREAM 103.

In one salutation to thee, my God, let all my senses spread out and touch this world at thy feet. Like a rain-cloud of July hung low with its burden of washed showers, let all my mind bend down at thy door in one salutation to thee. Let all my songs gather together their diverse strains into a single current and flow to a sea of silence in one salutation to thee. Like a flock of homeseek cranes flying night and day back to their mountain nests let all my life take its voyage to its eternal home in one salutation to thee."

In sparkling dreams like these, expressed in vivid thought provoking phrases, an Oriental poet and philosopher in our materialistic days tells us of spiritual things in the simplest and most musical English prose and startles us by the brevity, concreteness and powerfulness of his pictures and the profundity of his expressions. In a few charmingly selected words he draws cameo-like symbol Mosaics that reflect the ages of the past and conjure up the æons of the future, while with a startling sud-

denness, he indicates the rapidity of the succession of human generations, lauds the grandeur and immortality of the soul while at the same time he unravels much of its mysteriousness.

TAGORE, HIS LIFE AND POETRY.

Rabindranath Tagore, winner of the Nobel Literary Prize, has won lasting fame among the Bengali—they call this "The Epoch of Rabindranath."

Rabindranath Tagore, to whom the Nobel prize for literature has been awarded, is known to the Occidental world by only three small volumes—"Gitanjali," "The Gardener," and "The Crescent Moon" (Macmillan). These are the Bengali poet's own translations in simple but beautiful English prose of the songs that have made him more famous and more popular among the millions speaking Bengali than is any poet in Europe or America among his own people to-day.

But, to quote a distinguished Bengali physician on the native fame that was undoubtedly a great factor in winning for Rabindranath Tagore the greatest literary prize in the world: "We have other poets, but none that are his equal; we call this the epoch of Rabindranath. He is as great in music as in poetry, and his songs are sung from the west of India into Burma wherever Bengali is spoken. He was already famous at nineteen, when he wrote his first novel, and plays written when he was but little older are still played in Calcutta. When he was very young he wrote much of natural objects, and would sit all day in his garden. From his twenty-fifth year or so to his thirty-fifth, when he had a great sorrow, he wrote the most beautiful love poetry in our language."

The following lyrics of love from "The Gardener" will give an idea of the music and spirituality of Mr. Tagore's poetry:

"I hold her hands and press her to my breast. I try to fill my arms with her loveliness, to plunder her sweet smile with kisses, to drink her dark glances with my eyes. Ah, but where is it? Who can strain the blue from the sky? I try to grasp the beauty, it eludes me, leaving only the body in my hands. Baffled and weary I come back. How can the body touch the flower which only the spirit may touch?"

"Love, my heart longs day and night for the meeting with you—for the meeting that is like all-devouring death. Sweep me away like a storm; take everything I have; break open my sleep and plunder my dreams. Rob me of my world. In that devastation, in the utter nakedness of spirit, let us become one in beauty. Alas for my vain desire! Where is this hope for union except in thee my God?"

Rabindranath Tagore, who is now in his fifty-fourth year, was educated in a manner to develop his mystic and poetic nature. As a child at home books and music were his companions. The father, who was quick to see and foster the boy's intellectual qualities, sent him at the age of eleven to the Himalayas so that their grandeur might stimulate his soul. When seventeen years old he went to Europe, and in London he continued the study of English, the rudiments of which he had learned in the schools at home.

Few of those who have read his poetry know that the poet now conducts a school in Bengal. "I have a boarding school in India," he said in talking about his plans before returning to Bengal in September, "and that is the work to which I am going back. It is my principal work. I have nothing else to do because I think that this is the only problem we have—the educational problem. This boarding school—we do not have many of them in India—is about a hundred miles away from the distractions and excitements of Calcutta, in very open country."

"My father, who was a very famous man in India and very pious, was travelling by the place and was attracted to this spot of land, a sort of heath, with two very shady old trees. He bought the ground and built a bungalow upon it and spent a great deal of his time there in meditation."

"And in this place associated with his memory I started a school. I began with five boys, and now have two hundred."

Mr. Tagore paid a visit to America last year, and when asked what impressed him most he said: "In America, and in England as well, I have been most impressed by the spirit of social service. It has been an inspiration to me, whereas it escapes, perhaps, you who are engaged in it. But coming from India, as I did, it was the first thing that impressed me deeply. I felt it in the atmosphere here. I have met a good many men, quite simple men—men not of very great culture—who are intensely taken up with this ideal of self-sacrifice for the good of society, and it has been a great benefit for me to know them."

Royal Birthday Honors.

IN the Royal birthday honors announced early in June, His Majesty's representative in this Colony, Governor Davidson, figured as the recipient of a knighthood, and we warmly congratulate Sir Walter and Lady Davidson on his advancement to a K.C.M.G. Few Governors have come amongst us who have earned more the confidence and good will of the people than the present occupant of Government House, and the pleasure at the announcement will be widespread and very sincere.

Walter Edward Davidson was born at Killybeagh, County Down, Ireland in 1859, the son of James Davidson, Esq., and

Colonial and Indian Exhibition held at South Kensington in that year, where he had the good fortune to meet and make the acquaintance of many of the leading representatives of the Colonies, at that very successful Exhibition. The object of Ceylon, at that time just emerging from the industrial calamity caused by the sudden failure of the Coffee crops, was to introduce to the world its new industry of Tea-planting. The export of tea then was under eight million pounds, while it has now reached 192,000,000 lbs. The plan of the Ceylon authorities was to attract visitors to the Ceylon Court by a show of attractive exhibits in order that tea should be dispensed at the Tea Pavilion adjacent to the Court. This policy, which was pursued at subsequent Exhibitions, notably at Chicago, Paris and



SIR WALTER E. DAVIDSON, K.C.M.G.



LADY DAVIDSON.

after a successful career at Rossall College, entered in 1880, while a student at Christ's College, Cambridge, for the competitive examination for Eastern Cadetships and passed second on the list, and in December of that year left England to take up an appointment in Ceylon.

Among his companions on the voyage out were two other successful candidates bound for the Straits Settlements, both of whom have achieved success,—Sir Edward Merewether, now Governor of Sierra Leone, and Sir Walter Egerton, now Governor of British Guiana.

His first holiday was taken to Calcutta where he had the good fortune to turn to good account his physical strength and training as an oarsman by stroking a Ceylon Four which won the Hoogly Challenge Cup, and in winning the pair-oared race also, after a very close contest. In a sporting centre like St. John's it may be of interest to know that he continued to row and to play football until 1885, despite the tropical climate.

In 1886 he was nominated as Secretary for Ceylon at the

St. Louis, was one of the principal methods by which the attention of the world was secured to the tea industry of Ceylon.

During twenty years, Mr. Davidson filled many posts, administrative and judicial in the Ceylon Civil Service: perhaps the most interesting of all being that of Chairman of the Municipal Council and Mayor of Colombo. During his two years of office in charge of Colombo, he carried through many important improvements, including a new Sanitary service for the disposal of night soil, the development of electric tramways into the suburbs, which paved the way for the reduction of the overcrowded areas in the town itself, and the extension of the system of electric lighting. During part of 1899 and the whole of 1900, he was employed as the representative of Ceylon at the Paris Exposition of 1900, where his aim, under cover of an attractive Show, was to aid in the expansion of the tea industry and to push the commercial interests of the Colony. At this time he was nominated to membership of the International Jury which determined the awards to be given to Exhibi-

ors, his special duties relating to sporting equipment. The Government of the Republic honoured him with the rosette of the Académie and a service of porcelain from the Government works at Sevres, in recognition of his co-operation with the direction of the Exposition.

On returning to Ceylon he was appointed Land Settlement Officer in connection with the Governor's scheme for the adjudication and registration of native titles; but in August, 1901, was selected by the Secretary of State to join the temporary administration of the Transvaal which was being formed by Lord Milner after the occupation of Pretoria.

His connection with the Transvaal continued for two and a half years. He was first appointed Assistant Secretary of the Administration and subsequently, on the retirement through ill-health of Mr. (now Sir George) Fiddes, was appointed to succeed him as Secretary to the Administration and, on the promulgation of the temporary constitution under the Crown Colony system of Government, was appointed to be the first Colonial Secretary. During this eventful period it was the duty of the Executive Council, under the Governorship of Lord Milner, to reconstruct the civil government of the Transvaal, to enact new laws suitable for the altered position of the country, to reconstitute the administration, urban and provincial, to repatriate and restore to their holdings the population of Dutch descent, to bring into harmony the conflicting elements in the population and to prepare the ground for self-government. It was during this period that he was honored by having the C.M.G. conferred on him.

In May, 1904, he was appointed Governor of the Seychelles Islands where he remained until December 1912, and during these eight happy years he aided in the development of the resources of those rich and beautiful Islands. The most important achievement, judged by the material benefits conferred on trade, was the settlement of a contract with the directors of a Steamship Company, the Messageries Maritimes, to carry copra at a minimum scale of freight in return for an augmentation of the mail subsidy. This assured the staple industry on the easiest terms for transportation of any country exporting the products of the coconut palms. It was, no doubt, a satisfaction to him to have forwarded, as well, the cultivation of Para Rubber and the preparation of cinnamon which, with vanilla, will constitute the principal subsidiary products of Seychelles. The exploitation, also, of the phosphate-guano deposits on some of the islands has meant steady and remunerative employment for labour and a large addition to the revenue. He left, as a memento of his administration, apart from public works, a new and very beautiful Government House set in exquisite grounds, besides a full Treasury, no public debt and light taxation.

His Excellency has been very fortunate in his married life. He married for the first time at an early age in 1882. His wife was daughter of Dr. Baber of Thurlow Square, a well known physician; and his son Douglas—thanks to the love of letters and the instruction imparted by his mother—was brilliantly successful as a scholar at Winchester and at Balliol College, Oxford, and is now discharging responsible duties in the Board of Education of Whitehall in London. His mother fell a victim to an epidemic rife in Pretoria in December 1901, after nineteen years of married life. Her memory is commemorated in their old Kandyan home by the erection of a Rest House for Wayfarers at Rowanawella, to the cost of which all races, castes and creeds contributed; and her name is venerated throughout the country. She was also honoured by the Government of the French Republic, by appointment as officer d'Académie, an honour rarely bestowed on women.

Governor Davidson married again in 1907 with equal good fortune, a daughter of a distinguished soldier and veteran of the Crimea, General the Hon. Sir Percy Feilding, of Broome Park, Betchworth in Surrey, and their two little girls (Diana and Daphne) are with them now in St. John's.

In February 1913 Mr. Davidson assumed duties as Governor of Newfoundland where it is the chief desire of himself and wife to contribute to the welfare of the ancient and loyal Colony.

This sentiment elicits the cordial co-operation of the whole community and there will be a universal wish on the part of Newfoundlanders that the sojourn of Sir Walter and Lady

Davidson amongst us may be mutually advantageous, and that when they leave in due course it will be for him to assume a still higher place in the Colonial service which he so well adorns.

The Birthday honour list includes no worthier one than that of Knighthood conferred upon Newfoundland's distinguished son, and Montreal's celebrated citizen and physician. Sir Thomas Roddick, Kt., was born in Harbor Grace on July 1st, 1846, son of the late Principal Roddick, of the Grammar School there and of his wife, whose maiden name was Emma Martin, and who was one of the eleven daughters of Thomas Martin, Esq., merchant, of Port de Grave. Young Roddick after completing his primary education proceeded to Montreal to study medicine and then started in practice there. He gradually won distinction in his profession and ultimately became one of the Lecturers at McGill University and later Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, besides being one of the leading medical men attached to the Royal Victoria Hospital. He won fame throughout Canada and his outstanding pre-eminence as a medical man enabled him a few years ago to get through the Dominion Parliament, of which he was then a member, a Bill creating a



SIR T. G. RODDICK, Kt.

Medical Association for the whole of the Dominion, as prior to that every Province had its own Board, and medics with diplomas in one Province could not practice in another. At the time of the visit of the British Medical Association to Montreal in 1896, he was elected to the Presidency of that important scientific body, being the first Overseas Britisher to attain that distinction. In 1904 he contested the St. Antoine division of Montreal and was elected over the late Mr. James MacIntyre, one of the wealthiest and most popular of Montreal citizens. Dr. Roddick's first wife died many years ago. In 1907 he married Miss Redpath, of Montreal.

Sir Thomas Roddick was always most kind to Newfoundlanders visiting Montreal, especially those going there for medical treatment, and scores in this country have the best cause to thank his medical skill and his personal kindness and efforts for their restoration to health. There will be a chorus of satisfaction throughout the Colony at the honor he has so worthily won.

Another distinction that fell to the Colony amongst this year's birthday honours was the conferring of an L.S.O. on Mr. F. C. Berteau, Comptroller and Auditor General of this Colony for the past sixteen years.

Francis Cyril Berteau is the eldest son of the late Francis Berteau, Stipendiary Magistrate at Twillingate, and was born in Burin in 1856, where his father was then in business. He was educated at Victoria College, Jersey, and on returning to Newfoundland spent some years in the Burin business. After this he entered the civil service as a clerk in the Custom House on January 1st, 1879, so that he has been over thirty-five years in the employ of the Crown. He became successively clerk in the Treasury Department in 1880; Collector of Customs on Labrador in 1881; clerk in the Colonial Secretary's office in 1889 and chief clerk in the same office in 1891 and was appoint-

task was not an easy one, but called for both patience and tact of an unusual kind. In his present position Mr. Berteau has won the confidence of the country, which recognizes that in him it has an honest and unselfish public official, and which is satisfied that in his able hands the work of the department has been so capable and efficiently done that the department has paid for itself many times over. We wish him many years of good fortune in the position he now so admirably fills.



The Loss of the "Empress of Ireland."

By J. G. Higgins.

O DEATH! Thy dreaded deeds show forth
In many an awful form;
Thou comest in the tempest,
Thou comest in the storm.
But Ah! how terrible thou wert,
When on the treacherous sea
In the dim vastness of the night
The two met silently!

One was of a noble mould,
For the matchless skill and art,
Born of the brains of centuries,
Fashioned her every part.
Hers were the stately halls and aisles—
A fair palatial home;
And like a glorious thing of pride
She rode across the foam.

And one was of a smaller bulk,
But a stauncher ship was she,
She was not made a floating town
To roam upon the sea.
She was no palace of airy rooms,
Nor a golden cargo bore,
But hers was the build of a thing of strength
To carry the heavy ore.

The shades of darkness drape the sky
And a mist hangs o'er the sea,
When like two thieves at dead of night
They creep on silently.
And nearer, nearer, nearer,
They come, until at last
They meet with a sudden sickening shock—
And the whole world stands aghast!
The ocean makes no moaning moan,
But a thousand to rest have passed!



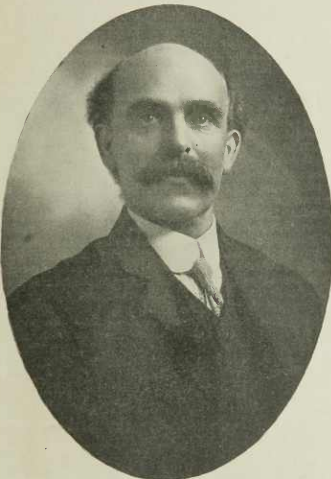
Years Ago.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

I could not hope the days would bring
Some wondrous thing to me,
How could I smile, how could I sing
Or blithesome could I be?

All joy seemed dead, the weary years
Behind, before me, lay,
For Love had turned her face in tears
From me for many a day.

Yet Hope in dreams came near to bless;
And, special sign of grace,
Rebuke despair and weariness,
And showed me, sweet, thy face.



F. C. BERTEAU, ESQ., J.P., L.S.O.,
Comptroller and Auditor General for Newfoundland.

ed to his present position of Comptroller and Auditor General in 1898 after the passage of the Act by the Winter-Morine Government which reorganized the civil service and created new departments by modern methods in substitution for the inefficient ones which previously prevailed.

Mr. Berteau was also temporarily in charge of the Financial Secretary's office in 1889; of the Board of Works in 1890; and of the Savings Bank from the death of the late Mr. W. B. Payn in June, 1910, until the appointment of Hon. Mr. Watson in September, 1913. In 1898 Mr. Berteau was commissioned by the Government of the day to proceed to Ottawa to inquire into the Canadian financial system, with a view to applying it to Newfoundland; and on his return re-modelled our system, which, with a few changes made necessary by altered conditions, has been working most satisfactorily up to the present time. As the Colony's first Auditor General the work of organizing that department and applying the principles of a modern audit to all the other department, devolved on Mr. Berteau, and those who remember the old regime will easily appreciate that the

What Newfoundland Offers to Investors.

Special Statement by the Prime Minister of Newfoundland in "The Britannic Review."



EVERY time I come to England I am asked the question, What have you in Newfoundland for investors? In other words, what are the inducements in Newfoundland for people in England to go out and invest their money in that country with a reasonable promise of a good return. My invariable answer is: We have the finest fisheries in the world—from cod, lobster, herring, and salmon to seal and whale, which have been profitably worked for two hundred years and which are capable of infinite development. We have forests of the finest spruce and pine timber for paper pulp and lumber. We have copper, coal, iron pyrites, lead and silver, gold, iron ore, petroleum, asbestos, marble, slate and oil-bearing shale. Go and see for yourselves; send reliable experts, and you will quickly learn whether the country affords inducements for investors. To give some idea of the rate at which Newfoundland is advancing, it will be sufficient to state that the total imports into the country in 1904 amounted to \$9,000,000 (I am quoting round figures); in 1913, \$16,000,000. The exports in 1904 were \$10,000,000; and in 1913, \$14,000,000. In other words, the total trade has risen from \$19,000,000 in 1904, to \$31,000,000 in 1913. Take, for instance, the export of iron ore. In 1904 we exported 500,000 tons; in 1913 we exported

1,243,000 tons. In 1910 we exported \$421,000 worth of paper and pulp, and in 1913 \$2,500,000 worth of paper and pulp, and for the last six months we have exported nearly \$2,000,000 worth of paper and pulp.

Newfoundland is just beginning to attract attention to its great mineral deposits. The coal areas in the central portion of the Island, situated on the West Coast of St. George's Bay, as well as the great paper mills at Grand Falls and the Albert E. Reid Company's paper mills at Bishop's Falls will be examined this year by Professor Dunstun, of the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Newfoundland now imports nearly 200,000 tons of coals from

Cape Breton valued at about \$1,250,000, and the needs of these large paper concerns will represent another probable 50,000 tons, swelling the value of the coal imported into the country to nearly \$1,500,000 annually. Could our coal seams be developed commercially in the Island it would mean the retention of this large amount amongst us every year, which now is being exported, and would likewise employ a considerable force of operators. There is no question about the presence of coal in the country, as several very large seams have been exposed and have been reported on favourably from time to time by the official Geological Surveyors of the Colony, Mr. Murray and Howley, as well as by many independent investigators, who have come from abroad. The Island possesses varied mineral resources, but for centuries our people have been fishermen before anything else, and the only mines that have been developed exist on the seaboard and have been found as the result of accident rather than of intelligent investigation.

For instance, the iron ore deposits of Bell Island, in Conception Bay, about twelve miles from St. John's from which the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Nova Scotia Steel Company obtain the supply of the large amount of raw material for the smelteries at Sydney, as well as the very large quantity which they export to Germany, were discovered by a piece of ore used to ballast a boat having fallen into the hands of a geologist, and now more than one and a half million tons of this ore are mined every year, on which the owners claim they can make a very handsome profit per ton by its ordinary sale, not to mention the profit made by them in its manufacture. Splendid copper deposits are found all over Newfoundland, but their lack of development is due to the fact that the owners have not the means of opening up their properties. The Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, who own the paper mills at Grand Falls, some few years ago came upon what promised to be a very excellent mine, through one of their surveyors picking up a piece of ore-bearing rock in the lumber woods. The locality proved to contain a complex ore body consisting of lead, silver, and covered with a little gold. They sunk a shaft on it for 300 feet, and found a bed of ore nine feet wide, with a mineral line in lenses. As they were hurrying over their construction at Grand Falls they have suspended operations for the time being.

Then again, a very wonderful development must inevitably take place in relation to our peat areas, which up to the present time have been overlooked. The island has a great many of these peat bogs, and in every place where they have been used for fuel the most satisfactory results have been achieved; but there has been no large utilization of them for this purpose, largely due to the fact that our people are unacquainted with the methods of preparing the material for such use. Four years ago the Government imported several expert peat-cutters, to give instruction in this work in the sections where they can operate to the best advantage. In every case these experts reported favourably on the peat. Gold, silver pyrites, nickel, asbestos, mica, and other minerals of recognised commercial availability exist in many places in Newfoundland, but our difficulty hitherto has been to attract outside capital to the island. There are splendid opportunities for the British, American, Canadian, and other investors in Newfoundland, and I trust that the present attention which Newfoundland is receiving from this class of investor will produce such results as will enlarge the area of its work. If one-quarter of the money that has been spent in wild-cat schemes were to be applied to legitimate mining development in Newfoundland, a much better result would accrue to the investors. It is impossible to suppose that the iron ore deposits of Bell Island are the only ones of their kind that exist. There must be equally large deposits in that part of Conception Bay only awaiting discovery by some fortunate prospector, and when that time arrives there will be an area uncovered more profitable than any given area in Klondyke or Cobalt, because the leading scientists have determined that the Bell Island properties contain an inexhaustible supply of ore, the bodies extending under the bed of the sea for many miles, and at a depth to warrant safe submarine working. I have myself been out in the company's train over a distance of three miles under the waters of Conception Bay and have gone through the great subterranean caves on the line of railway excavated by them for the ores which are now making the steel rails which span the Continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Then as regards our agricultural capabilities; there is an idea prevalent that Newfoundland is not an agricultural country. How the idea grew it is impossible to tell. The agricultural products raised in the island every year are worth at least \$5,000,000, or nearly half the value which we receive from our fisheries, and yet nothing is heard of them. We propose, however, in the future to make agriculture a still more potent factor in our progress. During the last five years a new agricultural

(Continued on page 21.)



RT. HON. SIR E. P. MORRIS, B.C.M.G.,
Prime Minister of Newfoundland.

“Drawing the Port.”

By M.

AMONGST our many winter pastimes Curling has taken a foremost place. During the past few years new life has come into the game, and now nearly two hundred enthusiasts “soop it up.” It is a game in which boyishness of spirit predominates, where one can get away from the cares and worries of the day and forget awhile the conventional lines that separate man from man in the struggle for existence. Here the true man is revealed, for Curling brings to light those characteristics which govern the every day life of the individual. Here the truest sportsmanship is displayed. In an age where we are occasionally prone to minimize the merit of our opponents' play, and where, sometimes, if we do not approve of questionable methods being used to win games, are yet not unwilling to profit

our own Club and we have not had many opportunities to compare our curling with that of the outside world. Some time ago, two rinks, comprising the late J. C. Strang, John Syme, Thomas Winter and others, attended a Bonselpiel at Montreal, and made a very creditable showing. Last winter an invitation was received from the Halifax Curling Clubs to attend a Bonselpiel they were holding, covering the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. Three rinks were made up, including such well-known curlers as John Jackson, W. H. Duder, W. Shirran and A. Salter, who, as the energetic Secretary of the local Association, has been the greatest force in making a success of the game we have ever had. The party, accompanied by representatives of the press and municipality, in the persons of Messrs. Herder and Slattery, left by the express on Wednesday, February 6th, being given a grand send off by President Carter and other members, the genial “Abbie” informing them on the flute that we would not “be home till the morning.” Our orchestra was further supplemented by an organ ably presided over by Fred. Chesman, while the choral singers included all the players. Those who could not take the highest or lowest notes, clipped in as the range of their registers permitted. During the trip across country games were indulged in, and in order that curling might not be altogether forgotten, terms familiar to that sport such as “draw,” “raise,” and “borrow” were frequently used.

Crossing by the *Bruce*, we arrived at North Sydney on Friday evening. Two rinks skipped by H. Duder and A. H. Salter played two of the strongest North Sydney rinks, the result being a draw. This was the first game played against outside teams, and we felt well pleased with the result, as the boys had curled with the North Sydney stones and on unfamiliar ice.

We reached Halifax on Saturday morning, and while the thermometer was going up our hearts were falling to zero. Rain had succeeded snow, the weather was very mild, and a more miserable prospect for curling could hardly be imagined. On Monday morning, however, the wind had changed and exceedingly cold weather was experienced, the temperature during most of the week being well below zero. We played several matches with the glass at one below zero in the rink. The head quarters of most of the visiting teams was the Halifax Hotel, where we stopped, and there we met a splendid and representative crowd of curlers. The arrangements for carrying on the Bonselpiel were almost perfect. All we had to do was to be at the special rinks we were playing at, at the time ordered, and everything was in readiness. As there were over fifty rinks competing, representing two hundred different pairs of stones, it was no small task to have all the stones at the right place at the right time. The Bonselpiel was played at three rinks. The new rink of the Mayflower Club, situated in the north end of the city, is a fine building covering five sheets of ice divided by board partitions like our own. They have fine quarters, and above the rinks are three bowling alleys used when there is no curling. The Halifax Club building is in the south end of the city and covers four sheets of ice, not divided by partitions. The third rink, called the Middle Rink, had been used for skating and was improvised for the occasion. The ice and lighting here were very poor and interfered somewhat with the curling. Our players were also bothered by the absence of partitions between

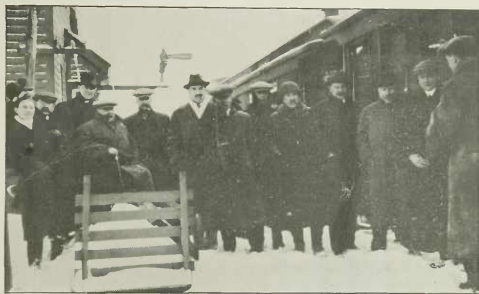


Photo by P. M. Duff.

NEWFOUNDLAND CURLERS AND FRIENDS ON THEIR WAY TO HALIFAX.

A. H. Salter, W. Shirran, F. V. Chesman, W. J. Herder, F. Rendell, Dr. Knight, H. J. Duder, T. J. Duley, J. L. Slattery, W. H. Duder, John Jackson (the oldest curler), A. Montgomerie, E. MacNab.

by the use of such methods, it is refreshing to have a sport in which absolute fairness governs the issue and in which the Skip of the rink, whose chances of winning have been shattered by a well directed stone of his opponent, can say with all heartiness “Well played sir. A nice shot.”

As a healthful recreation it appeals specially to those whose day of strenuous athletics is over. It requires skill of hand and eye of a high order to become a good curler, while, to be a successful player, one must combine excellence of play with keenness of judgment, knowledge of men, and abundance of nerve and courage.

Considerable interest has been aroused in the game universally by the interchange of visits between rinks representing the pioneer body in Scotland and the Canadian Associations. A massive trophy was presented for competition by the late Lord Strathcona, and few years ago a team of six rinks, captained by the late Hon. D. C. Fraser, then Lt. Governor of Nova Scotia, went to Scotland and captured the cup. Early in the season of 1911-12 the Scotchmen sent a team to Canada, but did not succeed in winning. During the coming winter arrangements are being made whereby six Canadian rinks are going over to Scotland to test their strength.

In Newfoundland our playing is restricted almost altogether to

the different sheets. Owing to the extremely frosty weather it was difficult to keep the ice in good condition. There were four competitions, all conducted on the single rink knockout principle, so that all rinks defeated in the first round were eliminated. While not successful in winning any of the trophies which could only fall to four out of fifty rinks, our rinks made a splendid showing, and, considering the conditions, compared very favourably with any of the rinks there. The work was very strenuous we having to play almost continuously from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. each day. Some of the visiting rinks lost all their games in the first round. We were more fortunate, one rink winning all four games, another three, and the third two. Our three rinks played a total of twenty-three games, winning eleven.

To show how we compared with the Maritime rinks it will be sufficient to give a short analysis of some of the play. One of our rinks defeated Grant, the strongest skip of the Mayflowers of Halifax. Grant won his way to the semi-finals in another competition, and in yet another defeated Carroll of Pictou by a large margin. Carroll had one of the strongest rinks, being in the finals of the Twentieth Century Cup, which he lost only by a point or two. We also eliminated Kerr of the Halifax Club, who in another competition won his way to the semi-finals. In the second round one rink tied with Ford of Sackville and lost by one point in the play-off. Ford defeated Torey of New Glasgow, whose rink won one of the trophies. The grand aggregate prize and one of the trophies were won by Semple of Truro, who was the most successful skip in the

competition. One of our rinks played against him, losing only by four or five points. The Twentieth Century Cup was won by a Halifax Rink, skipped by Prof. Murray MacNeil, who was born here, being a son of the late Rev. L. G. MacNeil, an old time Newfoundland Curler. Our curlers were impressed with the keenness displayed by the Maritime rinks. The skip invariably used the broom in giving directions; the players from first stone up endeavoured to make every shot count, while the sweeping was given special attention.

Returning home a stop was made at Sydney where we were royally entertained. A three rink match skipped by W. H. Duder, H. Duder and F. Chesman resulted in a win for the Newfoundlanders by about 12 points. The Sydney curlers are amongst the best in the Province, Turnbull's rink being second in the grand aggregate at the Bonspiel.

The trip was both pleasant and beneficial, and good results should spring from it as Mr. Salter obtained a great deal of information with regard to ice making and other points which will be of value. At the same time it was gratifying to find that our local curlers averaged well up with the exponents of the game abroad.

The personnel of the Newfoundland rinks was as follows:

Dr. Knight,	F. Rendell,	P. M. Duff,
W. Shirran,	A. H. Salter,	T. J. Duley,
H. J. Duder,	F. MacNab,	F. V. Chesman,
W. H. Duder, skip.	J. Jackson, skip.	A. Montgomerie, skip.



Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

Members and Officials of House of Assembly, 1914.

- Back Row**—R. Jennings, J. T. Stone, A. Targett, W. F. Lloyd, D.C.L., J. A. Clift, K.C., G. Kennedy, P. F. Moore.
Second Row—W. M. Clapp, W. F. Coaker, J. M. Kent, K.C. (Leader of Opposition), J. S. Currie, Hon. C. H. Emerson, K.C., W. Woodford (Minister of Public Works).
Third Row—G. F. A. Grimes, W. W. Halfyard, A. F. Hickman, E. Parsons, J. F. Downey, R. J. Devereux, W. J. Walsh, R. Moulton, F. J. Morris, K.C.
Front Row—W. Griffin (Page), Robt. Walsh (Sergeant-at-Arms), H. V. Mott (Clerk), Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Morris, K.C.M.G. (Prime Minister), Hon. J. R. Goodson (Speaker), Hon. J. R. Bennett (Colonial Secretary), Hon. M. P. Cashin (Minister Finance and Customs), P. K. Devine (Assistant Clerk), E. Chafe (Page).

In Memoriam of the Late C. S. Pinsent.

By H. W. LeMessurier.

ON the first day of last April, a well known and much respected citizen—Mr. C. S. Pinsent—was suddenly called away from this world, in his seventy-third year. He had been ailing for some time, and was sufficiently recovered to resume his customary avocations; but he overestimated his strength, and on his way to attend the Installation Ceremony of Whiteway Lodge, A. F. and A. M., he was suddenly stricken at the door of the Hall and immediately passed away.

Mr. Pinsent belonged to that rapidly disappearing school of which old world courtliness is the great characteristic, and in Masonic circles he held prominent positions, being at the time of his death Past Deputy District Grand Master R. E. He was the oldest Past Master, and the oldest member of St. John's Lodge No. 579, into which he was initiated a Mason in 1863. Eight years later he became its Worshipful Master, and held the office for two years. Later on, when Sir W. V. Whiteway succeeded Mr. J. S. Clift as Grand Master of the District Grand Lodge, Mr. Pinsent became his Deputy, and after Sir William's

appointment Usher of the Black Rod in the Legislative Council in 1868, a position which he filled with dignity and courtesy. In church circles he was quite prominent, and occupied the position of Lay Secretary of the Synod. He also was Secretary and Treasurer of the Directorate of Bishop Feild College, and performed the duties of his office in that methodical and genial way that was characteristic of him. A thorough Christian and a loyal churchman he was always ready and willing to help in the lay work of the Church.

Mr. Pinsent was the son of R. J. Pinsent, Esq., for some time Judge of the Labrador Court. His brother, Sir Robert L. Pinsent, Knight, was for some years Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court, and was the eldest of the family. Mr. Pinsent, on his mother's side, comes from one of the oldest and most distinguished families of the colony. The present generation knows but little of the past, and families, like the one referred to, are unknown to them. The mother of Mr. Pinsent was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Williams, who died in St. John's in 1851 at the age of eighty-one, he and his brother John carried on a mercantile business here and were prominent personages. Mr. Thomas Williams was Captain of the Rangers Company, a volunteer force raised here in 1806. The Williams came from Monmouthshire and were well known county personages. George Williams of Silverdale, Swansea, married the sister of the celebrated Dr. Butler, the author of Hudibras. Visitors to London may see Dr. Butler's tomb in St. Pauls Church, Convent Garden. Mr. George Williams had three sons and one daughter. John died single and bequeathed his estate near Monmouth to a Monastery. Griffith served as a Colonel of the Royal Artillery under General Burgoyne in the American Revolution, he subsequently came to Newfoundland and afterwards removing to Woolwich—died there. George married Mary Monier 1st June 1766, settled in Newfoundland, was appointed Magistrate and died in 1803 at the age of seventy-five. The only daughter, Emma, married a Mr. Sutherland. Mr. George Williams and Mary Monier, his wife, had a large family. John was associated with his brother Thomas (the father of Mrs. R. J. Pinsent) in a mercantile business in this city. George, who was born in Newfoundland, served under General Burgoyne, at Saratoga, during the American Revolution. Henry was a Lieutenant of the Royal Navy and served at Trafalgar, and also served in Command on this station. He died single. Thomas—already alluded to as the father of Mrs. R. J. Pinsent—married Mary Spurrier Broom, a daughter of John Broom, some time a Surrogate in Newfoundland. Monier married Anna Brown and became Surveyor General of Bombay, they were the parents of Sir Monier Williams, the great Indian Sanscrit scholar. Mary Williams married George Hutchings, the grandfather of Mr. George A. Hutchings. Hannah married General Bethune R.A., and the youngest daughter Anna, in 1801, married Col. Thos. Skinner R.E. who died in St. John's, a tablet to his memory may be seen in St. Thomas's Church near the north porch. Mr. Thomas Williams' family consisted of four daughters—Marianna, Julia, Louisa Brown, and Caroline Brown. Marianna married Captain R. Vickers, R.E., who was then serving on this station, they were the parents of Captain Hedley Vickers, known as the golly soldier, because of his great piety, and grand-parents of Lord Rayleigh. Julia married the Revd. Chas. Blackman, for some time Rector of St. Thomas's Church, she died at Tronfield, Wiltshire, in 1872. Louisa Brown, the mother of the late Mr. C. S. Pinsent, married Robert John Pinsent. The youngest daughter, Caroline Brown became the first wife of the late W. F. Rennie and was the grand-mother of the Hon. E. R. Bowring.

This is the genealogy of one of our oldest families, of which the subject of this memoir was a worthy descendant; it is an interesting record of the past and could be amplified with reminiscences of its various members if time and space permitted.

Mr. Pinsent's widow is a daughter of the late Earl Brown, of Hailor Grace. One son, Mr. Earl S. Pinsent, Barrister, and two daughters—Mrs. Bitchby and Miss Frances survive him.



THE LATE C. S. PINSENT.

death he acted as District Grand Master until the appointment of the present incumbent of the office—Mr. J. A. Clift. Mr. Pinsent was specially honored when the Diamond Jubilee of St. John's Lodge was celebrated. Shortly after his retirement from office he was presented by the Grand Lodge with a handsome piece of gold plate suitably engraved as a token of the great appreciation by the craft of the services he had willingly and cheerfully rendered to Masonry. In December of last year he celebrated his Masonic Jubilee, and in the evening St. John's Lodge met and presented him with an illuminated address on silk. To quote a prominent Mason—"He was much beloved by his Masonic Brethren, his gentle kindness, sage counsel, and true brotherliness were at once a pleasure and inspiration.

In early life, Mr. Pinsent joined the staff of the Union Bank and was its Manager when the Bank closed in 1894. He was held in such esteem by the Liquidators that his services were retained throughout the long years of liquidation. He was

"Bone of Our Bone"—The Newfoundland Appeal.

By Traveller, in the "London Daily Mail," April 9th.

SIR,—Newfoundland, oldest, hardest, and most English of our Colonies, is in the sorrow that passes thought, and is appealing to us for aid.

The story of that tragedy of the Newfoundland sealers—in all its circumstances of anguish almost like that end of Captain Scott and his four magnified into hundreds of human fates—must have moved every heart. It is still more moving to those who have visited Newfoundland and felt that strange thrill of the Englishman travelling in America when his ship steers in, between gaunt headlands and growling rocks, to that bird-head shaped harbour and he comes to St. John's, most stubbornly English of all little cities of the Empire, and is greeted by those simple people with the accent of his homeland.

Nothing else in American travel leaves that abiding memory. Not here has the ocean distance worked alchemy upon far kinsmen and changed manner and speech. The very latitude of Newfoundland, jutting easternmost of America, fosters delusion that here is a limb of our own west country drifted, with its pleasant people, over the Atlantic. And the west country indeed colonised Newfoundland and sowed in its blood the hard courage of the Elizabethans.

The Newfoundlander leads what is perhaps the stoutest and most virile of all lives in the world. He is a farmer whose farm is the sea, the fog-bank, and the ice-floe; whose harvest is in the teeth of the sub-Arctic winter; whose plough is a cockleshell driven by the blizzard. There are thousands to-day warm in England in the pelts that have been gathered by those very men who are now dead with a fate whose rigours surpass all our metaphors of the coldness of the king of terrors.

All who know those kind, brave people and their welcome to their great Island of lashed coasts and infinities of spruce forest, who know the hardness, narrowness, and self-reliance of the Newfoundlander's life, his love and long loyalty to his Motherland, are touched by this appeal for his stricken and helpless ones more than by any cry of our times. Newfoundland has asked little of us in all the long centuries of her faithfulness. And there was a time when we treated her none too well. This is our chance—in great pity and sympathy—to wipe out that fading memory.

—o—
TRAVELLER.

Home They Brought Our Brothers Dead!

Garb'd in the armor of Labour,
Sacred to all—you lie—
Your beautiful, manly faces
Blanch'd neath the Arctic sky!

Sons of our pioneer settlers,
You're worthy of your sires!
Men who first brav'd our tempests,
And kindled our earliest fires!

Then why dwell on your prowess,
In an hour when the setting sun
Was drap'd in a hell of darkness,
And the struggle with Death begun!

God! And they sang their dirges*
As out to their doom they steer'd!
Now?—we gaze on their up-turn'd faces—
Silent, and sad—and sear'd!

Sear'd? From the breath of the Ice King—
While the scarlet sun hung low,
He sear'd your lips for ever
In a shroud of the Arctic snow!

The light of those eyes had darken'd,
While stars they saw not, shone—
The throb of each heart was silent'd
On the ice-floe—bleak and lone!

Thro' hair a mother had wreathed,
The Borean King had hiss'd!
The brow she had held so tender
Is sear'd with the cruel mist!

The forest of spruce and alder
Will ring with their axe no more;
Their voices were hush'd forever
Mid the bergs of their native shore!

There's a void in each quiet village—
By each hearth there's an empty place—
And the children who ran to greet them
Will sigh for each pleasant face!

The heart of the great world's throbbing,
And sends us its solace best;
While each thought of the Empire's tuning
To the stricken "Isle of the West!"

But you'll rest in your quiet graveyards
With your lov'd to mourn your loss;
While the ocean—the mystic ocean
Holds those of the *Southern Cross*.

*It is the custom for the sealers to sing a cheer and the syrens to scream when leaving for the ice fields.

St. John's, May, 1914.

E. C.

At Anchor.

By William Hamilton Hayne.

My love was like a buoyant boat,
O'er sunny waves at sea;
And, in the voyage of my heart,
She sailed away from me.

I followed in her flying wake;
The waves grew strong and fleet;
I passed by shoals of circumstance,
And quicksands of defeat.

But little winds of coquetry
Still kept our lives apart,
'Till, in my cruise of love, I reached
The harbor of her heart.



The Knights of Columbus.



THE Order of the Knights of Columbus was established in New Haven, Connecticut, under a charter from the General Assembly of that State in the year 1882. The objects of the institution of the Order were: to render pecuniary aid to its members, to effect which its plan of insurance was established, its sick benefit, &c.; to give assistance to sick and disabled brothers and to promote social and intellectual intercourse among its members.

The Order was of slow growth in its early years, but since its constitution and ritual received the approbation of Cardinal Gibbons it increased in numbers rapidly and now has a membership of 318,124, composed of 214,202 associate and 103,922 insurance members. It conducts its insurance on the step rate plan, that by which a member pays a small monthly premium until he attains the age of 60, when it greatly increases. It is absolutely safe and is under most careful management.



CHARLES O'NEILL CONROY, ESQ., K.C.,
Territorial Deputy.

But it is not in vain I help to its members that the Order has become such a powerful factor in the Catholic life of the United States and Canada, but through its wide activities in the cause of Catholic education. Recently its gift of \$500,000 to Washington University was finalized and there soon will be forty graduates annually receiving an education at that Institution in the higher branches of learning as a direct outcome of this benefaction. Another notable achievement is the course of lectures against socialism which Bros. Goldstein, a former socialist, and Collins are now delivering in the chief centres of population and socialism in the United States and Canada. Space prevents a reference to the many other ways in which the Order has manifested its willingness to act as the right arm of the Church.



C. P. EAGAN, ESQ.,
Grand Knight, Terra Nova Council, 1452.

The Knights of Columbus is governed by a Supreme Council and a Board of Directors. Each subordinate Council sends delegates to a state convention, which in turn elects representatives to attend the Supreme Convention, held on the first



CHAS. J. ELLIS, ESQ.,
Deputy Grand Knight.



P. J. SUMMERS, ESQ., B.L.,
Chancellor.



C. J. CAHILL, ESQ., B.L.,
Financial Secretary.

Tuesday in August yearly in a different city. This year the Convention will meet at St. Paul, last year it assembled at Boston.

Where a state or province does not contain at least three councils it is erected into a territory. This is Newfoundland's case, where but two councils exist: Terra Nova at St. John's,

and Dalton at Harbor Grace. When the Order was instituted in this country, in December, 1909, it was tacked on to the Maritime Provinces, but within the past few months Newfoundland was made a separate territorial jurisdiction and Mr. Chas. O'Neill Conroy, a past Grand Knight and an ardent member of Terra Nova Council was appointed by the Supreme Knight,



V. P. BURKE, ESQ., M.A., LL.D., C.F.,
Lecturer.



RT. REV. MONSIGNOR ROCHE, V.G.,
Chaplain.

Territorial Deputy. Mr. Conroy will attend the Supreme Convention annually and will make a fitting and worthy representative of the Knights of Newfoundland.

Within the past two months some distinguished honors have been conferred on two of the officers of Terra Nova Council. The Chaplain, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Roche, was elevated by Pope Pius X. to the position of a Domestic Prelate, and Mr. V. P. Burke was the recipient of the degree of Master of Arts *honoris causa* from St. Francis Xavier University, and of the degree of Doctor of Laws *de merito* from the University of Ottawa. Dr. Burke also received the Papal Decoration of the Cross of Leo XIII. from the present Pontiff as a recognition of his work in the cause of Catholic education. The Council marked the

occasion by a suitable presentation to both members.

As one of the first duties of every council is to make a permanent home for itself, the energies of the Newfoundland councils have been mainly directed to that object, since their charters were granted. The St. John's Knights have spent about \$35,000 in altering and making into beautiful club rooms and council chamber the building formerly used as a clothing factory on Duckworth Street. The order in this country is greatly indebted to its charter members and notably among these to the Rev. Dr. Whelan and Mr. M. A. O'Brien of Dalton Council and Messrs. John Barron, the first Grand Knight, Chas. O'Neill Conroy and C. P. Egan, of Terra Nova Council. The combined membership of both councils is now about 450.

❁ The Drift of the "Karluk." ❁

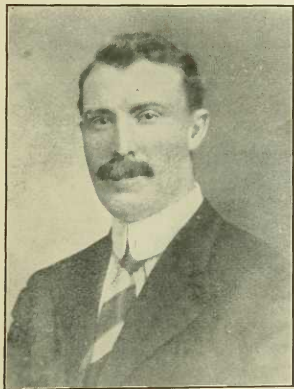
WHEN Captain Robert Bartlett, of Brigus, left for the Arctic seas last year, his friends knew that he would make discoveries that would increase his reputation. But few anticipated he would become so fortunate as events have proved. Captain Bartlett sailed from Seattle in an old whaling ship, the *Karluk*, as commander and second in command of the Stefansson Expedition. This expedition was sent out into the Arctic by the Canadian Government with the object of bringing all the Arctic Islands north of America under the

wards by the currents. On September 25 and 26 fresh easterly gales and snowstorms were experienced and ice conditions became worse. The currents carried the ice-pack and imprisoned ship at a good sailing speed.

On New Year's Eve, 1913, the ice-pack carried the *Karluk* to a point about 60 miles north by east of Herald Island, near Wrangel Land, off the Siberian coast. Early in the morning of January 10 the ice began to squeeze the vessel. Later in the day her decks began to open, water poured into her engine room, and it could be seen that she was a doomed vessel. Captain Bartlett ordered his crew to save all the provisions and instruments and build a camp on the icefield. The *Karluk* sank in deep water on the following day, January 11th. Two camps were then built on the ice and on January 20th, when the light improved, Captain Bartlett sent his first and second officers eastwards to find a new camp site on Herald Island, or Wrangle Land, where good game is obtainable. At the end of the month, Capt. Bartlett led his party to Herald Island where he established a cache and then went to Wrangel Land where a permanent camp was established. Realizing the necessity of communicating with the Canadian Government as soon as possible the Captain left for the Siberian coast on February 18. He travelled by dog sleds over the ice, accompanied by several Eskimo and a sailor named Perry. He landed in Siberia at a point about 50 miles west of Cape North and then followed the coast eastwards to East Cape where the Russian trader, Baron Kleist, was met. Captain Bartlett was well received by the Russian's and was escorted to Emma Harbour where the American whaler *Herman* was anchored. Captain Peterson of the *Herman* got up steam and took Capt. Bartlett to St. Michaels, Alaska, where he arrived on May 31st.

Captain Bartlett has gathered more glory than the leader of the Expedition and there is no doubt that his name will now be inscribed on the grand roll of Arctic discoverers.

The great value of the drift of the *Karluk* arises from the fact that the course taken by that vessel is in line with that taken by the American ship *Jenette* from Wrangel Land to the North Cape in 1881 and Nansen's *Fram* from the North Cape to Spitzbergen in 1893. The drifting of these ships indicates that there is a strong current running along the Alaskan and Siberian coasts and this could only be possible by the existence of an Arctic Continent. Although Dr. Cook and Admiral Peary have claimed to have visited the North Pole and reported having met with no land, but vast sheets of sea ice, everything has long pointed to the existence of a vast Arctic Continent. Both Stefansson and McMillan wintered in the north last year and intended visiting the fringe of this continent. Both will soon be heard from and we will, doubtless, learn some interesting details. Early next year the Norwegian Explorer Amundson will leave Alaska for the North Pole and will clear up all its mysteries. But Newfoundlanders are pleased to know that one of their distinguished sailors has made one of the most important discoveries relating to the Arctic continental areas, and done some ice travelling, which when full accounts are published, will shed renown, not only upon the great navigator, but upon all Newfoundland seafarers.



CAPTAIN ROBERT BARTLETT.

British flag and to make closer investigations of the blonde Eskimo in the Mackenzie River district, which Stefansson had discovered during a previous visit to that locality. It is Capt. Bartlett's first voyage to that part of the northern seas and he had strange ice-conditions to contend with. After the arrival of the *Karluk* and the accompanying schooners, Stefansson, the leader of the expedition, went ashore at Fort McPherson to investigate the basin of the Mackenzie River. Captain Bartlett was left in charge of the ships. On September 20, 1913, while the *Karluk* was fifteen miles off the mouth of the Colville River, and west of Flaxman Island, a strong easterly wind sprang up and drove the ice around the ship. When the gale subsided, there was no open water and the vessel was carried away west-

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Children under two years of age, between Montreal and St. John's	\$5.00	

THIRD CLASS.

	One Way.	Return.
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Quebec to or from St. John's	\$15.00	\$25.00
Charlottetown to St. John's	\$8.00	
Charlottetown to St. John's and return to Sydney		\$12.00
Sydney to St. John's	\$6.00	\$10.00
Children under two years of age, between Montreal and St. John's	\$2.00	

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Tailoring Store.**

W. P. SHORTALL,

The American Tailor,
300 Water Street, St. John's. P. O. Box 445

(Continued from page 12.)

policy has been inaugurated by the Government, the effects of which are now being felt in the remote settlements of the island. We import fully \$1,000,000 of agricultural produce annually, and at least \$3,000,000 more of food stuffs, including flour, much of which could be raised at home, or substituted by domestic products; thus keeping this large amount of money in the Colony. In other words, by the development of agriculture in the island it is possible to make this industry almost as valuable as the whole of the fisheries, and that without sending a single item of all this produce out of our own country. A very high opinion on the farming capabilities of Newfoundland was formed three years ago by Mr. Beach Thomas, the agricultural expert of the *London Times*, who spent some weeks in the interior of the island and went into the whole question very thoroughly. The previous year Professor Zavitts, of Guelph Agricultural College, visited Newfoundland and he also testified to the capabilities of the island for creating a much wider run of crops than those at present cultivated. Following Professor Zavitts came Professor Robertson, who has been the Principal of the MacDonald Agricultural College, Quebec and head of the model farm of the Canadian Dominion Government at Ottawa; he also was greatly impressed with the possibilities of Newfoundland as an agricultural country.

The Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, whose mills are at Grand Falls, supplies the paper now being used by the *Daily Mail* and other London publications, and, following out the traditional English method of doing things, has already cleared a large farm near the summer house of Lord Northcliffe as well as an additional farm for the use of the staff, and there they have all varieties of garden produce, suitable to the climate of the country, many of which are of a kind that flourishes in England with conspicuous success. The Company have also a large farm of over fifty acres at Rushy Pond, which has been cultivated in order to instruct farmers and settlers in the neighbourhood in the best methods of raising cattle, and cultivating oats, hay, potatoes, etc. Cattle and sheep raising I am quite satisfied could be carried on in the interior with great profit. Sections of the country are covered with rich, nutritious wild grasses, which provide excellent forage for cattle and sheep. The A.N.D. Company use over 100 horses every winter in the lumber woods, and in the summer turn them out to graze in the river bottom, where this grass is to be found, and it is one of the sights of this area to see great herds of these horses in sleek and perfect condition upon a summer feed which costs their owners nothing. Cattle for the English markets could be handled in the same way, and the comparative nearness of Newfoundland to the British Isles would ensure that the animals would be conveyed across the Atlantic with a minimum of discomfort and loss of weight, for they would be 1,000 miles nearer to England than Quebec.

Then, again, our never failing fisheries, described by Lord Bacon as more valuable than the mines of Peru, are capable of infinite development. Although we have in some measure developed the cod fishery, the herring fishery, the lobster and the salmon fishery, we have adapted ourselves only to the markets of the Mediterranean, Brazil and the West Indies. We have salt-cured our fish while at our very door is the United States with its 100,000,000 inhabitants crying out for our fresh fish. Whoever wants to make a great fortune should organise a cold storage system, between Newfoundland and the United States. We have not been able to find the money for these industries for the reason that all our capital is invested in the older methods, and, owing to the imperfect transportation to the country, we are not on the visiting list of the world's capitalists; but some day we are certain to attract their notice. Thirty years ago not a human habitation existed five miles from the coast, the whole of our population living around that portion of the country nearest to their fishing operations. To-day our woods ring with the axes busily plying to keep pace with the timber hunger of the great paper mills and iron mines, and every day more and more men turn their eyes inland towards all that the world's experts tell us has lain there neglected for so many years. The village at Grand Falls where the paper mills are situated is an excellent illustration. Ten years ago

the site where it stands was a forest through which no man had been known to force his way. To-day it is a thriving town, with a theatre, town hall, fifteen miles of streets lit by electricity, four or five hotels, and the most up-to-date paper mills in the world. Thirty years ago we had hardly thirty visitors to Newfoundland in the year, last year nearly 7,000 tourists and health seekers came to reap the benefits of our excellent climate. We are not going to be content with 7,000. Newfoundland has only just awakened to the value of advertising. Too long we have been almost unknown to the Home country, the great Dominions, and foreign countries. No matter how excellent a business or an individual may be, there is only one thing that can start it or him forward to success, and that is advertising. So long as you are content to sit back and say nothing, so long will the world allow you to sit there. In the past we were satisfied with our fisheries alone; in the future all the possibilities of our island are to be developed because we are becoming know.

In 1908—to show the wonderful fecundity of our fisheries and their inexhaustible supply—we reached the highest point as regards the catch of codfish namely 1,800,000 quintals—over 400,000 quintals higher than has ever been recorded in the history of our fisheries, and this notwithstanding the fact that no more men or appliances were engaged than usual. This quantity can be easily doubled when we have discovered new methods and new markets in Canada and the United States. To-day other countries put up their codfish in fifty different ways; the fish is smoked, shredded, canned, and dealt with in many other methods, and up to the present we in Newfoundland have confined ourselves entirely to the curing of our fish by what is known as the hard, salt cured system. Here is an opportunity for the investment of British capital with the certainty of a good dividend. The fish can be purchased in Newfoundland for about a half penny per pound out of the water. The cod found in the waters around Newfoundland and on the banks is a very much better, stronger, larger, and more palatable fish than that found in warmer waters, and there would be no difficulty whatever in getting for this fish at least ten times this price if delivered fresh. Other methods, too, could be adopted for dealing with this fish, which would make it attractive in the markets abroad.

In addition to the natural scenic beauties of the island, which have evoked the unstinted praise of some of the most notable writers in the English language, we have fishing and hunting opportunities which few countries can rival to-day. Our caribou are the finest in the world. They exist in countless herds, and the pursuit of them is accounted a sport fit for kings. For years past Newfoundland has been coming to be recognised as a sportsman's paradise and every year makes this claim more justifiable. Some of the leading English hunters have been coming regularly to the island of late years, and Americans are also pouring in every summer.

In addition to deer stalking, there are the possibilities of bear, lynx and wolf hunting, as well as the shooting of smaller game; and our salmon and trout fishing are admittedly not to be equalled anywhere. We have adopted the policy of not permitting any sections of the rivers or the coast to be leased, unlike the policy pursued in certain other countries where the best game preserves are the undisputed property of millionaires and large landowners. In Newfoundland everybody may fish who feels so inclined and anywhere his fancy takes him, so long as he does not transgress the law.

Our salmon fishing is one of the finest known forms of sport in the world, and the policy decided upon by the Government has made for the abolition of the practice of netting the rivers, which has hitherto been more or less common. At the same time we believe that great benefit can be derived from the addition to the supply of salmon by artificial hatching, and we look forward to satisfactory results being obtained from this as from the addition of trout and re-stocking of the rivers and streams which is now being carried out. The fame of the island as a hunting and tourist paradise is now so well established that the inrush of summer visitors has reached a stage where the matter of adequate hotel accommodation is forcing itself upon us and will have to be taken up. Already a project is on



Public Notice.

UNDER the provision of Cap. 23, 2 Edward VII., entitled "An Act to Amend the Post Office Act, 1891," and upon the recommendation of the Board appointed under Section 1 thereof, notice is hereby given that, three months after this date, a Proclamation will issue for the alteration of name, or re-naming of places as under, that is to say:—

- 1.—That Sibley's Cove, Placentia Bay, be re-named PROWSTON.
- 2.—That Chance Harbour, near Moreton's Harbour, Notre Dame Bay, be re-named BRIDGEPORT.
- 3.—That Chance Harbour, Friday's Bay, Notre Dame Bay, be re-named CHANCEPORT.
- 4.—That Farmer's Arm, Dildo Run, Notre Dame Bay, be re-named SUMMERFORD.
- 5.—That the Western section of Mortier Bay, extending from West's Point to Glendon (including Butler's Cove) be re-named CRESTON.
- 6.—That Piper's Hole, Placentia Bay, be re-named SWIFT CURRENT.

JOHN R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.

Department of the Colonial Secretary, June 15th, 1914.



PUBLIC NOTICE!

UNDER the provisions of Chapter 23, 2 Edward VII., entitled "An Act to amend the Post Office Act, 1891," and upon the recommendation of the Board appointed under Section 1 thereof, notice is hereby given that, three months after this date, a Proclamation will issue for the alteration of name, or re-naming of places as under, that is to say:—

- 1.—That Scissors Cove, Notre Dame Bay, be re-named STANHOPE.
- 2.—That New Harbour, St. Barbe District, be re-named NORTON.
- 3.—That Ha Ha, in Ha Ha Bay, District of St. Barbe, be re-named RALEIGH.
- 4.—That Limeville, Port-au-Port, District of St. George's, be re-named AGGUATHUNA.

JOHN R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.

Department of the Colonial Secretary, March 24th, 1914.

Tailoring

We are now showing some very neat patterns in English and Scotch

Summer Suits, Serges, Trouserings, and Fancy Vestings.

Prices Moderate.

Samples and Measuring Cards sent to any part of the Island on application.

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Are you paying too much?
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145 New Gower Street, (Opposite old stand.)
We carry in stock a complete line of Drugs, Chemicals,
Patent Medicines, Toilet Requisites, &c., &c.
Mail Orders promptly attended to; every satisfaction guaranteed.
Store open every night throughout the year until 11 o'clock.

foot for providing a modern hotel for St. John's, with tourist hotels at other points throughout the island, and I have no doubt that definite action in this respect will be taken in the very near future. St. John's, being the railway headquarters and likewise the steamship headquarters for all the lines plying to and from the island, demands for increased hotel accommodation are natural, and must be complied with shortly, because it is beyond question that a new hotel would prove a profitable speculation in a very short time. The C.P.R. has done much to render Canada famous by the chain of hotels across the continent, and I see that the I.C.R. is about to establish hotels in the Maritime Provinces. Newfoundland will shortly be prepared to do her share in the same respect, realising what an immense advantage it means to a country nowadays to have a tourist and sporting *Clientele*. Nor is it alone for the mere vacationist, whom we know as the "summer tripper," that Newfoundland provides an attraction. The island offers many inducements to the scientist, the botanist, the geologist, the mineralogist, and others. A very great number of American university professors of various branches come to Newfoundland now and find profitable occupation there during the summer months. Yachtsmen are also coming to realise its advantages, and big and little cruisers flying yacht club bargees are common on the coast during the summer. The Newfoundland waters

afford splendid opportunities for fjord yachting, and those who are partial to canoeing and camping will find various parts of the interior possessing many attractions for them.

The fishing villages can be observed, the industry can be studied, delightful cruise can be made along the coast or through the interior, and the beautiful summer-like weather can be enjoyed to the fullest extent. Every lake and stream is filled with trout and salmon: every thicket with game birds! and the forests are the home of the noble caribou.

Soon we hope to have a much improved ocean steamship service. Indeed, there are many who argue that Newfoundland should be made a link in a short Atlantic steamship service, but whilst various projects in this direction have been launched they have not come to anything, and while the Newfoundland Government will facilitate any such scheme, the wisdom of which may commend itself to their judgment, they are, in the meantime, dealing with the question of an improved steam service more adapted to the Colony's local needs.

Few countries to-day offer such inducements to outside capitalists for the profitable investment of money as Newfoundland, whether in its fisheries, or its mineral or forest wealth, and we count upon a very marked increase in prosperity during the next few years, even though we have enjoyed an unusually liberal measure during the past decade.

Wadden's Soda Fountain said to be "The Most Popular Summer Resort."



HEREWITH is shown a bird's eye view of the Soda Fountain Department at the Central Pharmacy—M. F. Wadden's Drug Store—with his head clerk, who, with Mr. Wadden the popular proprietor, has made the town talk of this branch of the business. Mr. Wadden states that his success is due to the fact that he insists upon the use of products of recognised quality only, and his business is kept progressive and up-to-date, with the result that the increase has been very satisfactory. The fruits and syrups of J. Hungerford Smith & Co., which are the finest in America, are exclusively used; besides Horlick's Malted Milk; the only genuine Coca Cola; and Ice Cream, etc.

Having opened a new Parlor in the rear of the Store, Mr. Wadden manages to keep this business altogether separate from the general Drug business, but it is a very valuable side line and keeps the crowd ever going in and out of the Store.

Bowring Brothers, Limited, Coastal Service.

S.S. "PORTIA," WESTERN ROUTE,

Calls at the following places:—Cape Broyle, Ferryland, Fermeuse, Renewes, Trepassey, St. Mary's, Salmonier, Placentia, Marystown, Burin, St. Lawrence, Lamaline, Fortune, Grand Bank, Belleoram, St. Jacques, Harbor Breton, Pass Island, Hermitage, Gaultois, Pushthrough, Richard's Harbor, Rencontre (W.), Francois, Cape LaHune, Ramea, Burgeo, Rose Blanche, Channel, Bay of Islands, Bonne Bay.

S.S. "PROSPERO," NORTHERN ROUTE,

Call at the following places:—Bay-de-Verde, Old Perlican, Trinity, Catalina, Bonavista, Salvage, King's Cove, Greenspond, Pool's Island, Wesleyville, Seldom-Come-By, Fogo, Change Islands, Herring Neck, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbor, Exploits, Fortune Harbor, Leading Tickle, Pilley's Island, Little Bay Island, Little Bay, Nipper's Harbor, Tilt Cove, LaScie, Pacquet, Baie Verte, Coachman's Cove, Seal Cove, Bear Cove, Western Cove, Jackson's Arm, Englee, Conche, St. Julien, St. Anthony, Griguët, Quirpon and Battle Harbor.

We are now booking Round Trip Passages per steamers *Prospero* and *Portia*, at \$18.50. Finest and cheapest trip obtainable. Freight and Passage to all points. Booklets and further information can be obtained at Coastal Office of

BOWRING BROTHERS, LIMITED.

BOLINDER'S DIRECT REVERSIBLE Crude Oil Marine Engines.

First in 1893

Foremost in 1914

Figures that speak for themselves regarding

Bolinder's Oil Engines:

(1) Largest Hot Bulb Marine Engine in the World.

(2) Holds 14 World's Records.

(3) Over 250,000 B.H.P. in use.

(4) Over 1,000 Engines built every year.

(5) Used by 16 Governments.

(6) Has the lowest fuel consumption for Hot Bulb Engines.

(7) Has been on the market for 21 years.

Built in sizes from 5 to 320 B.H.P.

ALEX. McDOUGALL, & McBride's Cove, & St. John's, N.F.

Telegrams: "McDOUGALL," St. John's.

P. O. Box 845.

Telephone 180.



PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency WALTER EDWARD DAVIDSON,
Esquire, Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.

W. E. DAVIDSON,
Governor,
[L.S.]

WHEREAS it is provided by Chapter 23, of 2 Edward VII., entitled "An Act to amend the Post Office Act, 1891," that upon the recommendation of the Board appointed under the provisions of the said Act, the Governor in Council shall, by Proclamation, give notice of any alteration of name, naming or re-naming of places within this Colony, provided that Public Notice of such proposed alteration of name, naming or re-naming of places shall have been given for Three Months previous;

And whereas, by Public Notice of date the 18th of November, 1913, certain alterations of name and re-naming of places within this Colony were notified, as required by the above-mentioned Act;

I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, order and direct that the alterations of name and re-naming of places within this Colony, as contained in the said Public Notice of the 18th day of November, 1913, shall come into effect from the date of these Presents, that is to say:

1.—Aspen Cove, Smith Sound, Trinity Bay, to be re-named "Aspen."

2.—New Harbour, Notre Dame Bay, to be re-named "Newstead."

3.—Daniel's Cove, Smith Sound, Trinity Bay, to be re-named "Waterville."

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, this 19th day of February, A.D. 1914.

By His Excellency's Command,

JOHN R. BENNETT,

Colonial Secretary.



NOTICE.

The attention of the Public is directed to the following Section of Cap. 39 of Consolidated Statutes dealing with "Nuisances and Municipal Regulations":—

"Any person who shall throw any

Stones or Ballast,

or anything else hurtful or injurious, into any harbor or roadstead in this Colony or its Dependencies, shall, for every offence be liable to a penalty not exceeding

Fifty Dollars,

or imprisonment for a period not exceeding

Fifty Days."

A. W. PICCOTT,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,

June 22nd, 1914.

A Neighborly Feeling

prompts one to be sociable at times and extend hospitality to their friends when they call. So keep your tea caddie well stocked; your friends will appreciate the **Cup of Quality** brewed from

HOMESTEAD.

Faultless in quality, its flavor makes staunch friends. **40c. lb.** For 5-lb. parcels 10 per cent. discount allowed.

C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth St. and Queen's Road.



An Ellis Suit

Is the Best made in St. John's, pronounced so, and admitted by sartorial critics.

The Reason :

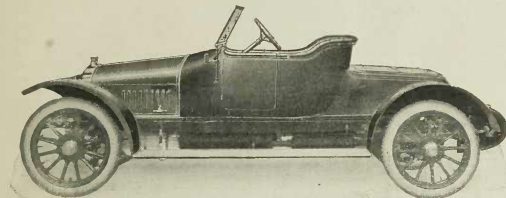
Only First-Class Workmen, High-Class Linings, and the Best of Material are used in manufacture.

Chas. J. Ellis,

302 Water Street.

THE SUPREME SILENT SUNBEAM.

Winner of Many Gold Medals, Silver Medals, and Non-Stop Diplomas; 1st, 2nd and 3rd in Grand Prix 1912; Winner of Tourist Trophy 1914.



C.A.V. and Rushmore
Lighting Outfits, Oils,
Greases and Gasolene
Goodrich Tires, Rayfield
Carburetors, Accessor-
ies, etc.

Phone 318.

THE CENTRAL GARAGE, Catherine Street.

Underwood Typewriter



has time and again proven to users that it combines

**Speed, Accuracy
and Stability.**

We now wish to call attention to its

**Simplicity of
Construction.**

In a Salesman's Contest held at Chicago, Ill., on June 6th, fifteen members of the **UNDERWOOD** Selling Organization demonstrated clearly that the **Underwood Machine** can be taken to pieces and reassembled under seven minutes. The winner, **Geo. F. Pinne**, of Rockford, Ill., doing it in 3 min. 53 3-5 secs.

MEEHAN & CO., Agents, St. John's, Nfld.

M. & E. KENNEDY,

Contractors,
Builders and
Appraisers.

Office: **RENOUF BUILDING.**

P. O. BOX 214. PHONE 767.

Factory and Store, off James' Street.

Some Well-Known Sayings, Phrases and Words, With their Meaning and Origin.—Part IV.

By Arch. G. Gibb.

To pour oil on troubled waters, as a figure of speech means to soothe the troubled spirit. A soft answer turneth away wrath. The phrase is mentioned by the Venerable Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History*, written in Latin, and compiled in 735. Stapleton translated the book in 1565. St. Adrain, it appears, gave his blessing to a young priest who was to set out by land, but return by water, to convey a young maiden destined for the bride of King Oswin. St. Aidan gave the young man a cruise of oil to pour on the sea if the waves became stormy. A storm did arise, and the young priest pouring oil on the waves did actually reduce them to a calm. Bede says he had the story from a "most creditable man in Holy Orders." In modern days the expedient has frequently been resorted to by masters of sailing vessels with more or less success.

Peers of the Realm.—The five orders of Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount and Baron. The word Peer is the Latin *parēs* (equals) and in feudal times all great vassals were held equal in rank. The *Gaulois* says.—It is well known that, although the English aristocracy recruits itself from the sons of *barbers*, as Lord Tenturden: *merchant tailors*, as Count Craven; *mercers*, as the Counts of Coventry, etc., it will never tolerate poverty within its ranks. The male representative of Simon de Montfort is now a saddler in Tooley Street; the great grandson of Oliver Cromwell a porter in Cork market; and Stephen James Penny, Verger of St. George's, Hanover Square is a direct descendant of the fifth son of Edward III.

I'll pluck his goose for him.—That is; I'll cut his crest, I'll lower his pride, I'll make him eat umble pie. Comparing the person to a goose, the threat is to pluck off his feathers in which he prides himself.

Umbie Pie.—A pie made of umbles—i.e. the liver, kidneys, etc., of a deer. These "refuse" were the perquisites of the keepers, and umble pie was a dish for servants and inferiors.

To jump over the broomstick.—To marry in an informal way a "brom" is the bit of a bride; to "jump the brom" is to skip over the marriage restraint and "broomstick" is a mere corruption.

The Land of Nod.—To go to the land of nod is to go to bed. There are many similar phrases, and more in French than in English. The reference is to Genesis IV. 16. "Cain went . . . and dwelt in the land of Nod, but where the land of Nod, is or was, nobody knows. In fact, "nod" means a vagrant or vagabond, and when Cain was driven out he lived a "vagrant life," with no fixed abode, till he built his city.

Legend of a Coin is that which is written round the face of a coin. Thus, on a shilling, the legend is round the head of the reigning Sovereign, as—"GEO. V DEI GRATIA BRIT. REX. F.D." The words "one shilling," on the other side of the coin written across it, is dominated the inscription.

Flowers at Funerals.—The Greeks crowned the dead body with flowers, and placed flowers on the tomb also. The Romans decked the funeral couch with leaves and flowers, and spread flowers and wreaths on the tombs of their friends.

When Sulla was buried as many as 2,000 wreaths were sent in his honour. Most of our funeral customs are derived from the Romans; as dressing in black, walking in procession, carrying insignia on the bier, raising a mound over the grave, called *tumulus*, when our tomb.

Funeral.—Funeral means a torchlight procession (from the Latin *funis*, a torch) because funerals among the Romans took place at night by torchlight, that magistrates and priests might not be violated by seeing a corpse, and to be prevented from performing their sacred duties.

The Gift of the Gab.—Fluency of speech; or rather the gift of boasting (French, *gaber* to boast); Danish and Scotch, *gab*, the mouth; Gaelic, *gab*; Irish *gab*; whence our *gab*, *gabe*, *gable* and *gobble*. The gable of a house is its *heak*—

"There was a good man named Job,
Who lived in the land of Uz,
He had a good gift of the gab,
The same thing happened us."
—Book of Job, by Zach. Boyd.

The Scottish Kilt.—In a little book published recently on Scottish national dress, Mr. Loudon MacQueen Douglas gives a most interesting account of the origin and evolution of the Kilt. This style of dress is peculiar to the Celtic races, and was in earlier days common to them. On its first appearance in Scotland it formed part of an extremely simple dress. One single piece of cloth was folded so ingeniously by the thrifty Scot that it formed with a belt a complete garment by day, and at night served the purpose of a blanket. The peculiar coloring known as tartan was introduced from France where it was most fashionable among the Parisians.—*Presbyterian Record*.

Deadhead.—The origin of the word "deadhead" takes us back to the theatres of ancient Rome. R. H. Broadhead in "A History of Pantomime" give the following realistic explanation. He says:—Persons were instructed to give applause with skill. The proficient hired themselves out to the poets, authors, etc., and were so disposed as to support a loud applause. The free admission tickets were small ivory death's heads, and specimens of these are to be seen in the Museum of Naples.

Ill Lave You Jacket for you.—I will beat you. (French, *laisse, a lash*; German, *lashen to strike*; our *lash*).

Students of philology will find an interesting study in the registered trade-marks of manufactured goods. Take up any of the many magazines and periodicals of the day and look through the advertisements. There you will find a number of coined names applied to various special articles. These names as a rule, are registered, or copyrighted, as a protection to the manufacturer or controller of some particular article, or make of article. Some of these names are descriptive of the goods, but most of them are derived from the names, or part of the names of the manufacturer. The usual way is to take one of the syllables of each partner of the firm, and form them into one word.

If for example a firm by the name of Carson and Bonar manufactured muskets, they might take the first syllable of Carson (car) and the first syllable of Bonar (bona) and form it into the word C-A-R-B-O-N-A and advertise their muskets as the "Carbona Carbine." There are scores of instances where this plan has apparently been adopted. Here are a few well-known names, with their probable derivation.—

"Tobralco," a cotton fabric, manufactured by Tootal. Broadhurst, Lee Co. This word is made by taking the T-O in Tootal the B-R-A in Broadhurst; the L in Lee and the C-O in company. Put that together and you have T-O-B-R-A-L-C-O.

"Pirle" finish is part of the word Ripley transposed P-I-R-L-E. "Pesco" Underwear comes from Peter Scott & Co, thus—P-E of Peter and S-C-O of Scott—P-E-S-C-O.

"Ellaness" Underwear, is manufactured by Lyle and Scott, and the name is simply made by using the initials of each partner L and S which makes ELL-an-ess.

"Winsco" is Scotch Wincey, with the first syllable of each word transposed—W-I-N of Wincey and S-C-O of Scotch, making W-I-N-S-C-O.

"Philis" Raincoats is derived from J. & N. Philips the P of Philips being eliminated.

"Yama" cloth advertised by Henry Bannerman & Sons is made up of the Y in Henry and the A-M-A in Bannerman.

"Marast" cloth, is composed M-A-R and A-S-T the first syllables of the vendors, Marshall & Aston.

These are just a few examples; hundred of others will occur to anyone who will take the trouble to study the many trade names.

Tariff or no Tariff

SICKLE TOBACCO

is now manufactured to sell at

15 CENTS A CUT

Same Quality! ♣ Couldn't be better. ♣ Just a little difference in the size, that's all.

Ask your dealer for

Sickle the 15 cent Cut.

Imperial Tobacco Co.,
(Newfoundland) Ltd.

FIRE! **The** **FIRE!**
North British and Mercantile
Insurance Co.

[Established 1809.]

Assets £23,000,000.

Annual Income, £5,400,000.

Head Offices Edinburgh & London.

Insurance effected on all kinds of property at lowest current rates.

Insure where your insurance is sure.

GEORGE SHEA,
 General Agent for Newfoundland.

Public Notice!

INSPECTION REGULATIONS.

The boilers of every steamer registered in the Colony shall be subject to annual inspection by the Inspector.

Every steamer carrying local crews or passengers to or from this Colony, or to or from any ports therein, shall be subject to annual inspection.

All persons installing new boilers for any purpose, to work under steam pressure, shall notify the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in writing, as to the locality of said boilers.

All persons removing boilers or installing second hand boilers for any purpose, to work under steam pressure, shall notify the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, as to the new locality it is intended to work boilers in; and shall not work such boilers until they have been inspected.

The Inspector shall grant a certificate of inspection for every boiler which shall be approved by him. The certificate shall be displayed in a prominent place in the vicinity of the boiler to which it refers.

INSPECTION FEES.

When a boiler is not in good condition, and the Inspector has granted a certificate for a period less than twelve months, the fee for each extra inspection during the twelve months, shall be the extra inspection fee of that class.

For any special visit to be made by the Inspector, other than the annual inspection, or for any special inspection made at the request of the owner or manager of a boiler, the owner shall pay the expenses incurred by Inspector from St. John's to location of boiler and return, subject to approval of Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

MODE OF INSPECTION.

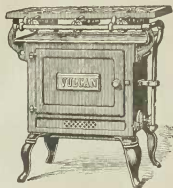
Notice of alterations or additions to any boiler should be given to the Inspector, in writing, for his approval, before proceeding with the work.

Every boiler made after the coming into force of these Regulations shall be stamped with the initial letters of the Inspector's name who inspected it and tested it, the year it was made, and the pressure under which it was tested; also the actual working pressure under which it was tested; also the actual working pressure allowed upon it.

A. W. PICCOTT,
 Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

St. John's, June, 1914.

COOK A DINNER In Thirty Minutes!



With a Gas Cooker

you can prepare a breakfast in ten minutes, a luncheon in fifteen minutes, and a complete dinner in thirty minutes

Full particulars from

The St. John's Gas Light Co.

NOTICE!

THE ATTENTION of Vessel Owners is called to the following Section of the Harbor Regulations:

13.—If, in the opinion of the Harbor Master, any vessel anchored in the harbor is likely to sink or to become an obstruction to navigation, the Harbor Master may, after giving twelve hours' notice to the owner or agent of such vessel, or without notice where there is no owner or known agent in St. John's, take charge of and remove such vessel, and may deal with and dispose of such vessel in such manner as he shall think necessary, to provide for the free navigation of the port; and all expenses incurred under this section shall be borne by the vessel or her owners, and may be recovered with costs in an action in the name of the Harbor Master before a Stipendiary Magistrate.

EDWARD ENGLISH,
 Harbor Master.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, & Hearth Brushes, & Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.
 Newfoundland Penitentiary, June, 1914.

**Moir's Chocolates and Cakes,
Dunlop Tires and Heels,
Office Specialty Filing Systems,
Pittsburg and Victor Safes,
Remington, Smith Premier, and Monarch
Typewriters and Supplies.**

All Leaders in their own line.

FRED. V. CHESMAN,
Representative.

**Make Secure, ❀ ❀ ❀
What You Can't Insure!**

Buy a **VICTOR** Safe and protect
your books and valuable papers.

We have them in all sizes,
and at all prices.

F. G. HOUSE & Co.,
Sole Agents for Newfoundland,
Columbus Building, St. John's.

Miss May Furlong

WILL BE FOUND AT THE OLD STAND
282 WATER STREET

WITH A COMPLETE NEW and FRESH STOCK COMPRISING
ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN

Millinery, Furs, French Dresses & Blouses
... FANCY GOODS. ETC. ...

Parlor, Dining and
Office Furniture.

Venetian Blinds
Made to Order.

❀ **J. T. MARTIN,** ❀
MORTICIAN,
Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer,
38 New Gower Street.

Repairing Furniture
a Specialty.

Horses and Vans for
Removing Pianos, &c.

1914-CADILLAC



Hinged Steering Wheel, Double Drive Rear Axle, Electric Gear Shift.

The Cadillac Company have sold more Cars this year to date than all the other High-Class American cars combined. **Intending Purchasers** would do well to place their orders early, as the demand for this Car is very great.

JOHN R. PARSONS, Agent,

City Garage, Gower Street,

Adjoining Cochrane House.

Phone 96.

N. J. Murphy

**Carriage & Sleigh Builder
Undertaker, etc.**

Agent for

Carriage Stock, Rubber Tyres, etc.



Wheels Re-Rubbed

at shortest notice and reasonable prices.

We always have on hand a large stock
of Polished and Cloth-Covered

Caskets and Coffins.

Personal attention given to all **Undertaking**
Orders—Night or Day. **Phone 737.**

West End Carriage Factory, - - 32 Bambrick Street.

James J. Whelan, Corner of Gower and
Colonial Streets.

carries the very finest lines of

**Provisions, Groceries, Fruit,
Confectionery, Vegetables.**

All the leading brands of **Tobaccos, Cigars and Cigarettes**

Watered Herring and Watered Fish every Wednesday and
Friday. **Fresh Country Eggs** a specialty; also, **Fresh Milk** daily.

Your patronage Solicited. Store open every night.

Evening in June.

By Shelley.

It was bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon, and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun,—the weeds,
The river, and the cornfields, and the reeds,
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.



OUR ROYAL VISITOR.

NEWFOUNDLAND was favored recently with a visit from His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, uncle of our present King, and himself the Governor-General of Canada. The Duke, there is the best reason to believe, enjoyed every hour of his stay amongst us, and was more than pleased with the cordial reception extended to him at every point he touched. Our people eagerly availed of the occasion to testify to their loyalty and devotion to the Throne and Empire, and in point of whole-hearted enthusiasm, the Duke's visit will certainly challenge comparison with any reception to royalty anywhere in the oversea Dominions or the Motherland itself. We trust that the Duke's successor in the Governorship of Canada will in due course honor Newfoundland with a visit, the more especially as he, the brother of our present Queen, was one of those who made up the royal suite when our present sovereigns, as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, visited Newfoundland some years ago.



PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency **WALTER EDWARD DAVIDSON**,
Esquire, *Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George*,
W. E. DAVIDSON,
Governor,
[L.S.] *Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.*

WHEREAS by an Act passed in the Fourth Year of the
Reign of His present Majesty, entitled, "An Act respecting the Operation of Saw Mills," it is provided that:—

"The Governor in Council shall have the right to reserve by Proclamation in the *Royal Gazette*, such sections or areas of Crown Land as may, from time to time, in the public interest, be deemed expedient, and to prohibit the cutting of timber on such lands for milling purposes, and the penalty for cutting timber on such lands shall be fixed and determined in such Proclamation: Provided, however, that no such reservation shall be made until public notice has been given to those residing in and near the locality in which the land proposed to be reserved is situated."

And whereas notice has been given in accordance with the foregoing provision of the intention of the Governor in Council to reserve the land hereinafter described.

I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, prohibit the cutting of timber for milling purposes over the following areas of land, namely:—

1. All that piece and parcel of land situate between Logy Bay and Robin Hood's Bay, in the District of St. John's East, and extending from the property of John and Michael Doran to the seashore, containing an area of about 200 acres.

2. All those pieces and parcels of land situate and being at Harry's Brook, in the District of St. George, bounded and described as follows, namely:—

(a) the land lying between the Railway track and Harry's Brook, aforesaid, bounded on the north, by Reid Newfoundland Company's Lot No. 24, on the south by the said Company's Lot No. 22; also a strip along each side of the said Brook between the aforesaid Company's Lots, five chains wide.

(b) The land lying between the Railway and the said Brook, described as follows:—Commencing at the south boundary of Reid Newfoundland Company's Lot No. 22, extending along the Railway southerly three miles and sixty chains, thence east to Harry's Brook, thence northerly along the said Brook to the boundary of the Reid Newfoundland Company's Lot aforesaid, and thence west to the place of commencement.

(c) A strip along the east side of Harry's Brook, extending from the south boundary of Reid Newfoundland Company's Lot No. 22, to the north boundary of said Company's Lot No. 20.

3. All that piece of land lying between Reid Newfoundland Company's Lots 66 and 68, bounded on the north by the shore of Exploits Bay, and on the south by the shore of Norris Arm.

4. All that piece of land lying between Reid Newfoundland Company's Lots 70 and 72, bounded on the north by the shore of Burnt Bay, and on the south by the Railway track.

5. All that piece and parcel of land situate inland west of Northern Arm, Exploits, in the District of Twillingate, bounded on the north by Phillip's timber limit, south by the Exploits Lumber Company's timber limit, and east by the Three Mile public reservation.

6. The Island known as Great Triton Island in the District of Twillingate.

7. All that piece or parcel of land being the neck between Indian Arm and Loon Bay, and extending from Comfort Cove on the north side of the road from the bottom of Indian Arm to the bottom of Loon Bay on the south.

8. The Island known as Thwart Island, Exploits.

9. The Island known as Chapel Island, in the District of Twillingate.

10. All that piece and parcel of land lying between the bottom of Brown's Arm and the bottom of Scissors Cove, in the District of Twillingate, and extending back from the shore for a distance of three miles.

11. All that piece and parcel of land commencing at a point about Terenceville, Fortune Bay, following the coast south-west to Point May, continuing thence in a easterly direction to Cape Chapeau Rouge, and thence continuing in a north-westerly direction to the bottom of Paradise Sound, Placentia Bay, and thence to the point of commencement at Terenceville, the said land being commonly known as and called the "Borin Peninsula."

12. All that piece and parcel of land in the District of St. John's West, bounded on the south-east by the Bay Bulls Road, and extending along said road from Doyle's Bridge seven miles more or less towards Bay Bulls, thence running southwesterly seven miles more or less at right angles to the general trend of the said Bay Bulls Road, thence about northwesterly seven miles more or less, and thence in a straight line seven miles more or less to the place of commencement, containing forty-nine square miles, more or less.

13. All that piece and parcel of land being a strip fifty feet wide on each side of the road leading from Fox Harbour to Villa Marie, in the District of Placentia and St. Mary's.

14. All that piece and parcel of land situate at May's Cove, Bay L'Argent, in the District of Fortune Bay, and being all the timbered land in the said Cove.

Any person cutting timber for milling purposes on any of the lands herein described shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding Twenty Dollars for every tree so cut.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House,
St. John's, this 9th day of June, A.D., 1914.

By His Excellency's Command,

JOHN R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.



THE ARCHBISHOP'S WELCOME HOME.

HIS Grace Archbishop Howley returned from his visit to Europe on Thursday, July 23, and received an ovation from the deputations awaiting his arrival. His Grace visited Spain, Italy and Ireland. While in Rome, he received audiences with His Holiness Pope Pius X., and with other high dignitaries of the Church. On the evening of his return home to St. John's, the various Catholic Societies presented His Grace with an Address of Welcome which testified to the esteem in which he is held and the way his able administration of the Church is appreciated. In replying to the address at the Altar steps of the Cathedral, His Grace expressed thanks for the hearty welcome accorded him and touchingly referred to the grief the news of the recent sealing fatalities caused him. While visiting a Christian Brothers' school in Tralee, Ireland, the band conducted by Brother Power, a Newfoundlander, welcomed the visitors with the tune, entitled "The Banks of Newfoundland." His Grace keenly enjoyed his visit to Ireland and reports, as a result of his observations there, that the country is now richly flourishing and that the Irish people are exhibiting a buoyant spirit which indicates that within the next quarter of a century Ireland will regain much of her ancient prosperity and glory.

SUGAR.

We can always quote
the Lowest Prices on

American Granulated Sugar
(barrels), and

Cube Sugar in barrels
and boxes.

HEARN & Co.,

Wholesale Provision Dealers,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Newfoundland Savings Bank.



Established in 1834.
Chartered by Acts of the Legislature.

DIRECTORS :

Hon. George Skelton, M.D.,
Hon. John Harris, P.L.C.,
Hon. John B. Ayre, M.L.C.

CASHIER :

Hon. Robert Watson.

Interest on Deposits allowed at the current rate.

BRANCHES :—Harbor Grace, Heart's Content, Bay Roberts,
Bell Island, Grand Falls, Placentia, Wesleyville.

100,000 CIGARS

All our popular brands, and just opened.
Orders by Mail or Express forwarded same day.

A new shipment of
**Irish Hams and Bacon
and Pigs' Heads.**

New Fruit and Vegetables
Every Week.

J. D. RYAN, - - St. John's.

Our Clothes and Furnishings for Boys

are receiving very special compliments
from the many **Pleased Mothers** who have
been here.

The Good Quality, Neat Styles
and exceptional values are what pleased them.

They will please you, too.

T. J. BARRON,

Boys' and Men's Outfitter.

358 Water Street.



Sheep Preservation!

1. It shall be lawful for the duly qualified electors, resident within an area or district within this Colony, to present to the Governor in Council a petition or requisition in the form prescribed in the Schedule to this Act, or as near thereto as may be, setting forth the limits or boundaries within which such area or district is comprised, and the names of the towns, harbours or settlements included therein, and praying for a Proclamation prohibiting the keeping of dogs within such area or district.
2. Such petition or requisition shall be sent to the nearest resident Stipendiary Magistrate, and shall be by him (after examination and certificate as hereinafter provided) furnished to the Governor in Council.
3. If, upon due scrutiny of such petition or requisition, the Stipendiary Magistrate shall find that the same contains the bona fide signatures of a majority of the duly qualified electors resident within the limits or boundaries set forth in the said petition or requisition, he shall forthwith have a certificate to that effect endorsed upon or attached to the petition or requisition, and shall forward the same to the Governor in Council.
4. Any Stipendiary Magistrate to whom such petition or requisition may be presented may, before certifying the same to the Governor in Council as aforesaid, require proof to be made before him of the bona fide signatures of any of the names subscribed to such petition, upon the oath of either the party whose name purports to be signed or of a witness to such signature.
5. Upon receipt of any such petition or requisition containing the signatures of not less than one-third of the electors resident within any such area or district, certified as aforesaid, the Governor in Council shall issue a Proclamation or Public Notice prohibiting the keeping of dogs within such area or district.
6. From and after the date prescribed in and by such Proclamation or Notice, it shall not be lawful for any person resident within such area or district, to keep, or have in his possession, or under his control, any dog within the area or district to which such Proclamation or Notice shall relate, under a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months. This prohibition shall not apply to any person or persons travelling or passing through such areas or districts and having a licensed dog or dogs in his or their possession, charge or control, and not at large.

A. W. KNIGHT, Clerk of the Peace.

Brief Sketch of Captain George Barbour.



Photo by Perry. CAPTAIN GEORGE BARBOUR.

OUR readers, we are sure will be pleased with the following outline of the principal events in the life of Captain George Barbour, one of Newfoundland's most successful Vikings. Born at Cobbler's Island, near Newtown, Bonavista Bay, 1858, he was but twelve and a half years of age, when he was first swayed on the bosom of old ocean, since then he has been a faithful devotee of the hardships and dangers which are met with on the broad Atlantic, either when smiling summer sheds her balmy breezes, or when rude Boreas blows his strongest in the winter time. The poet tells us in the choicest and most philosophical language, the weakness of mankind when pitted against the ocean's might—

"Earth, her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's beliest obey
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scorn his search, and scorn his sway."

Captain Barbour has been prosecuting the seal fishery for the past forty springs. He was two springs at the ice in the *Ariel*, a vessel owned at one time by J. & W. Stewart. The *Ariel* was commanded by Capt. Joseph Barbour, Capt. Barbour's brother. Then he went in the *Walrus*, also owned by J. & W. Stewart. He next went in the *Hector* (now *Diana*) in charge of his brother Capt. William Barbour. He was one spring in the *Eagle* with the famous Caot. William Knee; after that we find him in the *Ranger* with his brother Captain Joseph Barbour. The first year the *Hector* was re-christened *Diana*, Capt. Barbour was "second hand" of her at the ice. He assumed command of a steamer himself in 1893—the *Walrus*—a lucky little vessel which in one spring succeeded in bringing three trips to port. His record since then has been an enviable one, and proud he should feel of it, as we know that his many admirers and the country in general does. The following is Captain Barbour's record for the past twenty-one springs.

Year.	Steamer.	No. Seals.	Year.	Steamer.	No. Seals.
1893.....	<i>Walrus</i>	5,288	1905.....	<i>Neptune</i>	21,220
1894.....	".....	10,065	1906.....	".....	24,020
1895.....	".....	3,928	1907.....	".....	36,985
1896.....	<i>Greenland</i>	20,497	1908.....	".....	23,814
1897.....	".....	890	1909.....	<i>Boothie</i>	34,837
1898.....	".....	14,078	1910.....	".....	32,029
1899.....	<i>Vanguard</i>	22,619	1911.....	".....	35,797
1900.....	".....	25,116	1912.....	<i>Nascope</i>	17,057
1901.....	".....	26,525	1913.....	".....	31,805
1902.....	".....	25,707	1914.....	".....	18,151
1903.....	".....	24,238			
1904.....	<i>Bloodhound</i>	12,874	Total.....		401,213

Captain Barbour's average for the past fourteen springs amounts to 25,644 seals. Benjamin Barbour, of Pinchard's Island, and Rebecca Green, of the same place, were the father and mother of Captain Barbour; nine sons and two daughters blessed the union. Captain Barbour was married to Miss Oakley, a daughter of Robert Oakley, at one time lighthouse keeper on Little Denier Island, Bonavista District. Their family consists of three—all young men—Stanly, Wilfred, and Percy. The former is the eldest, and the past spring was in command at the ice-fields of Crosbie & Co's *Fogota*. Percy was "second hand" with his father in the *Nascope*, and Wilfred is at Vancouver, British Columbia, where we know that he will, like his father and brothers, make an honoured name for himself. Four of Capt. Barbour's brothers were well known and successful sealing masters in their day, namely, James, Thomas, William and Joseph. Capt. Barbour was three summers fishing in the s.s. *Euphrates* at the Straits of Bell Isle, and was very fortunate, and also one summer in the *Diana* fishing at Cape Chidley and one summer in the *Stella Maris* on the Mail Service at Northern Labrador for the Government and the Reid-Newfoundland Company. Captain Barbour is of medium height, has a clear, fresh complexion and a merry twinkle in his keen blue eyes. He is a very enjoyable companion, without the least attempt at bluster, being of a very quiet disposition; and in consequence has won a host of admirers. THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY hopes that he will be long spared to hunt the seal, and we know our many readers of all classes will join with us in wishing him health and happiness and a continuation of success.

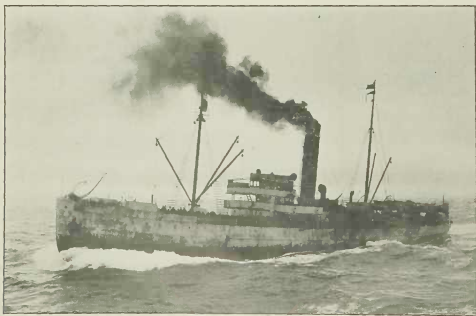


Photo by Hollister.
MESSRS. JON BROS. & CO.'S S.S. "NASCOPE," CAPTAIN GEORGE BARBOUR.

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There is splendid trout fishing in the vicinity of St. John's. Loch Leven and Rainbow trout have been imported assuring the angler of the very best fishing. The finest salmon fishing on this side of the Atlantic can be reached in one day from St. John's at very small expense.

Partridge or grouse shooting is from October 1st to January 12th. Caribou shooting commences August 1st, and in no other part of the world can big game shooting be enjoyed for so little expense.

The rate for the round trip, including berth and meals while at sea and in port is only \$60.00 and up according to accommodations desired. Illustrated folder, with complete rates, plans, sailings and other information will be sent upon application to

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Because the Spider spied her?  

No, but because the Troutster was using **McMurdo's Tar Oil and Pennyroyal** on his face and hands. If you use that, the flies will fly away. It is the best thing to keep them off. Against mosquitoes it is particularly effective. Try it on your next Troutster Excursion and you will never omit it from your list again. Prepared only by

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BRANTFORD ROOFING.**



The Call to London.



An English Song Cycle.

Lilac Time.

By Alfred Noyes.

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time,
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume, and sweet perfume,
The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)
And there they say when dawn is nigh and all the world's a blaze of sky
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The nightingale is rather rare and yet they say you'll hear him there
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
The linnet and the throstle too, and after dark the long halloo
And golden-eyed *tw-whit, tw-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out—
You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chattering for London:—

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time,
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The Call to London.

By Rudyard Kipling.

Come to London, young lad,
There's much to be seen.
"But," said he, "I cannot come, maid,
Till the cuckoos all be dumb, maid,
On the hills of green."

Come to London, fine lad,
Here's where money flows.
"But," said he, "There's gold in plenty,
Gold enough and more for twenty
Where the King Cup grows."

Come to London, strong lad,
I am waiting you.
"But," said he, "It be a grand sight
When the stars at midnight
Stretch along the blue."

Come to London, dear lad,
I am fair to see.
"But," said he, "Aking our way
The trees are thick with white may
Wonderful they be."

Down Vauxhall Way.

By Edward Tschamacher.

When Lady Betty walks abroad,
By all who see her she's adored,
At Vauxhall in the morning;
The very stones are proud to bear
A burden that's so light and fair,
At Vauxhall in the morning!

But none do love her more than I,
When her sweet presence wanders by,
The sun breaks through the leaden sky
At Vauxhall in the morning!

There are roses fair at Chelsea, these are daffodils at Kew.
And the primrose many in Richmond's lanes adorning,
But the flower I hold most sweet,
Is the blossom that I meet
Down Vauxhall way upon a summer morning!

When Lady Betty passes by,
I strive to catch her bright blue eye,
At Vauxhall in the morning;
And when I think she smiles at me
In Paradise I seem to be,
Not Vauxhall way that morning!

O may life's skies on her ne'er frown,
Her days be glad, of fair renown,
Without her, sad were London Town
At Vauxhall in the morning.

May-Day at Islington.

By Edward Tschamacher.

Here's a rabble, here's a rout,
Here's a merry song and shout,
Here's a crowd down every way,
At Islington on May-day!

Lassies young in charming frocks,
Farmer Boys in caps and frocks,
London lads whose work is done,
One and all just out for fun.

Seeking all a day of leisure,
Hours of mirth and love's sweet treasure,
Filling high life's cup of pleasure
At Islington on May-day!

So come to the Fair with a hey down derry O!
Life's a song that is blithe and merry O!
Step it out with a hey ho nonny no!
Choose a lass that is young and bonny O!

Leave afar your care and pain,
All dark thoughts and dreams disdain,
Greet the merry spring again,
At Islington on May-day!

Here's a rabble, here's a shout!
What's the happy throng about?
Here's a lad with frowning face
Duck him in the pond apace!

Here's a gipsy who foretells,
If you've money, wedding bells!
There is Parson Jack you see,
Rush him round the May-pole tree!

All the world a Fair is seeming,
Golden skies above are gleaming,
Life's a dream that's worth the dreaming
At Islington on May-day!

Spring in London.

By John Davidson.

At early dawn through London you must go
Until you come where long black hedgerows grow,
With pink buds pearly, with here and there a tree,
And gates and stiles; and watch good country folk;
And scent the spicy smoke
Of withered weeds that burn where gardens be;
And in a ditch perhaps a primrose see
The rooks shall stalk the plow, larks mount the skies,
Blackbirds and speckled thrushes sing aloud,
Hid in the warm white cloud
Mantling the thorn, and far away shall rise
The milky low of cows and farmyard cries.
From windy heavens the climbing sun shall shine,
And February greet you like a maid
In russet cloak arrayed;
And you shall take her for your mistress fine,
And pluck a crocus for her valentine.

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Manufacturers and Real Estate Owners contemplating any addition to their present holdings, or the erection of new structures, will find it advantageous to get our estimates and terms.

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Are Durable, ✿ ✿ ✿

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Customs Circular

✿ No. 15 ✿



WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Troutng Gear, Fire-arms, and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Troutng poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Deputy Minister of Customs.

CUSTOM HOUSE.

St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1914.

M. Peckham, 149 Gower Street.



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Veal, Pork and
Poultry.

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**Corned Beef, Vegetables
and Fish a specialty.**

An Old Hunting Ground.

By D. F. Meaney, Humbermouth.



BIRCHY, Aldery, and Adies Lakes are situated about half way between the head of Deer Lake and the bottom of White Bay and are the sources of that noble river the Upper Humber. Together the route affords one of the finest canoe trips in the Island. Starting on Humber Arm, up the Lower Humber, and from end to end of Deer Lake, the Upper Humber, over the big falls, (or Grand Falls) to the west branch of the Upper Humber, through Aldery Lake, thence Bircy Lake, to Adies Lake, and Silver Mountain, in all over ninety miles.

Dr. Sexton of the Public Health Department and Willard Parker Reception Hospitals, New York, made this trip last season accompanied by a party of friends with guide, E. P. Brake, of Bay of Islands, and was so delighted with the trip that he intends to return the coming season for a much longer stay.

The country all along, but especially around Birchy Lake, is an ideal hunting ground. Judging from the great number of Caribou found there it would appear that this locality is used by them as a resting place, or a herding park before they migrate south over the Topsails each Autumn.

Dr. Sexton secured some of the finest antlers ever taken from the country. He was surprised at the immense herds of Caribou and the abundance of other game all along the route, and our country he said is truly "A Sportsman's Paradise."

In connection with this Birchy Lake country I have a little bit of interesting history to offer: In speaking of that locality to one of our western guides a year ago, he informed me that the previous summer, while hunting there, he located a monster pine tree with the following inscription cleverly cut thereon, together with a number of Masonic symbols in the lower left hand corner:

William Chearnley	Sept. 17—Oct. 7th, 1853
John Chearnley	1854
James Cope	1855
Halifax, N.S.	1856
	1859

The discovery was so interesting that I sent particulars of it to the *Halifax Chronicle* and the following information was received from Mr. John A. Boak, of Chicago (who by the way is the Reid-Newfoundland Co's General Agent in that city):—

To The Editor of the Chronicle:

Sir,—In your issue of February 13th I notice an article headed "Mystery of the Pines" referring to William and John Chearnley. William Chearnley was formerly a captain of the 8th King's own Regiment and came to Halifax, Nova Scotia, I believe with that regiment between 1850 and 1860. He was a famous hunter and no doubt hunted in Newfoundland as well as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Captain Chearnley was afterwards Colonel of the Halifax Volunteer Battalion, which is now known as the 63rd Rifles. He died in Halifax in 1870 or 1871 and with his brother John who died before him was buried in Camp Hill Cemetery, leaving a wife, who was the daughter of the late Captain John McNab, and a daughter Mrs. Lambie who have resided in Rome, Italy, since 1878.

Mrs. Chearnley was a sister of my wife. Some of the older residents of Halifax especially any of the Chebucto Greys, will remember the Colonel and can give you any further information you require. My recollection is that George Ackhurst was like myself, a full private in the Greys when Colonel Chearnley commanded the Battalion, and George Piers was our Captain.

JOHN A. BOAK.

Chicago, Feb. 18th, 1913.

Also the following from a correspondent signing "Old Timer": "In your issue of the 13th inst. there is a communication from Humbermouth, Newfoundland, headed 'Mystery of the Pines.' For the information of your correspondent I would say that during the years mentioned (1853-7) and later, there lived in Halifax Captain William Chearnley and his brother, whose name I think was John.

William was a retired Captain of the British Army and was a great sportsman. He took an active part in the formation of the old Volunteer Companies, now composing the 63rd Rifles of Halifax, and was, if I remember rightly, their first Colonel. Cope is a common name among the Micmac Indians and it looks as if the Messrs Chearnley accompanied by Cope as a Guide, must have been in the habit of visiting the place mentioned on hunting expeditions during those years.

Many of our elderly citizens will remember Colonial Chearnley quite well and I am surprised that no one (so far as I have seen) has written you on the subject. Possibly there may be no connection between the tree inscription and the gentlemen mentioned, however.

OLD TIMER.

Halifax, Feb. 24th.

I have received several communications in connection with above, but the letters given sufficiently prove that Birchy Lake, and Aldery Lake country, that ideal hunting ground, was resorted to as early as sixty years ago, and must have afforded excellent sport to induce Colonel Chearnley to visit it four years in succession, and again after an interval of three years, particularly when we consider the means of travel and accommodation in those early days, and the fact that the Maritime Provinces offered good hunting in their virgin forests. But perhaps then as now Newfoundland was the real "Sportsman's Paradise."

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—AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE—

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A FEW HINTS Regarding Fire Danger

DON'T use coal or gas **Stoves** or **Heaters** unless **securely set on stone, concrete or metal**; all woodwork near stoves or pipes must be well protected. **Gas Stoves** on metal-clad wood or with flexible pipes are objectionable.

DON'T put **Ashes** in wooden boxes or barrels; use only metal ash cans.

DON'T have **Steam-pipes** in contact with woodwork or near inflammable materials, and don't permit **rubbish** to accumulate behind radiators or steam coils.

DON'T hang clothes or drapery near open **Fires** or **Stoves**, or on **Stove-pipes** or **Steam-pipes**.

DON'T permit loose-jointed **Gas Brackets**, which can be swung against woodwork or curtains, or **Gas Brackets** without wire screens or globes if **inflammable** materials are near.

DON'T destroy the insulation on flexible **electric light** or **fan** cords by hanging them on hooks or nails.

DON'T fail to keep **Lamps** filled and wicks trimmed; with the oil low, **explosive gas** may be generated; but in no case fill the lamps after dark.

DON'T permit **Benzine, Gasoline** or **Explosives** on your premises unless used from approved safes.

DON'T throw **oily waste** or **rags** on the floor; keep them in approved self-closing cans during the day and at night remove from the building—they are **self-igniting**.

DON'T mix **greasy** or **oily rags** with papers or with clean clippings, or keep more clippings in your place (even if clean and in bales), than is unavoidable.

DON'T use sawdust on floors or in spittoons, or to catch **oil drippings** from machines or gearing. Sand is safe.

DON'T keep **Matches** loose in paper boxes, but only in metal or earthen safes. Those lighting on the box are safest.

DON'T throw away **lighted** cigars, cigarettes, or matches.

DON'T permit your employees to **Smoke**. Don't permit anyone to **Smoke in a Garage**; or if combustible materials are kept on the premises.

DON'T store gasoline in a **Garage** or fill cars from open vessels.

DON'T fail to have fire-pails filled, distributed and placed in conformity to Rules of local **Boards of Fire Underwriters**.

DON'T fail to **test** periodically your hose and fire appliances.

DON'T permit **Stairs** or **Hallways** to be blocked up or used for storage, or permit **packing materials** and **rubbish** to accumulate and remain on your premises; **packing materials** must be kept in approved metal-lined bins.

DON'T fail to close at night all doors and traps to **Elevators, Hoistways, Stairs** and **Communications**, as well as **Iron Shutters**.

DON'T forget that **Neglect** and **Carelessness** are the cause of more **fires** than all other things.

And above all things keep your **Matches** where children cannot get at them.

JOHN SULLIVAN,

Inspector General of Constabulary,
and Chief of Fire Department.

The Mawson Expedition.

*"The cold winds swept the mountain-height,
And pathless was the dreary wild."*

—*The Snow-Storm.*

OFF TO ANTARCTICA.

WHEN early in December, 1911, the Australian Antarctic Research Expedition sailed from Hobart for the frozen south in the sturdy *Aurora*, it was intended that Dr. Mawson and his gallant comrades, should spend but one winter in that solitary land. For the intrepid leader and six other members of the main base party, however, events so shaped themselves that they were obliged to remain yet another year amid the ice, whilst other two brave men were never more to return! On January 13, 1912, Mawson and fourteen of his followers were landed at Commonwealth Bay. Stores were discharged, and then the *Aurora* steamed westward with Mr. Wild and eight other members of the expedition. These landed in due course at the second base—a distance of some 1,300 mile as the crow flies. The sea route was 1,600 miles. Numerous sledging trips followed, hampered by terrible weather. At the main base in Adelie Land, much useful work was done. The *Aurora*, meanwhile, had returned to Australia. She was due to pick up the western party on February 1, 1913, but it was February 13 before this feat was accomplished. Early on the morning of January 13, exactly a year after the landing of the main party, the *Aurora* reappeared in Commonwealth Bay, but Dr. Mawson, Dr. Mertz, and Lieutenant Ninnis had not returned from a lengthy sledging trip.

A TALE OF DISASTER.

WITH eighteen Greenland dogs these three heroes had set out to traverse some 600 miles. As they did not return when expected, sledge parties were sent out in search, whilst the *Aurora* cruised along the eastern coast. A kite was flown, detonators were fired at frequent intervals, whilst the ice cliffs were carefully scrutinized. A terrible hurricane arose, and the ship lost her anchors. Returning to the base, Captain Davis had an anxious time, as it was imperative to keep faith with the party 1,600 miles away. Eventually it was decided to leave six members of the expedition behind for another year, besides the three who had not returned from the sledging trip. With the other six the *Aurora* started for the second base, where Wild and his party were taken aboard, and brought back to Australia. It is a pathetic circumstance that whilst the *Aurora* was yet in sight at Adelie Land, Dr. Mawson arrived—but alone! It was too late to recall the steamer, so the seven men settled down for another year in the Antarctica. There had been a disastrous happening. Lieutenant Ninnis, with dogs and sledge, had disappeared; lost in a deep crevasse! As this sledge contained the food supplies, the plight of the survivors was indeed desperate. Dr. Mertz was the next to perish. Fatigue and starvation proved too much for him, and with reverent hands his lonely leader laid him in an icy grave. Undismayed, the heroic Mawson continued the perilous journey. For thirty days he struggled on, even when the last of the dog flesh had been devoured by the famishing man, and had it not been for the providential discovery of provisions deposited in an elevated cache by a search party, he, too, must have succumbed. Probably no man ever put up a braver fight for dear life than did this hardy and courageous leader of the expedition. Almost exhausted by his strenuous exertions, he reached the camp, where he was wel-

comed with joy, clouded, however, by the story of the loss of his less fortunate companions. The narration of that remarkable journey has thrilled with pride, not only Australia, but the whole of the British Empire.

On the other side of the ice the memorable Scott tragedy had been enacted, but although that impressive event has almost obsessed the public mind, the deaths of Mawson's comrades, and his own triumph over perilous odds, are now appealing to the imagination in a way that must give a high place on the roll of fame to the heroes of the research expedition.

HOME AGAIN.

MUCH anxiety was felt in Australia during the enforced exile of Dr. Mawson and his six companions. Happily this anxiety was relieved by occasional wireless messages. It was, therefore, with intense relief that Australia learned that the *Aurora* (which had returned to the Adelie base after a sojourn in Australian waters) was sighted on February 26, 1914, making her slow way toward St. Vincent's Gulf. The next day Captain Davis, who deserves the highest praise for the part he took in the great enterprise, landed his precious freight at Port Adelaide. Owing to the delay in coming up the gulf there was little demonstration when the *Aurora* arrived, but Adelaide and Australia rose to the occasion at the public gatherings held in honour of the home-coming explorers. Nothing could exceed the warmth of the welcomes there given. The Governor-General (Lord Denman) had hurried across the border to be present, and in a notable speech he paid just tribute to Dr. Mawson and his men.

The King's message was a timely one, and was appreciated by all, and the heads of numerous societies expressed the pride and satisfaction of the educational and scientific world at the achievements of the Australian Scientific Research Expedition. But the popular gathering at the Adelaide Town Hall on March 3 unmistakably showed that Dr. Mawson and those who shared in the great adventure, had touched the hearts and captured the imagination of all sorts and conditions of people.

THE RESULTS.

It is too soon, perhaps, for experts to pass opinions, on the actual scientific results of the expedition, but enough is known to demonstrate that these are of a likely valuable order. Even, however, if such results were practically nil, the feats of endurance, the acts of courage, and the tests of comradeship, have been of a character that must tell for good in this formative period of a young nation. Pride in the endeavours of brave men, admiration for the manifestation of a sacrificial spirit, and satisfaction over the unsullied record of many months of closest intimacy, go far to stimulate the best elements in national character.

The Mawson Expedition is now a matter of Australian history, and it provides a page that reflects credit on its promoters, and honor on its members, while it will furnish for many a year an incentive to the youth of Australia in a direction calculated to develop those qualities which have in every generation contributed to the making of that vast Empire in which this Commonwealth is destined to play no insignificant part.—*From Faulding's Journal, Adelaide, Australia.*

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in our employ, and builders can always rely on having the best ideas when they give us their order. We have furnished Mantels, Window Frames and Sashes, Doors, Stair Balusters and Rail, Newel Posts, Mouldings, Turnings, Brackets, Counters, Ceiling, Flooring, Framing, Shingles, etc., to all parts of this country, and always satisfy our customers. We have always studied

our business and endeavoured to increase it constantly. We have made provision for immediate reply to inquiries, quick shipment of orders, and prompt furnishing of shipping receipts and invoices.

Our Efforts to Satisfy Customers,

we are glad to say, have been appreciated, and result in an ever increasing demand with which we are keeping pace by improved and enlarged equipment. We will count you among our friends, and will be glad of a friendly word from you to any person needing supplies in our line. We will especially value any order of your own with which you may favour us.

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 St. John's, Newfoundland.



Notice to Mariners!

NEWFOUNDLAND.

(No. 1, 1914.)

Iron Island,

Off Eastern Entrance to Burin Harbour, Placentia Bay.

Latitude 47° 02' 40" North.

Longitude 55° 06' 50" West.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Fixed Red Light on Iron Island is discontinued.

A. W. PICCOTT,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department Marine and Fisheries,

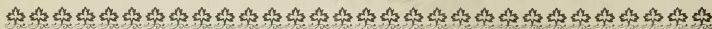
St. John's, Newfoundland, February 20th, 1914.



Department of Agriculture and Mines.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The attention of the Public is called to the following provisions of the Act to further amend the Crown Lands Act, 1903, passed at the last session of the Legislature:



Application for Timber Limits.

SEC. 3.—Section 24 of the Crown Lands Acts, 1903, is hereby repealed, and the following substituted therefor:

No such licenses shall be granted until notice of intention to apply therefor has been published in the *Royal Gazette* for a period of one month prior to such application. The said notice shall contain the name and address of the applicant, and with as much certainty as possible shall describe the location and boundaries of the land applied for, naming the Electoral District in which same is situated and its approximate area.

Returns of Timber Cut.

SUB-SEC. 4, SEC. 4.—To make returns to the Government annually on oath, on or before the 30th of November in each and every year of (a) the total quantity of timber cut between the 1st day of July and the 30th day of June then last past, which is liable to the payment of royalty; and (b) of all timber cut for the manufacture of paper or paper pulp, also to make returns annually, or at such other periods as may be required by the Governor in Council, or by regulations under this Act, sworn to by him or by his agent or employee, cognizant of the fact of the quantity of all sawn lumber, timber, railway car stuff, ship timber and knees, shingles, laths, cordwood or bark, or any other product of timber sold or disposed of by him during such quarter or other period and the price of value thereof, the licensee to be liable to a fine of \$50.00 if the returns aforesaid

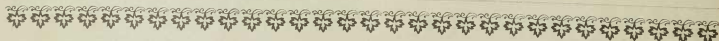
be not filed in the Department of Agriculture and Mines within thirty days from the date on which they are required to be filed as aforesaid.

Forfeiting Title for Non-Payment of Rents of Limits.

SEC. 6.—Whenever the rent or royalties payable under any lease to cut timber shall be in arrears and unpaid for the period of six months from the day on which the same became due, the Governor in Council may, without any suit or other proceedings to enjoin the same, declare such license forfeited and thereupon the same shall be again open to application by the public.

Survey of Mining Location.

SEC. 17.—Within one year from the date on which notice is given by the applicant for a ninety-nine year lease of a mining location or locations to the Minister of Agriculture and Mines, that it is his attention to hold said land as provided by Section 47 of the said Crown Lands Act, 1903, such applicant shall, at his own expense, cause a survey of the location or locations referred to therein to be made by a Surveyor approved by the Minister of Agriculture and Mines, and shall cause a diagram thereof, with the notes of the surveyor, to be filed in the Department of Agriculture and Mines within the same period. In all such surveys of mining locations, the bearings of the boundaries shall be from the True Meridian.



SYDNEY D. BLANDFORD,

Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1914.

The NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY



Autumn Number, 1914

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

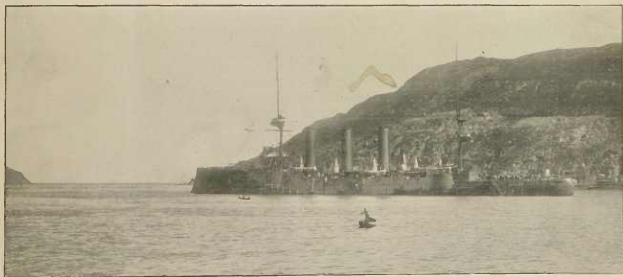


Photo by James Vay.

H.M.S. "LANCASTER,"

One of Great Britain's fast cruisers, which is playing an important part in keeping the Atlantic open to British and neutral shipping. The *Lancaster* has coaled in St. John's during the war when the above photo was taken. She is at present operating off New York. The effective work these cruisers are doing has astonished the world.



PROCLAMATION

*By His Excellency SIR WALTER E. DAVIDSON,
Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.*

W. E. DAVIDSON,
Governor,
[L.S.]

Your King and Your Country Need You ! Will You Answer Your Country's Call ?

At this very moment the Empire is engaged in the greatest War in the history of the World.

In this crisis your country calls on her young men to rally round Her Flag and enlist in the ranks of Her Army.

If every Patriotic young man answers Her Call, Great Britain and the Empire will emerge stronger and more united than ever.

Newfoundland responds to the Homeland's Call and promises to enlist, equip and despatch to England the First Newfoundland Regiment of 500 strong. We want to send our best, and we believe that Britain's Oldest Colony will gain greater honour and glory for Her Name.

If you are between 19 and 35 years old, will you answer your Country's Call ? If you will, then go to the nearest Magistrate and enrol your name for service in the fighting line. If you live in St. John's go to the C. L. B. Armoury and enter your name at the Central Recruiting Office, or any evening between 8 p.m. and 10 p.m.

Tickets to St. John's will be provided by the Magistrate free of cost.

The terms of enlistment are : To serve abroad for the duration of the war, but not exceeding one year. It is intended the men shall leave within one month of their enrollment, and that in the meantime they shall receive a course of instruction and training in St. John's.

A complete outfit will be provided.

Each private will receive pay at the rate of \$1.00 per day and free rations, from the date of enrollment to the date of return, a portion of which will be paid to dependents left behind, or it will be allowed to accumulate for their personal benefit until termination of service.

Volunteers from outports will be given free passages to St. John's.

Any applicant for service, forwarded by the proper authorities and not accepted after arrival at Headquarters, will be provided with a free passage and maintenance back to his home.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House,
St. John's, this 21st day of August, A.D., 1914.

By His Excellency's Command,

JOHN R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.

PROCLAMATION.

By His Excellency Sir Walter Edward Davidson, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.

WHEREAS, by the 255th Section of "The Customs Act, 1898," it is enacted that the Governor in Council may prohibit the exportation or carriage coastwise of the following goods :— Arms, ammunition and gunpowder, military and naval stores and any articles which he, by and with the advice aforesaid, deems capable of being converted into or made useful in increasing the quantity of military or naval stores, or for purposes of hostility, or destruction in war, provisions or any sort of victual which may be used as food for man.

AND WHEREAS I by and with the advice of my Council deem it expedient and necessary that I should exercise such power of prohibition in manner hereinafter appearing :

Now, therefore, I, by and with the advice aforesaid, do hereby order and direct that from and after the date hereof the following goods, being articles which I have judged capable of being converted into or made useful in increasing the quantity of military or naval stores, that is to say :—

Acetone ;
Aeroplanes, airships, balloons, of all kinds, and their component parts ;
Animals, pack, saddle and draught, suitable for use in war ;
Arms, rifles of all kinds, and their component parts ;
Benzol ;
Blast furnace oil ;
Carbons required for searchlights ;
Cartridges, charges of all kinds and their component parts ;
Chrome and ferro-chrome ;
Cloth, hempen ;
Copper ore ;
Cotton suitable for use in the manufacture of explosives ;
Cotton wastes ;
Creosote ;
Dimethylaniline ;
Engines and lorries, internal combustion, capable of carrying a load of 25 cwt. and upwards, whole or in parts.
Fuel oil shale ;
Fulminate of mercury ;
Gunpowder,
Mineral lubricating oil ;
Nets, torpedo ;
Nickel and ferro-nickel ;
Oil, coal, tar ;
Oil, olive ;
Petroleum, fuel oil ;
Petroleum, gas oil ;
Petroleum, spirit or motor spirit, (including shell spirit) ;
Projectiles of all kinds and their component parts ;
Sacks, coal ;
Silk cloth, silk-braid, silk-thread, suitable for cartridges ;
Silk noiles ;
Surgical dressings and bandages ;
Toluol ;
Zinc ;
shall be, and the same are hereby prohibited either to be exported from the Colony or carried coast wise.

Given under my hand and seal, at the Government House,
St. John's, this 5th day of August, A.D., 1914.

By His Excellency's Command,

JOHN R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.



Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents
2 "	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York: Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office. RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.	Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
Over \$10, but not exceeding \$20	10 cts.	Over \$60, but not exceeding \$70	35 cts.
Over \$20, but not exceeding \$30	15 cts.	Over \$70, but not exceeding \$80	40 cts.
Over \$30, but not exceeding \$40	20 cts.	Over \$80, but not exceeding \$90	45 cts.
Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.	Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, Sept., 1914.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents**, and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of signature and address, costs } From \$0.85
To 1.00

A ten word message to the United States, exclusive of signature and address, costs } From \$1.10
To 1.50

To Great Britain, France or Germany—25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, Sept., 1914.

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention "The Newfoundland Quarterly."

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The Newfoundland Quarterly

Vol. XIV.—No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1914.

40 cents per year.

❁ The War and Afterwards. ❁

By Dr. Arthur Selwyn-Brown.



URING the past thirty years the leading nations have made wonderful progress. Trade and commerce have rapidly developed, wealth has accumulated and the standard of living has advanced. In addition to the remarkable increase in the material aspects of national life, there has been a widespread development of education, and the evolutionary theories of Darwin have caused scholars to revolutionize most branches of learning. The psychological results of these vast changes in thought and national well-being have been no less remarkable. They have been objectively shown in the advancement in civilization of Japan, China and other Oriental nations, the destruction of the Boer republics through overweening am-

bition, the Russo-Japanese, Balkan and Mexican wars and the revolutionary outbreaks in many European States. In every nation which has experienced the evolutionary movement towards a higher civilization, there have been counter movements of a conservative nature. Powerful forces have been operating against progress. The results of these forces have been widely manifested in labour disputes, opposition to enlightened legislation, taxation, and social improvement. At the same time, some political parties have been exceedingly active in propagating schemes for national aggrandizement by military conquest. In the United States, Russia, Japan, the Balkan nations, Italy and in Austria and Germany, the military parties have been particularly active and aggressive. In consequence of their various propaganda, the world's peace has been greatly disturbed during the past two generations. The present war will probably mark the culmination of these extraordinary national movements.

The great European upheaval now in progress was caused by the blood-lust of the Germanic people who have been preparing for the war with a fixed purpose for over forty years. When the German people conquered France in the wars of 1870-71 and secured the rich booty from the French treasury, they determined to dominate the whole of Europe. Immediately on the resumption of peace, extensive plans were made for increasing the military establishment of the German empire and for the investment of the billion dollar war indemnity. This money was partly expended in fortifications and artillery and partly in building up a great mercantile marine and lately in establishing a powerful fleet of battle ships.

In the meantime, the whole of the manhood of Germany was forced into either the army or navy and all the national thought was centred on the conquest of the world by military, naval and aerial forces. Much territory was won by diplomatic means. Germany has always been looked upon as a nation in arms ready to fight for territorial spoils and her diplomats have always seized the chances to secure colonies whenever foreign disputes arose. In this way, colonies were secured in Africa, China, Oceania and elsewhere. Recent adventures of this character were undertaken in Morocco and Turkey. The present war was commenced with the object of seizing large portions of European territory, and robbing France with the view of obtaining the vast financial resources necessary to assist in the conquest of the British Empire.

The plans for this war were drawn long ago and they were widely published. In a book entitled "Germany in the Twentieth Century," published in Berlin early in 1900, the author, General Eisenhart, said: "We consider a great war with England in the 20th century as quite inevitable and we must strain every fibre in order to be prepared to fight that war single handed."

General Von der Goltz, in a military review, published in March, 1900, stated: "We must contradict the frequently expressed opinion that a war between Germany and Great Britain is impossible. The material basis of our power is large enough to enable us to destroy the present superiority of Great Britain."

The "Koloniale Zeitschrift"—on January 18th, 1900, said: "The old century (the XIXth) saw a *German Europe*. The new one shall see a *German World*. To attain that consum-



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

mation two duties are required from the present German generation: to keep its own counsel and create a powerful fleet."

Events have shown that while the German people failed to keep its own counsel, and boldly boasted of its intentions to conquer England, it did build a powerful fleet. Indeed, it failed lamentably to keep its own counsel. The country has been deluged with writings and speeches proposing plans for the conquest of England and the German domination of the world. The writings of Von Tirpitz, Von der Goltz, Treitschke, Bernhardt and other Pan-Germans have exposed all the German aims and taught the world that under the pretence of civilizing the world, the leaders of the Germanic people have for the past forty years bent every effort to develop the strong blood-lust of the Teutons with the single object of again over-running the world, like their Hunnish ancestors in earlier days, and robbing the nations of their wealth.

The German people let it be known to all mankind before the present war commenced: (1) That Germany intended to fight a ruthless war with the object of conquering Belgium, robbing France of her wealth and England of her brilliant position in the world. They aimed at seizing England's "place under the sun," as they phrased it.

(2) The ambition of the Germanic people was the acquisition of the world's wealth and the establishment of a world-wide dominance by Germany—a vast Germanic suzerainty.

All readers of the German press will recall endless statements of the aims of the German people. The following abstracts from prominent writings and speeches will indicate German views. The Emperor said in an address to his troops:

"I christen thee Fort Haeseler. Thou wilt be called upon to defend the conquests of Germany against her Western foes."

This passage occurs in a speech of the Emperor's on March 1, 1900, on the occasion of the completion of a fort. Seven months later, in celebrating Moltke's birthday, he expressed the desire that "the staff may lead Germany to further victories." A few years later he said at an anniversary:

"Nothing must be settled in this world without the intervention of Germany and of the German Emperor."

In a formal history Professor Treitschke writes:

"To whom will belong the sceptre of the universe? What nation will impose its wishes on the other decadent and enfeebled people? Will it not be Germany that will have the mission to ensure the peace of the world? . . . The future belongs to Germany, to which Austria will attach herself if she wishes to survive."

The most popular historical work that has appeared in Germany is "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." In reviewing early German history the author says:

"It was high time that the deliverer appear'd. . . . We can regret only one thing—that the German did not, everywhere his conquering arm preyed, exterminate more completely."

The theologians are as bitter as the professors. Professor Lezius was cheered by students and professors for the following passage in a popular lecture:

"All Polish societies should be suppressed without the slightest apology . . . as well as the societies of Alsace and Lorraine, and Schleswig-Holstein. . . . The people should be allowed only three privileges: to pay taxes, serve in the army and shut their jaws."

If the professors and divinity teachers speak in this way, what are we to expect of the soldiers? General Von Bernhardt writes:

"The efforts directed towards the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish but absolutely immoral, and must be described as unworthy of the human race."

This statement leads to two direct and practical conclusions:

(a) France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path. (b) A pacific agreement with England is after all a will-o'-the-wisp which no serious German would trouble to follow."

The standard passage for German delight in the winning of a bloody and brutal war is the Kaiser's speech on the eve of the Chinese expedition; the most ruthless passage in the speech was circulated on post-cards throughout Germany.

"When you meet the foe you will defeat him. No quarter will be given, no prisoner will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy."

The rest of the passage urges the Germans to act like Huns who ravaged Europe a thousand years ago. Field-Marshal Von der Goltz, who was sent to train the Turks because they were "the only people who could attack the British trade route to India," wrote a book entitled "The Nation in Arms." It leads up to this:

"Wars are the fate of mankind, the inevitable destiny of nations. . . . Inexorability and seemingly hideous callousness are among the qualities necessary to him who would achieve great things in war."

It was to a people educated with such sentiments as these that the German Chancellor said:

"We are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is contrary to the dictates of international law. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal is achieved."

The belief in war is founded on an amazing conceit, fed by a host of popular and professional writers, that Germans are "The Chosen People."

"True history begins from the moment when the German, with mighty hand, seizes the inheritance of antiquity."

So writes the author of "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," and he is followed by the preachers.

"The German people is the elect of God, and its enemies are the enemies of the Lord," is one popular utterance.

"We are the best colonists, the best sailors, and even the best merchants. . . . We are the most intelligent nation there is, and the most advanced in science and art. We are, without contradiction, the most warlike people on earth."

Such is another claim, one of hundreds of a like tenor. They are followed by the sonorous passage from a speech of the Kaiser's, who usually says pictorially and grandiloquently what his public feels and thinks:

"Our German people will be the granite block on which the good God may complete his work of civilizing the world. Then will be realised the word of the poet who said the world will one day be cured by the German character."

Von Bernhardt tersely summarizes the civic aphorisms of Germany thus:—

1. The first duty of every citizen is to the State.
2. As war is not only an integral part of humanity but the great civilizing influence of the world, it is the duty of every State, and every citizen of every State, to be prepared for war.
3. England is stationary or retrogressive in the world's progress. Germany is the coming world-power, who by her rise will elevate the world's standard of civilization, art and commerce. Germany's rise is, in fact, civilization's greatest asset.
4. Germany's inevitable expansion is being jealously watched by other countries.

5. It is the duty of Germany to utilize all and every means to protect her legitimate interests; and in this world it might is not right it is so like it as to be hardly distinguishable from it.

After reviewing German aims and ambitions, Bernhardt closes his interesting book "*Germany and the Next War*," with this exordium:

"If people and government stand together, resolved to guard the honour of Germany and make every sacrifice of blood and treasure to insure the future of our country and our State, we can face approaching events with confidence in our rights and in our strength; then we need not fear to fight for our position in the world, but we may, with Ernst Moritz Arndt, raise our hands to heaven and cry to God:

"From the height of the starry sky
May thy ringing sword flash bright;
Let every craven eye
Be silenced by thy might!"

These lessons were well taken to heart by the German people and when last August the German troops were ordered to march on Belgium and France, on their wild marauding expeditions, the German nation gave remarkable demonstrations of jubilation. Even at the beginning of the war, the world learnt how

well the Emperor William's advice that "No quarter will be given, no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy" is acted on. The destruction of Louvain, Rheims and other cities and towns, the cold-blooded murders of innocent non-combatants and prisoners of war and the innumerable barbaric acts daily reported in the world's press, amply demonstrate how well the Germans have taken the Kaiser's lessons to heart and reverted to barbarism. Some of their recent deeds of callous savagery have moved a great American publicist to exclaim:

"If before he strikes the fatal blow the murderer could only stop and think; could see the bleeding body of his victim; could realize the awful consequences of his act! Insanity! What else was the foray upon the English embassy by the mob in Berlin; what else the succeeding insults heaped upon the French ambassador; the burning of Louvain by the German soldiers; the destruction of the beautiful cathedral at Rheims regardless of the world's protests; the dropping of bombs into Antwerp by the Kaiser's airmen? Yet the German writers in America chatter about civilization. They dare to talk of German civilization. They too, have lost all sense of perspective and all distinction. They, too, are mad. Instead of whooping up the hordes of death in Europe and hurling anathemas at their neighbours in the United States, the Germans of America should be down on their knees asking God to have mercy upon the wives, the mothers and the children of the Fatherland."

Germany's many warnings of her intention caused her neighbours to prepare their defences and no sooner were the German troops set in motion against France than England and Russia rushed to the defence of Belgium and France, and the Belgians and French were not themselves unprepared.

The forces now opposing Germany are so large, that there can only be one ending of the war—the utter defeat of the Germanic people. Their deeply cultured blood-lust has led them into blood-riots which are rapidly carrying them to national effacement. When the allied Governments are ready to end the war, Germany will be dismembered and financially penalized. Every public man in England has expressed the necessity of dealing with Germany so that the national blood-lust of the Germanic people will never again endanger the peace of Europe. France must be reimbursed the war levies imposed on her in 1871 and the costs of the present war; Belgium must receive money and works of art to restore, as well as possible, the City and University of Louvain; Alsace and Lorraine, of course, will be restored to France; Luxemburg to Belgium, Poland to the Poles, Schleswig-Holstein to the Danes, and Eastern Prussia to Russia. England will insist on the partitioning of the German North Sea coast among the adjacent nations as it is the fixed will of the British people that Germany will never again be powerful on the seas.

Austria must pay the penalty for being the agent of Germany in bringing about trouble with the Slavic people in the East of Europe. Her unstable empire will be largely divided up between Russia, Servia, Montenegro, Rumania and Italy. A new Slavic confederation will arise from her remains which will dominate the Eastern portions of Europe.

Within the next couple of years the world will witness the passing of the influences of the Germanic peoples, the re-arrangement of the map of Europe and of European political and international alliances.

This is the last great war that will be witnessed for many generations. It indicates the culmination of far-reaching political movements that were long gathering strength and began to rise to the surface in the African wars in the nineties. The war will be long and costly, and will be followed by a protracted period of unbroken peace, which will be distinguished by wonderful industrial and commercial developments and great social advancements. The destruction of the Germanic ideals, which fettered the civilization of the past with barbarous militarism, will thus greatly benefit the world and lead to an era of exceptional progress and prosperity.

The First Newfoundland Regiment.



VOLUNTEERS CAMPED AT PLEASANTVILLE.

THE great European war now in progress has resulted in stirring up the dormant martial instincts of the British people and has caused in the formation of new regiments in nearly all parts of the Empire. The people of Newfoundland are taking a good share in the war and are contributing a splendid regiment of men to the Empire's defences in addition to the fine corps comprising the local Naval Reserve. The First Newfoundland Regiment is the first military force this Colony has enlisted for foreign service during its several centuries of eventful history, and the members of the force have never seen active service before. The five hundred are fine, handsome young men, who, will fight in company with the great Colonial Corps like the Canadian Princess Patricia's Horse and the Strathcona Horse, and like the great Australian infantry regiments which fought so well in the South Africa wars. Our regiment is composed of sober and intelligent men who will quickly qualify for warfare. The war authorities have arranged a training depot in England for Canadian troops, to which our men will be sent for a thorough military training. When they reach the front, they will be as well qualified as any of the British regiments and will make a record which will not only shed honour on Newfoundland, but lead to the establishment of a permanent defence force in St. John's—a force which like our Naval Reservists will always be ready at the Empire's call.



Photo by Theo. A. Thompson.

AMBULANCE TENT AT PLEASANTVILLE.



The Coming of Arthur.

"The Landing of H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught at Bay of Islands, West Coast of Newfoundland, July 8th, 1914."

By Eunice T. Holbrook Ruel.



"So tender with the children and so full
Of a sweet grace and Royal gentleness"

ARCHES? Yes! As green and gaily decked
As loving hands could make them and the arch
Of God's good sky above them, smiling down.
The Church and State! And Scouts! And smiling children!
And a throng of people, with hearts beating high in joy
And full of friendly welcomings and gleams.
The Colours? Brave and bright against the green
Of many branched trees that waved their boughs
Like outstretched hands of greeting.
Music? Yes! A charming courtesy
From a brave ship; that made the day
Seem brighter for the kindly fellowship
And for the lovely strains of harmony.
But these were only outward signs at best,
Only the visible part of the great chord,
The note of inner grace, that made the day
Like some great sacrament, a sacred thing;
A day to be remembered through the years.

When first the note was struck it faintly rang—
A welcome! Yes! Our Newfoundland fails not
To welcome strangers, be they rich or poor,
Or high or lowly in the world's esteem.

"Who is this stranger whom you bid us welcome?"
Her son! The son of our great Empress Queen
Who loves her country still in her blest home
Beyond the stars. She whom we love,
And love and evermore shall love,
"Victoria, the Good—Her Son!" The note rang clear
And very tender. "We will do our part,
All, all we can, for is he not her son?"

His brother! Younger brother of the King
We revered and loved these many years;
He, who has gone with God's own children, where
The peace-makers are gathered. Calm, serene,
Above all earthly tumult now to wait
God's own appointed time for peace to reign.
"His brother! Edward's brother?"

Ah, the note rang true; with many lovely chords accompanying
And rounding to a splendid harmony.

So the day dawned; and the brave ship *Essex* swung
On the swift tides upon the inner Bay,
And all the stately hills rose tier on tier
In terraced green and gold; and bells rang out
And muskets crackled on the morning air



[Photo by J. H. Parsons & Sons.]

"No stranger this, but a thrice welcomed friend."

And all the many crested rocks and hills
Echoed the splendid booming of the guns
And Arthur came and set foot on our shores.

"Her son! His brother!—Yes, but what of him?
What, what of him, the man,
The beater of the name so long entwined
In English hearts with flowers of poesy,
With tender chivalry and knightly lore;
The name of him, who bore Escalibur."
We turn to Chaucer for a borrowed phrase,
A truly, "Very parfit, gentil knight."
No need to think of any other now,
No need to ask who this may be who comes—
For hearts sprang up to greet him and a shout
Of three times three rang out across the tide.
No stranger this, but a thrice welcomed friend.
And Newfoundland, forgetting that her pride
Lay in traditions of the ancient rite—
Forgot to be hospitable, and *was*.

Gave all she had, with lavish out-stretched hand—
Her heart, her welcome, and the love of years.
And he, her guest, so courteous and so kind,
So tender with the children and so full
Of a sweet grace and Royal gentleness.
Oh! Not for nothing bears he that great name,
Not only of the Royal House that is,
But of the Royal House that used to be
When Arthur gathered round him all the knights
And sanctified the land with courtesy.

The outward symbols fade, the day goes past;
The sun once more his daily course has run.
The people scatter and round goes the world.
But the deep note of loyalty and love,
Once struck, does not again return to silence
But goes on and on.
Out on the mystic waves through the vast blue
It gathers little tender sounds and notes
From the deep-bosomed hills and from the trees
And from the rocks that stand in quietness.
In every heart it thrills, and every voice
Has a new deep vibration in its depths.
The little waves that frill along the shore
Catch and repeat it to the deeper rolls
Of the great ocean—And the living depths,
Where light on light breaks lambent into gleams
Of emerald and gold and palest rose,
In caves of dreaming shadow.
Where the sea-friends wave, and catch the sound
And wave again their hands, and green the hands,
Their many fringed little sea-green hands,
In harmony of motion with the stars.
And everywhere it gathers to itself new chords—
All rippling sounds and tender cadences
And martial melodies that ring the world.



Newfoundland Name-Lore.



By His Grace, Archbishop Howley.

XL.

The next name which attracts our attention is

CONNOIRE RAY,

like *Conne*, *Conaigre* &c., the meaning of the word is unknown. There is then *Cutteaux Ray*. This is a corruption of *Couteaux*, and so on English Maps it is translated *Knife Bay*.

The most important group of Islands on this shore is that of the

BURGEO ISLANDS.

They are a very numerous group and are, as usual in such cases, stated to number 365. On one of the largest of these Islands is a Cairn placed there by Captain Cook when he made a survey of the Coast in 1766. From this Island he observed an Eclipse of the Sun. Hence it is called

ECLIPSE ISLAND.

Burgeo is a very important settlement numbering over 1,000 people. It gives the name in conjunction with a neighboring Harbour to the Electoral District of

BURGEO AND LA POILE,

and returns one member to the Legislature.

CINC CERF BAY.

(Five Stag Bay) probably recalls some hunting episode.

GRAND BRUIT.

(great noise) or rout is called from a large and magnificent cascade which leaps down from the cliffs, which are over a thousand feet high, and makes a roar which is heard at a great distance off. The people call it *Grand Bruit*.

The next inlet is the largest on this coast and is called

LA POIL BAY

(either Fur Bay or Frying-Pan Bay). It extends inland about ten miles. At the entrance is a small island called *Ireland Island*. In recent years a whale factory has been established here in a cove (to keep up the fiction) called *Dublin Cove*.

West of this is a bay named

GARIA.

The meaning of which I do not know. *Harbour Le Cou*, (Neck Harbour) so called from its narrow entrance.

ROSE BLANCHE.

This name is alluded to in Article XXXI. when speaking of *Rose a Rue*. The first part of the word is a corruption of softening of the word *Roche*, rock. This place is called *White Rock* from the fact that the geological substratum is a beautiful white granite, which being in many places denuded of its mossy covering shows as white as snow. There is here also an

ILE AUX MORTS

(Deadman's Island) which no doubt has its wierd legends and traditions.

The next harbour westwards is one which has recently received a great impetus from being made the terminus of the Newfoundland Railway, and starting port for the line of steamers running daily to Sydney in connection with the train from St. John's. This harbour is called

PORT AUX BASQUES,

Port or Harbour of the Basques.

That the Basque fishermen played a very important part in our early history there can be no doubt. Relics of their presence are to be found in the names of a great many places along our coasts. It is admitted now by almost all students of our early Colonial history that the Basques had in the XV. century,

and long before the voyages of Columbus or Cabot, visited the coasts of Newfoundland. It is certain that as early as 1447 they had a regular fishery on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. There is here another

ISLE A MORTE

(Deadman's Island) with its usual gruesome and fanciful traditions. The harbour of

CHANNEL

is so called from its peculiar formation. It is formed by a string of islands lying close to the land. It is open at both ends, so that craft can pass right through, and thus it presents the appearance of a canal or channel. This place is famous for its wrecks, though it is now well protected by lights, fog whistles, buoys, signals, &c. Between this and Cape Ray, about nine miles distant, there are no other names of any importance.

CAPE RAY.

All that is necessary to say as to the philology of this name is said in Article XXVII. when speaking of Cape Race. There I have shown that these two names are the same. Cape Ray is historically important as having been the commencing point of the

"FRENCH SHORE,"

a name which took a very prominent place in our local history for over two centuries as limiting the French fishing rights. But all this is now a thing of the past since the extinction of the French rights.

At Cape Ray—about two miles inland—commences the great chain of mountains, which stretches away towards the northeast and runs practically across the whole Island to the opposite shore in White Bay. It is the highest range of mountains in Newfoundland. It is generally known as the

"LONG RANGE."

It divides the Island into two distinct countries. Distinct in every sense. In climate, in physical formation, in geographical stratification; in fact it is this last which is accountable for all these great differences. The Long Range is an obtrusive outcrop of the lower geographical formation of granites and sienites, in what geologists call metamorphic formations. The meaning of which in plain language is that in the convulsions of nature of former pre-historic times, the upper and carboniferous strata have been swept away making what is scientifically called a great fault, but I speak under correction and return to my subject which philological or onomatological rather than geological. The S.W. end or the commencement of the great "Long Range" is a very remarkable feature in the landscape of this part of the Island. It starts with an immense *table mountain* nearly two thousand feet high. There are three large conical hills or mountains at the S.W. end of the great table plateau giving a very remarkable appearance easily recognised by nautical men. I think the following excellent description of this place is worthy of reproduction here. It is taken from the "Sailing Directions," &c., 1898.

"The land of the Cape (C. Ray) is very remarkable; near the shore it is low, but three miles inland is a very high table mountain, which rises almost perpendicularly from the low land and appears to be quite flat at the top, excepting a small hillock on its south west point." (N.B.—This hillock is said to be one of Captain Cook's cairns.—†M. F.H.) "This land may be seen in clear weather from the distance of fifty miles. Close to the foot of the table mountain, between it and the point of the Cape is a high round hill resembling a sugarloaf (known as the sugarloaf of Cape Ray) whose summit is a little lower than that of the table mountain; and to the northward of this hill, under the table mountain, are two other conical hills resembling sugar loaves, which are not so high as the former: One of these sugarloaf-hills is from all points of view seen detached from the mountain."

There is no resemblance whatever to a sugar-loaf in this great conical hills, no more than is generally the case with hills that are called by this true and trivial name of *Sugarloaf*. These hills are nearly 1000 feet high and are of majestic proportions. They did not escape the observant eye of that shrewd old navigator Jacques Cartier, who in the year 1535 passed along this coast and gives us in his "Relation Originale" (part II p. 45) a very correct and most interesting description of this land. He writes as follows. He had explored the Magdalen Islands and then steered for the coast of Newfoundland about Cape Ray—"Après lesquelles choses congneues, retournaïmes au cap de la dicte terre (Cape Ray + M. F. H.) qui se fait a deux ou trois caps haults a merveilles."—After having observed these things, (viz. the contour &c. of the Magdalen Islands) we returned to the cape of the said land—C. Ray—which shows itself in two or three capes wonderfully high. They reminded me strikingly of the Pyramids of Egypt, and I should suggest that instead of the Sugar-loafs, they be called "The Pyramids" of Cape Ray. One of these pyramids is remarkably clear-cut showing four angles as regular as if done by mason work and running to a point as sharp as a cottage roofed house. This I propose to call the Pyramid *Céphren*, which is the name of the Second Pyramid at Cairo, from its constructor the Pharaoh Khafra. It is not the largest or highest of the Pyramids, but it is the most perfect. The *Great Pyramid*, which is called Cheops (pronounce Key-ops) was once the largest and highest, being 482 feet, but it is now *truncated*, the top having been taken off, reducing the height by about thirty feet so that it is now only about 450 feet high and shows instead of a pointed apex, a flat top. The top is a level area of about twelve yards square or about 1300 square feet. A large party may stand on it, I stood on it in the year 1896, with a party of about twenty persons. One of the pyramids of Cape Ray presents precisely the same truncated appearance. Hence I propose to give the name of Cheops to this pyramid. The third pyramid at Memphis is called *Menkaura*. But as this name is rather difficult I would propose to call it *Ghisa* (pronounce *Gheesa*, the g hard as in geese). This is the general name given to this whole group of Pyramids. If these names are not acceptable as being too hard to remember, and too difficult to pronounce I would at least suggest that the name "Cape Ray Pyramids" be suggested instead of "Sugar-loaves."

From Cape Ray the coast takes a sharp turn to the N.E. and presents an entirely different contour from any other part of the coast-line of Newfoundland. It does not any longer show the bluff *hummocky* rocky appearance which is encountered to the eastward of Cape Ray, on the contrary it shows a gentle level plane outline, with no rocks on the sea coast but a sloping bank of gravel or drift about 50 to 100 feet high, while on the top is a flat fertile surface of rich soil covered with brushwood right out to the coast and stretching away inward to the distant blue mountains. I shall never forget the impression which it made on me when first the magnificent panorama burst on my view (in the summer of 1871). I also remember the late Venerable Monsignor Sears saying that when he rounded Cape Ray coming from the eastward, he felt as if a great load were removed from his chest. Not only is the whole landscape of the country changed, but there is a change in the climate and the state of the atmosphere. One leaves behind the dull, heavy, damp, foggy air of the south and east shores of Newfoundland and enters into a veritable "fog free zone!"

For about twenty miles from Cape Ray to Cape Anguille the coast trends in a regular curved line, showing an arc of a circle. The seashore or as our people call it the *landwash* is no longer composed of rubble beach-stones or sharp jagged points of broken cliff, with deep coves, but of beautiful sandy beaches. The sand being composed of the detritus of granite boulders and shows a beautiful golden-salmon-colour in the reflected sunlight. This is the characteristic of nearly the whole of this western shore. This wide belt of seashore between Cape Ray and Anguille is the entrance to the far-famed

CODROY VALLEY.

The two rivers of Great and Little Codroy flow into the sea, from the eastward into this girth of coast from the distant

mountains. Thus this beautiful valley is watered by these two splendid rivers which enter the sea about five miles apart. On the northern side the valley is protected from the Arctic breezes by the magnificent range of the Anguille Mountains, which are nearly as high as the Long Range and run parallel to it, thus forming at one time the northern boundary of the Codroy Valley and the southern shore of Bay St. George.

The name of *Codroy*, had long been a puzzle to me, but I think I have found the solution of it. Some time ago I saw on a French map the name

C. DE ROY

for Cape Ray. The analogy of this with some other names on the coast (already discussed) immediately struck me. Such as C. de Grat (Cape de Grat), C. de Spear (Cape Spear), C. de Raz (Cape Race) C. de Rah (Cape Ray). I at once thought that this form C. de Roy gave origin to Codroy just as C. Rouge gave rise to Carouge, and that the name of this valley is nothing else than the *valley of Cape Ray*, as the valley commences immediately at this point.

Between the mouth of the Great Codroy River and the harbour of Codroy there is a point of land called

POINT ENRAGE.

in English "stormy." The name itself does not call for any prolonged discussion. It is a name found on several parts of our coast and in this place is very appropriate, as there is a long reef of partly submerged rocks running out from the shore which break in a very angry and forbidding manner in stormy weather. But this particular point was once a matter of serious consideration and of much newspaper correspondence and some diplomatic discussion. In a letter published by me in the *Evening Telegram* of February 25th, 1890—some twenty-four years ago, I pointed out how Mr. R. T. Squarey, J.P., Magistrate at Channell, in looking over the Treaties connected with the "French Shore," made a very startling discovery. To give a clear statement of this matter it will be necessary to make a short historical statement:

By the Treaty of Utrecht, entered into between Great Britain and France in 1713, the French were given fishing rights on our coast between the points of Cape Bonavista (on the east) and Point Riche (on the west). In the course of time it was found that disputes arose between the French and English fishermen, so to prevent these quarrels a new Treaty was entered into at Versailles in 1783, by which the limits of the French fishing rights were changed (from Cape Bonavista on the N.E. coast to Cape John in 50° North Latitude, and from Point Riche on the W. coast "to the place called Cape Ray situate in forty-seven degrees and fifty minutes latitude."

By this change the French had yielded about 200 miles on the N.E. coast and had received as a *quid pro quo* nearly the same extent of coastline on the western shore from Point Riche westward and southward. Now since the date of that Treaty (1783) for over one hundred years (to 1890) it had been universally accepted that the *western terminus* of the "French Shore" was Cape Ray. But the nautical eye of Mr. Squarey (who I may say was not only well versed in Civil and Local Law but was also a practical expert in Navigation, being a passed master of foreign course) immediately discovered a most serious mistake in Latitude. He read in the V. Section of the Treaty:

"The place called Cape Ray situated in forty-seven degrees fifty minutes latitude." "But," said he, "that is not so. Cape Ray is not situated in 47° 50', but in 47° 37', a very serious mistake for it gave the "French Shore" some fifteen or twenty miles more than its due. Looking more closely into the Treaty Mr. Squarey found that the word in that document is not Cape Ray but Cape Rage, an English way of writing C. Enragé. The whole of this matter is fully discussed in the *Evening Telegram* of February 25th, 1890 and subsequent issues. The discovery was one of far reaching importance but it has not become a matter of no consequence owing to the fact of the French rights having become extinguished. For this great boon, statesmanlike action of Sir Robert Bond, to whom the country owes a debt of gratitude which should never be forgotten.

A couple of miles north of Point Enragé is the little harbor of Codroy, formed by an island of the same name just off the coast. It is not a safe or commodious harbour but in the days of French fishing rights a very flourishing establishment of fishery was kept here by the French.



Pale Gold.*



An Ancient Story, retold by Dr. Arthur Selwyn-Brown.

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ARTHUR SELWYN-BROWN, M.A., PH.D., LL.D.

"The lives of men are like earthen vessels wrought in a potter's mill, however carefully formed, all are sooner or later doomed to destruction. Nought that exists shall endure; life is as the waters of a river that flow away but never return."

AFATHER and his son were working in a wheat field when a hooded snake bit the young man so that he soon died. There is no remedy known that will prevent the venom of this deadly snake almost instantly taking effect, filling its victim's eyes with sudden darkness and stilling the beating of his heart. But the father finding his son was dead, and the ants commencing to gather, gave a subdued sigh and returned to his work as unconcerned as before.

A Buddhist priest soon afterwards passed the farm and seeing what had happened, was surprised that the dead boy's father continued to work.

"Whose son was that youth who is lying dead?" he asked.

The farmer, still working on, said: "He was my own son."

"Well, as he was your own son, why do you take his death so calmly?"

"What folly sir," replied the farmer;—"do you not know that the instant a child is born into this world so soon does it take its first step in the direction of death; and the ripeness of its strength marks also the beginning of its decline? For those

who do good there is, of course, a recompense, for the wicked there is, on the other hand, punishment. What therefore do tears and grief avail? They can in no way serve the dead. . . . Perhaps sir, you will be passing through the city? If so I will esteem it a favor if you will call at my house and ask my wife to send me my noonday lunch and tell her of the death of our son."

"What kind of man is that?" thought the priest as he continued his journey. "His son is dead, but he does not grieve; the corpse lies out in the field, but he continues working; the ants gather about the dead young man, but the father thinks only of his lunch; surely he is wanting in compassion and is without paternal instincts."

On nearing the farmer's house, his son's man-servant was met and the priest said: "Thy master is dead, having been bitten in the fields by a hooded snake. Why!—do you not weep?"

"No," replied the man, "my master and I were united by the will of destiny: I was only as the little calf which follows the great bull. If the great bull were slain, the little calf could not save him from the butcher's knife; his cries and bleatings would be useless. Well, not knowing when my own time will come, why should I weep?"

Then the dead youth's sister was met and the priest said: "Your brother is dead, my girl, do you not grieve for him?"

The girl answered with comparisons saying: "Sometimes a strong woodman enters the forest, cuts down the large trees with the mighty strokes of his axe, ties them together to form a raft and floats them down a river. But a storm advances, lashes the river current into great foaming waves which dash the raft about until the lashings come undone, and the logs come asunder and are whirled away so that they can never be again collected. Such was the fate of my brother. We were bound together by destiny in one family. We have been separated forever by this fatality. There is no rigidly fixed time of life or death. Whether our existence be long or short, filled with happiness or misery, we are united only for a period to be separated for evermore. Remember the wisdom of the Devas' song in the "Light of Asia":

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find I
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife,

Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go.
We are, as ye are, ghosts from the innane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this:
But life's way is the winds way, all these things,
Are but brief voices, breathed on shifting strings.

O Maya's son! because we roam the earth,
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show,
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand."

My brother has ended his allotted career; each of us is

* The above story has a history almost as interesting as itself. It was written in India many centuries ago. In early times it was taken to China where it enjoyed a wide popularity. It was translated from Chap. 51 of the Chinese book "Fa-yuen-tchou-lin," by the Rev. Samuel Beal, in 1878, and was retold by Lafcadio Hearn, in 1884. The present version is based on Hearn's adaptation. This story clearly illustrates the fatalistic manner in which many of the Asiatic people view life.

following a destiny, like the winds way, that may not be changed. It was not given to me to protect and save him. How futile it would be to grieve over that which I could not prevent?"

The young man's beautiful wife now approached and the priest, addressing her, said: "Madam, thy comely husband has been cut off in the summer of his agile manhood. Is it not a terrible calamity?"

The wife wistfully replied: "Even as two birds flying one from the east and one from the south meet and look into each other's eyes and circle about each other, and seek the same summit of tree or temple, and perch together until the dawn, so was our own fate. When the golden light breaks in the roseate east, the two birds, leaving their temple perch on the tree-top, fly in opposite ways, each to seek its food. They meet again if destiny wills; if not, they never behold each other more. Such was the fate of my husband and myself. When death sought him his destiny was accomplished, and it was not in my power to save him. So why should I weep over the pale and spurious gold of sorrow instead of recognizing the bright and real gold of contentment and the inexorable decree of fate?"

The priest then knocked at the door of the farmer's home and asked for the dead man's mother. She came to him and heard of her son's death and her husband's request for his noonday lunch to be sent. She said:

"Yes, his lunch is prepared and I am waiting for the man's servant to take it into the fields. As for my son, sir, I am sorry; but I knew he only received a passing life from his parents, like their own—a perilous life threatened by many adverse influences—so his departure does not surprise me. I could not control it. We are, you know, like travellers halting at a roadside inn; the traveller rests and passes on, should the inn keeper restrain him? Such is really the relation of mother and son. Whether my son came or went, whether he remained or passed on, I had no determinative power over his movements; he has evidently fulfilled his appointed destiny, and from that destiny none of us could save him. How very foolish we would be if we were to lament over what we know is inevitable?"

As the priest resumed his journey along the highway he thought of all the comparisons the dead man's people made for him and the wisdom they contained, and at night when he rested at a wayside inn and slept, something seemed to whisper to him: "The lives of men are like earthen vessels wrought in a potter's mill, howsoever carefully formed, all are doomed to destruction, nought that exists shall endure, life is as the waters of a river that flow away, but never return."

And then he awoke and smiled; for he remembered hearing his old mother sing in India long ago:

"Here is the common destiny of man:
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,
And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live,
Somewhere, somehow—who knows?—and so again
The pangs, the parting and the lighted pile—
Such is man's round."

When he resumed his journey after the night's rest, the priest felt that he had lately added much to his knowledge of human nature, and sorrow with its insidious mysteries, and, as the day was bright and pleasant, and the country was well inhabited by simple farming people, he looked forward to meeting new adventures and experiences before the night.

Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind.—*Pope*.

The Reaping, 1914.

I.

The Harvest.

By Janet Barlow.

O'er harvest hills soft haze of shimmering heat
Folds blue and dim; glows fiery sheen of wheat
At core of sunbeams; kindled white,
The road creeps in beneath green shadow plight
Of woven branches. Here two gossips greet:
"Good morning, ma'am; sure 'tis the grand hot day,"
"Aye, aye, too hot for our poor lads away
Off yonder in the battles, where they fight."
"Ah! cold enough, God knows, before the night
'Tis many a one will sleep."
Such talk have they

Along the footpath flecked with leaves and light.

The road glares like a white-hot ploughshare thrust
Athwart the plain, whereon a rider lone
Three times the blaze of noontide fierce hath known,
Mocked with the parching air, the choking dust,
For all his daily fare; still, grown half-blind,
Goes stumbling, starved, and goads his starving horse
With restless steel, that rage may bring remorse
The more to sadden his sick heart. Yet shined
This summer day that ripens the red-gold corn—
In rustling fields, on none whose lot forlorn
Draws nigh through heavier hours a desolate end;
Since comes in foeman's guise his one grim friend,
Nor holds his cruel doom a kinder file
Than if, ere close the sunset's fire-silted gate,
Some long-flamed shaft a curven blade shall bend,
And thither reach, that, reaped as harvest fruit,
Be to the great *Dark* gathered man and brute.

II.

Commandered.

By L. Moberly.

Last year he drew the harvest home
Along the winding, upland lane;
The children twisted marigolds,
And clover flowers, to deck his mane!
Last year he drew his harvest home!

To-day—with puzzled, patient face,
With ears a-droop, and weary feet,
He marches to the sound of drums,
And draws the gun along the street.
To-day—he draws the guns of war!

III.

The Vintage.

By Clinton Scollard.

Rumors of ravaging war perturb the mind
Ruffling the channels of our wonted ease;
Within the sky we read red auguries,
And hear grim portents shivering down the wind.
Not as of oldtime do we fondly find
Orchestral notes or lulling harmonies
In the long plunge and murmur of the seas,
But discords horrent unto all mankind!
The fields of France are bright with poppy flowers;
Along the terraced vineyards by the Rhine
The ripening grapes are crimsoning for the wine;
Beneath the sun what fairer sight to see!
But ere the march of many hastening hours
What will the bloom, what will the vintage be?

Forgotten Days in Old Newfoundland.

By THOS. R. JOB, J.P., Liverpool, England.



THOMAS R. JOB, ESQ., J.P.

THE present war in Europe will affect Newfoundland in many ways; but the trade disturbances will be different to what were experienced in the early days of the St. John's pioneers. The writer possesses a diary which was kept by an early Newfoundland trader at a time when England was at war with France. In those days, the British Navy was not proportionately as large as it is to-day and was not so efficient. It was unable to bottle up the enemy's fleets as effectively as Admiral Jellicoe has bottled up the great German Navy during the present war. England is now the undisputed mistress of the seas, and while the principal nations in Europe are engaged in a titanic struggle that is destined to change, not only the map of Europe and the destinies of the Teutons, but to revolutionize the world's commerce, the Newfoundland merchants to-day can ship their fish cargoes to their ordinary markets with the same sanguine security that they enjoy in times of peace. It is proposed to cite some items from the diary relating to some experiences of English planters while sailing to the Newfoundland fisheries in the eighteenth century. Before doing this, however, a few words may be said relative to the diary and its author.

The diary was kept by Mr. John Job, the son of an English naval officer. Mr. Job was left an orphan in early childhood and was adopted by Mr. Samuel Bulley, an English merchant residing in Devonshire, who had vessels employed in the Newfoundland fishery. Mr. Bulley had a planter's business in St. John's, and when Mr. Job grew up he was apprenticed to the Newfoundland business. Later on he married Miss Bulley and became a partner in the firm which then assumed the name of Bulley & Job.

Mr. Job left England for St. John's in 1778 and kept a diary

in which he entered items covering not only business matters, but notes relating to everything that attracted his attention. The writer of this article is a grand-son of Mr. John Job and possess his grandfather's papers. This article is written with the object of contrasting the security now enjoyed by Newfoundland merchants in prosecuting their business with the dangers experienced by merchants in the early days when they travelled to and from England in small schooners and were often interfered with or captured by the enemy's warships and privateers. The fleet of vessels bound out and home were usually under convoy, but it occasionally happened that some vessels scattered and fell a prey to the enemy. Such was the experience of John Job when on a voyage outwards in April 1799 in one of his own vessels—the *Flora*—on which were several other passengers. It is best told in his own simple words taken from his diary, which are as follows:

"We were captured on Thursday, 11th April in Lat. 48° 08', Long. 18° by the Privateer *Rôle*, Captain Claud Digeaux, of Bordeaux, France. All the ship's crew and passengers were taken on board the Privateer except M. Payne, the cook, his son, Manly and myself. We immediately stood to the eastward in company with the *Rôle* until Saturday, 13th. It being then more moderate, the boat came alongside with Samuel (Mr. Job's brother-in-law) who took all his clothes, the quadrants, and charts excepted. In the boats were taken several of the aforesaid passengers. Samuel was in good spirits and told me they were assured of kind treatment. This was the last I saw of him as the *Rôle* stood immediately to the westward. May God grant us a happy deliverance ere long and a safe meeting with wife and children!

"Nothing particular happened till Friday, April 19th, 1799, when we anchored inside Isle de Re.

"20th.—We got into La Rochelle. The *Flora* was immediately hauled into the pier alongside the quay, hatches sealed, &c. Mr. Payne, myself and the boys were taken to the Commissary, whence we were ordered after examination to a place of confinement, where I am now making this memorandum. Passed the night very heavily. We left La Rochelle on the 27th April, travelled 20 miles. We were obliged to carry our baggage on our backs; roads very bad indeed; hearts heavy. We stopped the night at Sougeur, and got some refreshment at the Prison House. Accommodation very indifferent indeed.

"28th.—This day we left Sougeur, travelled twenty-four miles. Stopped at the village of Niort, at which place Mr. Payne became very ill indeed, and was obliged to get a Surgeon.

"29th.—Detained to get refreshed.

"30th.—Left Niort, travelled twenty miles, stopped at St. Maiscent.

"1st May.—Detained here for want of a guard, closely confined.

"2nd.—Left St. Maiscent and travelled twenty miles, rested at Poitiers. Here we had the liberty of the town with guards to walk with us. Tolerably accommodated at night.

"3rd.—Detained at Poitiers for want of Gent d'Armes.

"4th.—Obliged to wait here for want of Guards.

"5th.—Left this place and travelled twenty-eight miles. This day was a melancholy one, for the greater part of it we experienced very bad weather, excessively heavy rain and wind. Ac-

commodation tolerable. We were supplied with a fire to dry our clothes.

"6th.—Left this place and walked twenty-seven miles to Saumur, our place of rendezvous."

The Journal closes here and the author leaves no record of six months imprisonment in Saumur. He was liberated by Cartel after six months incarceration. There is nothing very startling in this diary, but the discomforts and restraint, not to say hardships, he records will appeal to the modern traveller. Prisoners of war in France were then harshly, and in some cases barbarously treated. His vessel and cargo were impounded—a serious loss to him.

Unfortunately his troubles were not confined to the loss of the *Flora* and cargo and his imprisonment. He records the fact that some years later a vessel he had built at Teignmouth, England—the *Hilton*,—captained by his brother-in-law, Thomas Bulley, and despatched thence to Newfoundland outfitted for the fishery, was captured in the English Channel by a French man-of-war commanded by Jerome Bonaparte and burnt on the spot, the crew being cast adrift in one of the boats to find their way to the coast as best they could. The *Hilton* was uninsured. He needed the patience of his namesake to meet these disasters. He soon afterwards gave up voyaging and transferred the business of Bulley & Job from Teignmouth to Liverpool in 1809. He lived for the remainder of his days in the latter city.

I have before me an old letter dated 25th October, 1789, from the Southside Room, St. John's, from John Job to his Agent in Teignmouth, Devonshire, which is mainly of interest owing to its going so far back. The letter is an ordinary business one in which he deals with a cargo he was shipping by the bearing vessel, and some money matters, but there is an interesting postscript, like the traditional one in a lady's letter, in which he sends his "love to Sally Bulley," his sweetheart, and subsequently devoted wife, which shows that the adventurer,—and I suppose he was a type of his class,—was very human, and having his "best girl" didn't forget her. Romance plays an important part in all our lives!

To return to more prosaic things I see a record of "the sailing of the *Nymph* from Torbay on the 20th March, 1800, for the Banks, arriving at St. John's 21st May, sailed again 7th June, catch not mentioned.

"The *Penguin* arrived with 9,000 fish, 23rd June, sailed again 25th with old bait. On this date two skiffs came from Caplin Bay with bait not quite loaded. Bait rather scarce.

"Brig *Nymph* arrived 1st July, with 17,543 fish, resailed on the 3rd."

Under this date he notes sales of Salt on one of his vessels at prices varying from 16s. to 24s. per hoghead! What a contrast to present day value; but cost of freight and insurance must have been much higher then.

History records the fact that these Adventurers were a parcel of Tories who took narrow views of the Colony's interests and selfishly considered their own, and that they barred its progress; but it must be borne in mind that their lives were very hard, that they were drawn mostly from small hamlets in Devon, Somerset, and Dorsetshire, mostly the former, and that in those days there were neither newspapers nor politicians. Happy Age!

I have a list in my possession of the names of a number of these Traders in 1793, but they seem to have had few successors in the business. It looks as if it was not too remunerative. No doubt some of them were drowned in their voyaging. I have one notable instance in my mind of a Liverpool family whose grandfather visited Forteau, in the Straits, annually,

and was one of the sea's victims, being lost on the passage home. Then, as now, the business depended upon the elements beyond human control. Bread was cast upon the waters, but an inopportune north-easter, or a gale from any quarter, upset the best laid plans, and where profit was looked for, disaster often followed. Included in the above referred to list are three names—Roope, Rendell and Cumming, subsequently associated with the Fish Trade in Oporto, Figueira and Alicante.

So much for the Adventurers, but what about the men who manned their ships and were brought to Newfoundland by them? These are the forebears of the present sturdy race of fishermen, who, supplemented by the Irishmen, constitute the present inhabitants of the Island. The average Newfoundlander is one of the cleverest and most resourceful beings on the face of the earth. The local fisherman, in his own element, is absolutely fearless, as is evidenced by the sad disaster last Spring which devastated so many homes. I have often admired the courtesy and hospitality of the people. These qualities are always noticed by those who visit the Island, whether for sport, pleasure or business.

Looking back on my residence of more than half a century in St. John's, I can recall some of the most interesting and happy friendships of my long life with fishermen and planters, for the most part untutored and unlettered men. In my time education was at a very low ebb, the school-master of the day rejoicing in an income of \$160 per annum, with the privilege of a week's fishing in the cap'n school. Poverty was the rule when merchantable fish brought under \$3 per qtl, and flour as during the Russian war in 1854-5, was as high as \$12 per barrel. In spite of these untoward circumstances, however, the fishermen struggled on with the help of the merchants, who often carried a heavy load. The relations between them were of the happiest. My mind to-day reverts to many of these men, old friends of mine, possessing the qualities of true gentlemen, a characteristic of which even their poverty could not rob them, and which is the heritage of every class. Their natural nobility of character always impressed me with the truth of the Scotch bard's lines:

"The Rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's a man for a' that."

✻ ENGLAND. ✻

By Rose M. Greene, Bell Island.

ENGLAND the way of war again must tread,

Because her honour calls her;

Nations are in battle locked, and peace has fled,

Brave men still fight (brave as her bravest dead)

For England and her valour.

Her battlements gleam brightly as before,

When Victory's laurels crowned her,

And float her standards as of yore,

While her brave heroes through Honor's guarded door

Ascend in merit's order.

In times of peace the world has known her power,

And foes in war have strongly feared her;

She rises foremost leader of the arts,

With her noblest gifts fair Science crowns her;

Oh noble land so destined to play great parts!

Peace she would have through all this fretful world,

And to the weak her aid is given.

With flags out-flung and banners bright unfurled,

E'en though her sons to death through war be hurled

To shameful deeds she'll not be driven.

England! We raise our hearts in suppliant prayer

To God in the Heavens above,

For renewed strength and for His blessed care,

For victories for our Homeland dear,

Success for the dear land, we love.

❖ The Duke of Connaught's Visit. ❖

How We Received and Entertained His Royal Highness.

By Alex. A. Parsons, J.P.



A. A. PARSONS, ESQ.

"Swift o'er her side the rustling cable rings,
Her speed is checked and, anchoring,
round she swings,
While gathering loiterers on the
strand discern
The boat descending from the luted
stern.
She's manned, the oars keep concert
to the land,
Till grates her keel upon the shallow
sand."



BETWEEN nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the 14th of July last, His Majesty's cruiser *Essex*,

Captain Watson, arrived in the harbor of St. John's with an illustrious visitor on board in the person of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor General of the great neighbouring Dominion of Canada. He had been on a salmon fishing trip to our West Coast, and His Excellency Sir Walter Davidson, our own Governor, availed of the opportunity to invite him to this city, as the guest of the Government, which invitation he was too good and too gracious to decline. His Royal Highness, accompanied by his Military Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel F. O. Farquhar, D.S.O., first landed at Bay of Islands, St. George's, where he was met by Governor Davidson and suite and tendered a right royal welcome. The people of that important district, led and inspired by the patriotic Magistrate there, Mr. Levi March, turned out in force, and with flags, banners, volleys of musketry and every other conceivable demonstration of loyalty, besought him to make the Colony and all it contained his own during his brief sojourn here.

The Duke did not remain long at Bay of Islands. He enjoyed a few days' fishing there, and had a charming trip—in spite of the mosquitoes—up the beautiful Humber River, where His Royal Highness was pleased to change the name of Marble Mountain (which abuts on the Humber) to that of Patricia Head, after his amiable and popular daughter, the Princess Patricia. He did this, I am told, at the happy suggestion of Sir Walter Davidson, who, by the way, never seems happier than when he is suggesting something of an interesting nature. The royal visitor then proceeded down through the Strait of Belle Island, calling at St. Anthony, where he inspected the Grenfell Hospital, fox farm and herd of reindeer. Thence he came on to Grand Falls, where a brilliant reception awaited him. There he spent Sunday and attended Divine service in the morning at the Church of England, the preacher on the occasion being His Lordship Bishop Jones, who had gone on there to meet His Royal Highness and accompany him to St. John's.

It was the intention of the Duke to call at Bonavista and Trinity on his way south from Grand Falls, and the people of these two important towns had built arches, decorated their houses with flags, and imported fireworks to give His Royal Highness a fitting reception. But they were doomed to disappointment, and they felt it keenly. It seems that, "owing to fogs and numerous icebergs, he was compelled, with deep regret, to pass by the harbours of Bonavista and Trinity" without paying the good people there that promised visit; and so he came on here directly, arriving on July 14, a day earlier than we had anticipated. And

although he did not officially land till the following day, the 15th, yet we were glad to have him in port and to know that he would be with us three days instead of two,—that he would come on shore at once (unofficially, of course), lunch with the Governor, take a drive through the city in the afternoon, and, on the way, call at the General Hospital and see, and speak a kindly word to the s.s. *Newfoundland's* frost-bitten sealers, who still remained there. This outward and visible manifestation of His Royal Highness's sympathetic disposition was—I need hardly say—very much appreciated by the sufferers. It was suggestive of "the touch of nature that makes the whole world akin." The afflicted sealers felt better after the Duke had left the hospital. In paying that visit he was doing good and getting good at the same time. As Wordsworth says:—

"O think it not a little thing
To lessen but one throbbing pain;
The act will surely with it bring
To you its own reward again:
To wipe one tear from sorrow's eye,
Ourselves will feel the greater joy."

On the following day, Wednesday, the 15th, the official programme was opened by Governor Davidson, who shortly after 9 o'clock a.m. proceeded on board the *Essex* in full uniform to receive His Royal Highness. The Duke, accompanied by His Excellency and *entourage*, landed at the King's Wharf at 10, sharp, and was received by a guard of honor of forty formidable looking men of the Newfoundland Constabulary, under the command of Inspector-General Sullivan, whose fine, soldierly appearance we could not help admiring. Then the Band of the Methodist Guards played the first six bars of the National Anthem. This they did just as his Royal Highness stepped on the wharf. His Honor Mayor Gosling, who was accompanied by the other Municipal Commissioners, here presented an address, bidding His Royal Highness welcome to the capital of the ancient and loyal Colony of Newfoundland. The Duke very graciously and gracefully replied and then the Mayor and Council were presented to His Royal Highness by His Excellency the Governor, as were also, at the same time, the Prime Minister and Members of the Executive Council, the heads of the religious denominations and the different foreign Consuls.

The Duke then started on a tour of the city. He was escorted by two mounted officers, who formed all the body-guard necessary in this royal old city; but they had to be there, because it



Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

LANDING OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE KING'S WHARF.

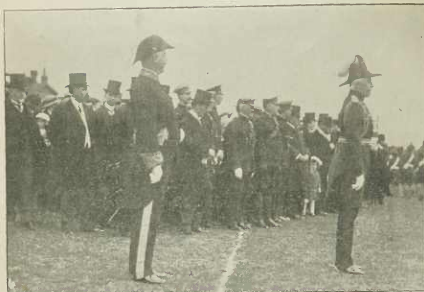


Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AND GOVERNOR DAVIDSON INSPECTING THE BRIGADES.

was in accordance with the fitness of things, and we were all pleased with the dignified manner in which they performed their part in the grand pageant. The first halt was made at the King George V. Seamen's Institute, where His Royal Highness was received by the Directors and Secretary of the Newfoundland Grenfell Association and by the Manager of the Institute. Here the Duke had a guard of honor consisting of one officer and sixteen men of the Catholic Cadet Corps. He was received by the Hon. R. Watson, Chairman of the Institute Committee, Hon. W. C. Job, Chairman of the International Grenfell Association, Mr. J. A. Paddon, Honorary Treasurer, and Mr. A. Sheard, the Secretary. After these gentlemen were presented to His Royal Highness by His Excellency, they entered the Grenfell Hall, where the various committees were assembled. The Duke here graciously gave his consent to a photograph of the whole group being taken: His Royal Highness and His Excellency the Governor standing together on the platform with the committee-men ranged on either side. Then the Governor and Mr. Watson presented to the Duke the Directors of the Newfoundland Grenfell Association, of which Sir Walter Davidson is Chairman, the members of the Entertainment Committee, and Mr. Jones, the Superintendent of the Institute. Mr. Watson, on behalf of the Institute Committee, then, in a neat and happy little speech, asked His Royal Highness to accept an album of views of the Institute, which had been specially prepared by Mr. A. Sheard, the Secretary. In making the presentation, Mr. Watson expressed his regret that Dr. Grenfell, through whose efforts the Institute had been erected, was not present on such an auspicious occasion, and thanked the Duke for his visit, assuring him of the great pleasure it gave them to welcome him, the uncle of our beloved King and Emperor. In accepting the album, His Royal Highness made a very pleasing reply; he thanked the committee for their hearty reception and assured them of his deep interest in the work of the Institute, expressing his sincerest wishes for its prosperity and usefulness. The Duke then inspected the Royal portraits in the Grenfell Hall and promised to send his own portrait; after which, accompanied by the Governor and Mr. Sheard, he inspected the men's quarters and expressed his appreciation of the various departments. Next His Royal Highness visited the girls' department, where Mrs. W. C. Job, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, the Ladies Committee and Lady Davidson were presented. After viewing the new extension of the girls' department, His Royal Highness said to Mrs. Job, the Honorary President, and the other members of the Auxiliary who were present:—"I have much pleasure in declaring open these beautiful rooms for the comfort and happiness of the girls, and I wish you every success." Returning to the men's department His Royal Highness

took leave of the members of the committee, and as he proceeded to his carriage, Mr. Watson called for three cheers for the distinguished visitor, which call, it is needless to say, was heartily responded to by the vast concourse of citizens at the front of the building, as well as by those inside. Before the Duke left the Institute, the following ladies and gentlemen were presented to him, with each of whom he smilingly shook hands: Mrs. W. C. Job, Mrs. Edgar R. Bowering, Mrs. W. G. Gosling, Mrs. J. S. Benedict, Mrs. J. B. Mitchell, Miss Annie Hayward, Miss Barnes, Miss Manuel, Miss M. Furlong and Miss Bennett; Right Hon. Sir E. P. Morris, Hon. M. G. Winter, Hon. P. T. McGrath, Dr. Macpherson, Messrs. H. W. LeMessurier, J. Fenelon, A. A. Parsons, H. R. Brooks, G. H. Grimes, M.H.A.; P. F. Moore, M.H.A.; B. E. S. Donfield, F. C. Berteau, I.S.O.; W. F. Lloyd, LL.D., M.H.A.; W. W. Halford, M.H.A.; H. F. Shortis, Arthur Meads, D. J. Davies, I. C. Morris, W. G. Gosling, C. P. Ayre, Dr. Mosdell, R. P. Holloway, Thomas McNiel, Frank J. Morris, K.C., M.H.A.; J. W. Morris and W. Jones, Superintendent of the Institute.

Having thus carefully inspected the Institute and taken leave of the officials and committee, the cortege proceeded through the city to St. George's Field, where they arrived at 11.30. On the way there, as the Duke and his party were passing the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a very pleasing incident occurred.—the joy-bells rang out a glorious peal of welcome, and sent the joyful sound down over the city, where it could be heard by everyone. "The Duke"—observed one of our evening papers next day—"was particularly impressed with this beautiful expression of loyalty, as was also His Excellency the Governor and other members of the party."

At the Field the Cadet Corps, consisting of the Church Lads' Brigade, the Catholic Cadet Corps, the Newfoundland Highlanders, and Company A from Harbor Grace, and Company A from Carbonear, of the King Edward Cadets, were drawn up in



HON. E. R. BOWRING,
Director of Bowering Bros., Ltd.



Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

THE DUKE LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE REID SANITORIUM.

quarter column. On entering His Royal Highness was received with a royal salute, and the massed bands played the first six bars of the National Anthem. The Duke then walked down the grounds and, with the keen eye of a soldier, carefully inspected the various battalions, while the bands played marches and other selected airs. The inspection over, he took his place at the saluting base and the battalions formed fours and marched past, the music furnished each battalion being supplied by its own band. When the second corps had reached their halting ground, the officers on parade returned to the saluting point and were presented to His Royal Highness Field Marshal the Duke of Connaught.

On leaving the Parade Ground the Duke proceeded to Military and King's Bridge Roads, entering Government House grounds by the eastern gate. In the afternoon he drove along the Waterford Bridge Road, arriving at Bowring Park at 4 o'clock, where more than ten thousand people had assembled to greet him. He was received by a guard of honor and sixteen men from the Methodist Guards. Assembled on the spacious platform erected for the occasion were many prominent citizens, guests of the generous donor of the Park. Here the Right Hon. Sir E. P. Morris, Prime Minister, formally presented the Hon. Edgar R. Bowring as the public benefactor through whose generosity the Park had been obtained; and in doing this, Sir Edward made a most effective speech. I have heard him a hundred times or more, but never to better advantage than on this particular occasion. He rose to all the requirements of the supreme moment and carried his immense audience with him. Mr. Bowring then, in a very unostentatious and graceful manner, acknowledged the glowing tribute paid him by the Prime Minister and in that happy style peculiarly his own, asked His Royal Highness to declare the Park open for the pleasure and recreation of the public. The Duke smilingly acceded to Mr. Bowring's request, and enhanced the value of the gift by the handsome compliment he paid the giver.

Then the Governor, in his big, frank, manly way, and without any attempt to display his latent oratorical powers, tendered to Mr. Bowring the thanks of the community; after which His Royal Highness, accompanied by the guests, and followed by the public generally, proceeded to another part of the grounds, where he commemorated the event by planting a tree and accepting a miniature silver spade as a souvenir of the incident. I almost forget what kind of a tree it was, but a "mutual friend" who stood beside me during the function remarked in a suggestive sort of way that he thought the band played "The Maple Leaf Forever" as soon as His Royal Highness had finished. Then tea was served and the Duke left for the site of the contemplated hospital for the treatment of tuberculosis. Here he

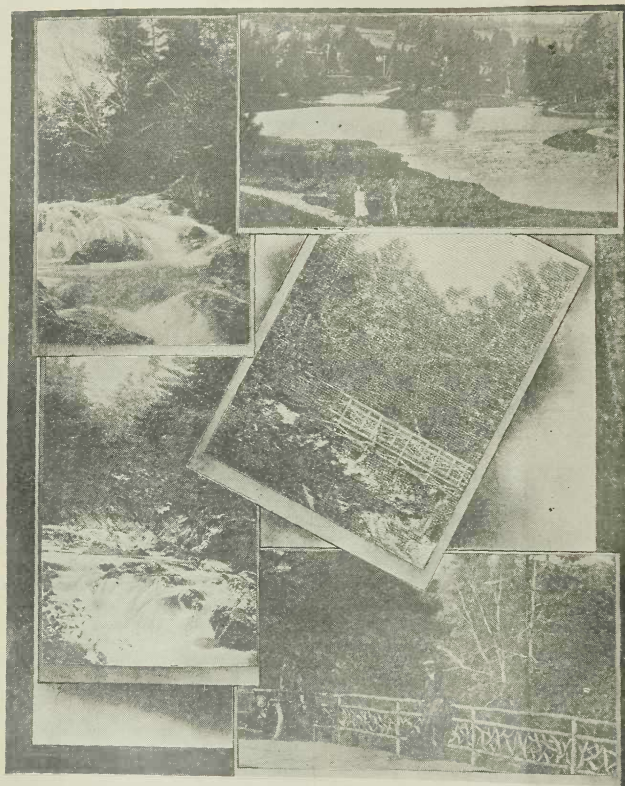
was received by an officer and sixteen men of the Newfoundland Highlanders, as a guard of honor. Mr. W. D. Reid the donor of the Hospital, was then presented to His Royal Highness by Governor Davidson; whereupon Mr. Reid prayed the Duke to lay the foundation stone of the structure, which he well and truly did, and received for his services a little silver trowel. Mr. M. W. Furlong, K.C., brought this function to a close by tendering thanks to His Royal Highness on behalf of the modest donor and the Directors of the Reid-Newfoundland Company.

The Duke then returned to Government House where a dinner was served to which a number of those who hold, or have held, high positions were invited. But this did not end the eventful day's proceedings. His Royal Highness, as Grand Master of the United Lodge of Freemasons in the British Dominions, had been pleased to accept an invitation of the District Grand Master and Freemasons in St. John's and arranged to visit the Masonic Temple at 10 p.m. At the entrance a guard of honor was furnished composed of an officer and sixteen men of the Church Lads' Brigade, of which corps the Duke is Honorary Colonel-in-Chief. Here His Royal Highness spent a delightful hour. The Temple, which stands on the brow of a hill overlooking the harbor, was brilliantly illuminated. The Masons had made ample preparation. All that level-headed imagination could suggest was done, and the Duke (practical man that he is) knew this and entered into the spirit of the gathering with all the enthusiasm necessary on his part to make it an unqualified success:

"Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three-times three"



W. D. REID, ESQ.,
President of the Reid-Newfoundland Company.



SCENES IN BOWRING PARK.

The third day of the Duke's visit did not have so strenuous a programme, it being the wish of the Governor and his advisers to give His Royal Highness an opportunity of seeing the country about St. John's as well as of meeting with the people. The French cruiser *Friant*, Captain de Lagrange, had already arrived in port on a visit of courtesy to the Duke. After an exchange of salutes with H.M.S. *Essex*, Captain Lagrange paid his official call at Government House, which was duly returned by His Royal Highness and the Governor. The Duke then went for a drive in a motor car belonging to Mr. H. D. Reid during which he had an opportunity of getting a view of Bell Island, though the time at his disposal was not sufficient to admit of a visit to the mines there, which run out in Conception Bay for nearly three miles under the sea. His Royal Highness returned from his drive in time to lunch with Sir Edward and Lady Morris, who, at the same time, entertained His Excellency the Governor and Captain Watson, of the *Essex*, and their suites. After luncheon the royal party left for Government House grounds, where they inspected the Ambulance Corps, and where His Lordship the Chief Justice (Sir Wm. Horwood), President of the Local Division; Mr H. W. LeMessurier, Chairman; Dr. Cluny MacPherson, Secretary, and Mr. John Fenelon, Treasurer, were presented to the Duke by His Excellency the Governor. The Duke was highly pleased with the whole outfit, congratulated all concerned on the establishment of this Local Branch of the Order, and wished the members every success in their work.

From 4 to 6.30 p.m. there was a garden party at Government House, for which over six hundred invitations had been issued. The bands of the several cadet corps were in attendance, as well as the pipers of the Highlanders. A wee bit of dissatisfaction manifested itself just here—and this was the only semblance of a cloud that appeared in our social sky during the whole of the royal visit. It seems that the guests expected to be presented to His Royal Highness, as was the case when their Majesties the King and Queen (then the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York) visited Newfoundland in 1901. At that time a much larger number of people attended the functions at Government House than on the 16th of July last, and the Duke and Duchess warmly shook hands with the whole of them. As a member of the reception committee on that auspicious occasion, I had the pleasure of being present at pretty well all the functions, and can bear testimony to the beaming happiness with which the guests greeted each other as they filed out of the gubernatorial residence and said:—"I have just shaken hands with our future King and Queen!"

Later in the evening some guests were invited by the Governor to meet His Royal Highness at dinner; after which he made a tour of the city and witnessed the illuminations, some of which were truly magnificent: notably the displays at the Colonial Building, the Masonic Temple, the Knights of Columbus Building, the Irish Society, Orange, Total Abstinence and City Halls, and the Railway Station. While passing down Duckworth Street, on his way back to Government House, and when near the Masonic Temple, the Duke received a perfect ovation. The Masons and their friends, to the number of a thousand, more or less, assembled outside the building, where they sang the National Anthem and cheered lustily for His Royal Highness till they were hoarse. A brilliant display of fireworks in the Colonial Building grounds brought the royal programme to a close. The Duke went on board the *Essex* at 11 o'clock, and at midnight left for Quebec, taking with him the undoubted assurance that in no part of the vast British Empire are the people more devoted to the Royal Family than in this ancient and loyal Colony. If the writer were permitted to sum up his personal impressions of the Duke, he would be inclined to characterize him as a striking type of the perfect English gentleman—easy and graceful in his movements, affable to all with whom he is brought in contact, and possessing a charm of manner that is positively irresistible. The latter trait, no doubt, accounts for his great popularity in Canada as well as in the United Kingdom. He is, indeed, a worthy son of the illustrious mother to whom

Tennyson refers in that inimitable dedicatory poem of his when he says:—

Revered, beloved—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power, or brains, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old
O leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day
May children of our children say
"She wrought her people lasting good!"



On the Death of Pope Pius X.

Who died at Rome, August 20th, 1914, aged 79 years.

By Rose M. Greene, Bell Island.

HEAVEN'S sublimity and perfect grace,
Seemed mirrored in his life;
A prayer-becamed and nobly tranquil face
Innocent of sin and strife
A soul kept bright as when God gave it breath;
A well spent life and lo! a holy death.

The Pope, solicitors for his last earthly care,
Offered to Heaven above,
A prayer for peace, and hope for man's despair;
A blessed psalm of love.
Ere from the mist of night God's messenger had come
To lift the veil and lead our Prelate home.

God gave him gifts divine in childhood's hour:
Not gold, and so the world proclaim'd him poor;
God made him rich with Heaven's wealth of power,
And crowned his wealth with piety and sacred lore.

A Peasant Pope whose simple, holy mind
Had held the Church's children to his heart;
A saint and man in human ways combined,
Who sought through prayer God's wisdom to impart.

Pius the Tenth from Peter's throne is gone
To join the noble band of the eternally blest;
His duties and his labors were well done,
And so in Christ he finds eternal rest.

The Old Volunteer Force.

By H. W. LeMessurier, J.P.

AT this particular time it will be interesting to the present generation to have a short sketch of the formation of the "St. John's Volunteer Rifle Battalion."

On the 17th January, 1860 the principal merchants of St. John's held a meeting in Mr. Ewen Stabb's office to consider the advisability of raising a Volunteer force in St. John's. At this meeting it was decided to open a list to obtain the signatures of those who would be willing to join a volunteer force and on the 20th of the same month, according to announcement, Mr. Ewen Stabb received a large number of signatures. The success of the movement was so assured that it was decided to call a public meeting of those interested in the formation of a volunteer corps, and on the 24th such a meeting was held at 2 p.m. in the Presbyterian School House. Mr. F. C. K. Hepburn took the chair, about 300 men being present. The enrolment of No. 1 Company, "Prince of Wales," took place, when P. Tasker was elected by ballot as Captain, John Fox as Lieutenant, and H. K. Dickinson as Ensign. No. 2 Company, "Queens," was at the same time enrolled and G. Ehlers, was elected Captain, F. C. K. Hepburn Lieutenant and M. W. Walbank Ensign. The following editorial from the *Morning Post* of the 24th January, 1860, gives an idea of the origination of the movement and the assistance rendered by the Mother Country:—

"We are very glad to observe by an advertisement of to-day, the beginning of a movement for the formation of Local Rifle Companies. This mode of self defence is being now taught, and adopted with great spirit throughout the United Kingdom, and our Sister Colonies; and we are sure Newfoundland (proverbial for her loyalty) having such important interests to protect, and a population courageous, and already accustomed to the use of arms, will be a match for her neighbours, in alacrity and zeal on this occasion.

"The idea of a Rifle Force was suggested by the gallant General Williams, during his visit here last season, in reply to the address of the Executive Council which drew his attention to the subject of our imperfect defences. The General gave his assurance of his good offices with the Imperial Government—at the same time recommending that we should aid the Parent State as far as possible by helping ourselves in the manner now proposed,—by learning the effective use of the great instrument of modern warfare—the Rifle. The Local Government we learn, subsequently affirmed this view in a communication to Downing Street.—represented that the formation of Volunteer Corps would be the mode of proceeding most acceptable here, and intimated that the gratuitous supply of arms and accoutrements by the Imperial authorities would tend to stimulate the energies of our people. Acting on this suggestion, the Home Government have recently sent out some fifteen hundred (1500) rifles. With these necessary accompaniments—an act of liberality for which they are entitled to our best thanks, it is most satisfactory to see the present prompt anxiety to correspond with the endeavours of the Government in the introduction of this valuable knowledge of the art of self defence. Doubtless a little time will show the determination of all classes of the community to avail themselves of it."

On the 21st February, No. 3 Company, "Victoria," was enrolled and James S. Clift elected as Captain, Robt. Thorburn as Lieutenant and R. Dicks as Ensign. No. 4 Company, "Terra Nova" was enrolled, Henry Renouf being elected as Captain, Michael Whelan as Lieutenant and John T. Barron, Ensign. On the 1st May, No. 5 Company was enrolled E. D. Shea being elected as Captain, G. Hogsett, Lieutenant, R. J.

Kent, Ensign, and Dr. Henry Shea, Surgeon. The officers of this Company do not appear in any Gazette, and it is not mentioned as forming part of the Battalion in the Gazette of 1864.

At first the Volunteers were drilled without rifles or uniform, No. 1 drilling in Hunter's Store, No. 2 in McBride's Store, No. 3 in the Old Church and Continental School and Nos. 4 and 5 in the Old Factory. On March the 23rd rifles were served out to the Volunteers from the Army Military Stores and the Companies drilled for the first time with arms.

The Legislature voted £150 for the first three years for the upkeep of the force, the Volunteers paying, where they could, for their own uniforms, subsequently the Legislative grant was increased to £250 (\$1000) and the British Government provided a new uniform, which was a scarlet tunic, black trousers with red stripe, &c., arms and ammunition, and also drill instructors for each company. The Old Gymnasium on Gower Street where now Lawrence's Factory stands, was taken for a drill shed, and subsequently the drill shed on Military Road, now occupied by the Water Department of the City Council, was built by the Government, for the use of the Volunteers.

On the 16th February, 1861, No. 2 Company formed an instrumental band, the members of which were instructed by the Regimental Band Master of the Royal Newfoundland Companies. In April of the same year, No. 1 and 2 Companies were called into Barracks and remained in Camp at Fort Townsend from the 26th April to the 12th May.

On the 20th July the five Companies of Volunteers with the Royal Newfoundland Companies and a Company of the 62nd Regiment, were reviewed on the Parade Ground by General Trollope, the Officer Commanding at Halifax.

On the 20th June, 1864, the Companies were formed into a Battalion, as may be seen by the following notice:—

"VOLUNTEER GAZETTE."

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S OFFICE,
St. John's, Newfoundland,

20th June, 1864.

"In conformity with the 2nd clause of the Local Act 25th Victoria, cap. IV., entitled "An Act to provide for the Organization of a Volunteer Force for the Protection of Newfoundland," His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief is pleased to direct that the four Volunteer Rifle Companies of St. John's shall be combined, and constitute a Battalion, to be designated the "Saint John's Volunteer Rifle Battalion," and to be under the Command, on parade, or in the field, of the Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General for the time being."

On the 1st June, 1865, Henry Renouf was gazetted as Major, Lieut. R. Dicks as Adjutant and Dr. J. N. Fraser and Dr. W. C. Simms as Surgeons. Major Renouf served as Major until the 12th February, 1867, when he was promoted to the post of Adjutant General, which he held until the 20th January, 1874, when he resigned upon being appointed Magistrate of the Central District Court. The following Volunteer General Order was published on the 5th July:—

VOLUNTEER GENERAL ORDERS.

DV. ASST. ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
St. John's Newfoundland,

20th June, 1864.

The following Regulations with regard to the Drills of the Newfoundland Rifle Volunteers during the ensuing summer,—having been approved by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief,—are published for the guidance of all concerned, and are to be punctually observed:—

1.—The St. John's Battalion of Volunteer Rifles will meet for drill under the command of Captain Coen, D.A.A.G., every Monday and Thursday, during the season, at 7 o'clock p.m. precisely, on the Parade-Ground on the Barrrens outside of Fort Townshend.

2.—The first Parade for Drill will take place on Thursday the 30th of June, at the hour and place above indicated.

3.—Officers Commanding Companies will transmit to this office, every Monday, in the drill season, correct returns of the number of Volunteers belonging to their respective Companies present at each parade during the previous week,—and the number of absentees therefrom,—detailing the names of the latter upon the back of the Return.

4.—Should the weather on either of the evenings appointed for Drill be very wet, and unfavourable, the parade for that day will be considered as cancelled,—and due notice will be given of any Parade on the following day in place of it.

5.—Arrangements will be made in future orders for proceeding with the annual course of Target Practice;—but, it is to be distinctly understood that no Volunteer will be permitted to take part in it until he is perfectly efficient in the Manual and Platoon Exercises, and has attended at least six general Drill-Parades this Season;—as it is indisputable that practice with ball ammunition cannot be carried on by men who, through absence from their drill, or inattention, are but imperfectly acquainted with their arms,—without the gravest risk to the lives of themselves and others.

6.—Before concluding, the Commander-in-Chief would direct the serious attention of every member of the Volunteer Force of Newfoundland,—whatever may be his Rank,—to No. 5 of Volunteer General Orders, issued on the 16th June, 1862, and, which is now republished, for the guidance of all:—

"5.—The Commander-in-Chief feels it incumbent on him, before concluding, to direct the serious attention of the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates of the Newfoundland Rifle Volunteers, to the absolute necessity which exists on their parts for a regular and punctual attendance at the Parades for Drill,—which, with that view, have been ordered at hours fixed on by themselves as least calculated to interfere, at this season, with their usual business pursuits. The discipline and general efficiency which can alone make their services useful in case of need, are not to be acquired in any other way; and His Excellency confidently relies on their not being found wanting in that zeal and perseverance which are indispensable if the Volunteer Force is to endure, and the movement prove successful here."

7.—Officers Commanding Companies will send into this Office by the first proximo, corrected nominal lists of the effective members of their respective companies,—distinguishing those who, having recently enrolled themselves, have not yet taken the Oath of Allegiance prescribed by the Volunteer Act.

By order,

W. J. COEN, Captain,
(Unattached) D. A. G. Volunteers.

Many changes took place in the Commands of the Companies, Mr. Tasker died in 1861 and Mr. Stephen Rendell took his place, he resigned in 1864 and Mr. H. K. Dickinson was appointed Captain, Mr. Nicholas R. Mudge, Lieut., and Mr. Geo. T. Rendell, Ensign. Captain Dickinson resigned in November 1865 and the officers gazetted for that year were H. J. Stabb, Captain, M. J. Delaney, Lieut., C. S. Pinsent, Ensign. In No. 3 Company, 1864, we find R. Thorburn, Capt., R. Dicks, Lieut., and T. R. Job, Ensign. In No. 2 Company W. W. Walbank became Captain, T. R. Smith, Lieut., and in No. 4 Company Robert J. Parsons became Captain in 1865, H. B. Dryer, Lieut., and W. O. Wood, Ensign.

On the 12th June, 1866, Captain W. B. Bowring resigned from No. 3 Company and his place was filled by the appointment of Lieut. T. W. Stabb, Ensign N. S. Stabb being promoted to Lieut., and Charles Bowring being appointed Ensign.

About the same time a Volunteer Artillery Section was formed and Ensign John B. McLea from No. 2 and Ensign C. S. Pinsent from No. 1 Company were detailed for instruction in drill Battery Dr. Thomas Brown was appointed Ensign of No. 1 Company and Corporal Wm. Thorburn of No. 2 Company

was promoted to be Ensign.

In January, 1867, J. B. McLea was appointed extra Lieut. in No. 2 Company for artillery duty. Ensign C. S. Pinsent, on the 22nd was gazetted Lieutenant of No. 1 vice E. M. J. Delaney deceased Sergt. J. E. Roach being appointed Ensign. On the 29th January, 1867, the New Drill Shed on Military Road was opened and on the 4th February Major General Mesham was appointed Lieut.-Colonel of the Battalion. On the 15th June Lieut. J. B. McLea resigned from No. 2 Company, and on the 9th September Lieut. Thos. R. Smith followed suit, Ensign W. O. Wood succeeding him.

On the 24th February, 1868, Mr. Weston Carter was appointed Ensign of No. 4 Company.

The resignations of Messrs. McLea and Smith from No. 2 Company led to the appointment by the Governor of W. H. Warren who was not an active member of the Volunteer Force. This was resented by the Company which thought that one of their senior Sergeants should be promoted to the position of Ensign. In consequence of this very unpopular move No. 2 Company refused to attend drill during the year, and on the 14th July the Governor severely reprimanded Capt. Walbank for not informing him of the Company's action, cancelled his Commission and disbanded No. 2.

On 26th January, 1869, a new Company was formed called the "Avalon Company," and was chiefly composed of men who had served in No. 2. The following officers were gazetted:—R. T. Rankin, Captain; J. S. Winter, Lieut.; and James Browning, Ensign.

On the 22nd March, Capt. H. J. Stabb, of No. 1 company was appointed Major of the Battalion vice H. Renouf promoted, and C. S. Pinsent was appointed to succeed him as Captain of No. 1. Ensign John E. Roach was appointed Lieut., vice Pinsent promoted.

These are the last gazettings to the "St. John's Volunteer Battalion" that I have been able to find, and although the corps drilled until 1874 I find no official Gazette disbanding them.

The interest in the Volunteers died away with the removal of the Imperial Garrison, and if it were not for a few enthusiastic members of the Corps, who formed a Rifle Club, no military training would have been kept up. For years the Rifle Club was kept going, sometimes in full force and at other times at a low ebb it was much hampered by the losses of rifles and ammunition in the fire of 1892, but a few of its members struggled to maintain it and time and again begged the Government for assistance, which was not forthcoming. Rifle practice of late years has been so well kept up by the Club that members have been of very great service to the country as instructors for the Newfoundland Contingent.

Before closing the article I would note that in 1861 a Volunteer Corps was raised in Harbor Grace and styled the Harbor Grace Volunteer Corps, the officers were John Hayward, Captain; H. T. Moore, Lieutenant; R. S. Munn, Ensign. In 1869 Capt. Hayward was promoted to be Major, H. T. Moore to be Captain, R. S. Munn, Lieutenant and W. P. Munn to be Ensign. This Corps ceased to exist in 1874.

To the Troubler of the World.

By William Wilson.

At last we know you, War-Lord. You, that flung
The gauntlet down, flung down the mask you wore,
Publish your heart, and let its pent hate pour,
You that had God for ever on your tongue.
We are old in war, and in its guile we are young,
Young also is the spirit that evermore
Burns in our bosom even as heretofore,
Nor are these thews unbraced, these nerves unstrung.
We do not with God's name make wanton play;
We are not on such easy terms with Heaven;
But in Earth's hearing we can verily say,
"Our hands are pure; for peace, for peace we have striven."
And not by Earth shall he be soon forgiven
Who lit the fire accurst that flames to-day.

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Some Well-Known Sayings, Phrases and Words, With their Meaning and Origin.—Part V.

By Arch. G. Gibb.



FLOTSAM and Jetsam.—Waits found in the sea or on the shore. "Flotsam," goods found "floating" on the sea after a wreck (Anglo-Saxon), *flotan*, to float. "Jetsam," or Jetsam, goods thrown overboard in a storm to lighten the vessel (French, *jeter*, to throw out).

Sterling Money.—Spelman derives the word from *sterlings*, merchants of the Hause Towns, who came over and reformed our coin in the reign of John I. Others say it is *starling* (little star) in allusion to a star impressed on the coin. Others refer it to Stirling Castle in Scotland, where money was coined in the reign of Edward I. "In the time of Richard I. monie coined in the east parts of Germany began to be of especial request in England for the puritie thereof, and was called Easterling monie, as all the inhabitants of these parts were called Easterlings, and shortly after some of that countrie, skillful in mint matters and aliaes, were sent for into this realm to bring this coin to perfection, which since that time was called of them sterling or Easterling.—*Camden*."

I have a straw to break with you.—I am displeased with you; I have a reproach to give you; In feudal times possession of a fief was conveyed by giving a straw to a new tenant. If the tenant misconducted himself, the lord dispossessed him by going to the thresh of his door and breaking a straw, saying as he did so: "As I break this straw, so break I the contract made between us."

By hook or by crook.—Either rightfully or wrongfully; in one way or another. Formerly the poor of a manor were allowed to go into the forests with a hook and a crook to get wood. What they could not reach with the hook they could pull down with crook.

Robert of Debate.—Edward Geoffrey, fourteenth Earl of Derby. It was when he was Mr. Stanley, and the opponent of the great O'Connell, that Lord Lytton so described him (1799–1869).

"The brilliant chief, irregularly great.

Frank, haughty, bold—the Robert of Debate."—*New Times*.

To get the sack, or to give one the sack.—To get discharged by one's employer. Mechanics travelling in quest of work carried their implements in a bag or sack; when discharged, they received back the bag that they might replace their tools, and seek a job elsewhere. Another explanation says:—The Sultan puts into a sack and throws into the Bosphorus, any one of his harem he wishes out of his way.

I don't care a fig for you. Not worth a fig.—Anything at all. Here fig is *figo*—a filip or snap of the finger. Thus we say—"I don't care that for you" snapping the fingers at the same time.

To throw up the sponge.—"To join the majority." "To cave in." "To pass in one's cheques" and many other like phrases mean that one gives up for good—dies.

To scrape an acquaintance.—The *Gentleman's Magazine* says, that Emperor Hadrian went one day to the public baths, and saw an old soldier, well known to him, scraping himself with a potherd for want of a flesh-brush. The Emperor sent him a sum of money. The next day Hadrian found the bath crowded with soldiers scraping themselves with potherds, and said "Scrape away, gentlemen, but you'll not scrape acquaintance with me."

To put on the screw.—To press for payment, as a screw presses by gradually increasing pressure.

Selling the pass.—This is a phrase, general in Ireland, applied to those who turn "King's evidence," or who impeach their comrades for money. The tradition is, that a regiment of soldiers was sent by Crotha, "Lord of Atha," to hold a pass against the invading army of Trathal, "King of Cael." The

pass was betrayed for money. The Fir-bolgs being subdued. Trathal assumed the title of "King of Ireland."

Throwing the wedding shoe.—It has long been a custom in England, Scotland and elsewhere to throw an old shoe, or several shoes, at the bride and bridegroom when they quit the bride's home after the wedding-breakfast, or when they go to church to get married. Some think this represents an assault and refers to the ancient notion that the bridegroom carried off the bride with force and violence. Others look upon it as a relic of the ancient law of exchange, implying that the parents of the bride give up henceforth all right of dominion to their daughter. When the Emperor Vladimir proposed marriage to the daughter of Reginald she rejected him saying "I will not take off my shoe to the son of a slave." In Anglo-Saxon marriages the father delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her with it on the head to show authority. In Turkey, the bridegroom, after marriage is chased by the guests, who either administer blow by way of adieu, or pelt him with slippers.

Better be the head of an ass than the tail of a horse.—Better be foremost amongst commoners than the lowest of the aristocracy; better be the head of the yeomanry than the tail of the gentry.

To draw in one's horns.—To retract, or mitigate, a pronounced opinion; to restrain pride. The illusion is to the snail.

To hop the twig.—To run away from one's creditors, as a bird eludes a fowler, "hopping from spray to spray." Also to die. There are numerous other phrases to express the cessation of life, for example: "To kick the bucket," "To lay down one's knife and fork," "To peg out" (from the game of cribbage), "To be snuffed out" (like a candle).

I have a bone to pick with you.—An unpleasant matter to settle with you. At the marriage banquets of the Sicilian poor, the bride's father, after the meal, used to hand the bridegroom a bone, saying "Pick this bone, for you have taken in hand a much harder task."

Dead as a door nail.—The door-nail is the plate or knob on which the knocker or hammer strikes. As this nail is knocked on the head several times a day, it cannot be supposed to have much life left in it.

Mad as a March hare.—Hares are unusually shy and wild in March, which is their rutting season. Erasmus says: Mad as a marsh hare," and adds "hares are wilder in marshes from the absence of hedges and cover."

As happy as a clam.—A clam is a bivalve mollusca, which burrows in sand or mud. It is about the size of a fifty-cent piece, and may be eaten raw or fried, like an oyster. Clams are gathered only when the tide is out; when the tide is in they are safe from molestation, hence the saying "Happy as a clam at high tide." (Anglo-Saxon, *clam*, mud; verb *clam-ian*, to glue; German *klamm*, close).

Post Office Notice!---To Postmasters.

Payments to families of the Nfld. Naval Reserve is being made by means of British Postal Orders, and when presented at any Newfoundland Post Office they should be cashed when receipted by the payee, date stamped by the Postmaster and forwarded as cash to the General Post Office when remitting for stamps, &c., or may be forwarded as Money Order remittance or for deposit to the Bank of Montreal.

The orders are in sterling and should be cashed at rate of \$4.86 to the £.
Aug., 1914. H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.



Published by Authority.

An Act Respecting Stamp Duties.

[Passed September 7th, 1914.]

Be it enacted by the Governor, the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, in Legislative Session convened, as follows:—

1. From and after the commencement of this Act there shall be paid for the use of His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, upon the several instruments mentioned in the Schedule hereto, the several duties in the said Schedule specified.

2. No such instrument executed after the commencement of this Act in this Colony, or relating wherever executed to any property situate or to any matter or thing done or to be done in this Colony shall, except in criminal proceedings, be pleaded or given in evidence or admitted to be good, useful or available in law or equity unless it is duly stamped in accordance with the provisions of this Act.

3. Nothing in this Act shall apply to any Bank note payable to bearer or on demand, issued or circulated by any Bank doing business in this Colony.

4. If any Bank doing business in this Colony or any branch of such bank cashes any cheque not duly stamped, the manager of such bank or branch shall be liable for every offence to a penalty of ten dollars to be recovered in a summary manner before a Stipendiary Magistrate.

5. Every instrument to which this Act applies shall be stamped with adhesive or impressed stamps of value equal to the duty payable thereon, and for the purpose of so stamping any of the instruments in the Schedule hereto, either stamps provided or procured for the purpose of the Act 61 Vic., Cap. 14 entitled "An Act respecting the Payment of Certain Fees and Charges by Stamps," ordinary postage stamps may be used.

6. In this Act "instrument" means any paper or writing mentioned in the Schedule.

7. An instrument shall not be deemed to be duly stamped unless the stamp affixed thereto is cancelled.

8. All the provisions of the Act 61 Vic., Cap. 12, entitled "An Act respecting the Payments of Certain Fees and Charges by Stamps," shall apply to this Act and the Schedule hereto, and this Act and the Act 61 Vic., Cap. 14, may be cited together as "The Stamp Acts, 1898-1914."

9. The Governor in Council shall make rules and regulations as to the affixing of stamps to all instruments under this Act and the cancelling of the same. All such rules and regulations, when published in the Royal Gazette and one other paper published in the Colony, shall have the force and effect of law.

10. This Act shall come into operation on the 1st day of October, 1914.

SCHEDULE.

Cheques on a Banker	2c.
Promissory Notes	2c.
Bills of Lading and Shipping Receipts	2c.
Bill of Exchange for every \$100 or part thereof	5c.
Charter Parties	\$1.00



Published by Authority.

Under the provisions of "The Stamp Acts, 1898-1914" His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to approve the following Rules and Regulations respecting Stamp Duties.

JOHN R. BENNETT,

Colonial Secretary.

Department of the Colonial Secretary,
September 15th, 1914.

1.—Every instrument shall be stamped on its face.

2.—Cancellation of Stamps shall be made by person cancelling by writing name or initials, with date across Stamp.

3.—Bills of Exchange, Cheques, Promissory Notes, Bills of Lading, Shipping Receipts and Charter Parties, shall be stamped and the Stamps thereon cancelled:—

(1) Bills of Exchange, Cheques, Promissory Notes drawn in the Colony by the person signing the same. Provided that in the case of a Cheque on a Banker, the Banker to whom it is presented for payment may, if it is unstamped, stamp the same and cancel the stamp.

(2) Bills of Exchange, Cheques and Promissory Notes drawn or made outside the Colony by the person into whose hands same shall come before the same is paid or negotiated.

(3) Bills of Lading and Shipping Receipts by the shipper. Provided that if presented unstamped they may be stamped by person receiving same.

4.—Charter Parties by the Charterer.

5.—The person on whom the obligation to stamp and cancel is imposed by these Rules, shall be deemed to be a person issuing an instrument, and if he issues such an instrument without its proper stamp or without properly cancelling same he shall be liable to the penalties imposed by Section 23 of the Act 61 Victoria, Cap. 14, entitled "An Act respecting the payment of certain fees and charges by stamps."

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Windsor Patent
and
Royal Household
Flour

You will have the satisfaction of knowing that money cannot buy better in any part of the World.



Insure Your Property
WITH THE
LIVERPOOL and LONDON and GLOBE
Insurance Company, Limited.
Bowring, Bros., Ltd.,
Agents for Newfoundland.

M. & E. KENNEDY,

Contractors,
Builders and
Appraisers.

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Factory and Store, off James' Street.

**Prosperous &
Progressive.**

Sun Life Assurance Company
Of Canada.

Amount of Assurance in force, - - - \$202,363,996.00
Payments to Policy holders, - - - - 39,385,287.91

Largest Company
in British Empire.

ALEX. BRYDEN, Mgr. for Nfld.

A Neighborly Feeling

prompts one to be sociable at times and extend hospitality to their friends when they call. So keep your tea caddy well stocked; your friends will appreciate the **Cup of Quality** brewed from

HOMESTEAD.

Faultless in quality, its flavor makes staunch friends. **40c. lb.**

C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth St. and Queen's Road.

For Fall and Winter.

**Our Clothes and
Furnishings for Boys**

are receiving very special compliments from the many **Pleased Mothers** who have been here.

The Good Quality, Neat Styles

and exceptional values are what pleased them.

They will please you, too.

T. J. BARRON,

Boys' and Men's Outfitter.

358 Water Street.

The Knights of Avalon.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

[The Poet Laureate, Mr. Robert Bridges, in a letter to the *Times*, maintains that this is really a Holy War, manifestly a war declared between Christ and the Devil, and that on its issue depends almost all that makes life worth living. Mr. Hilaire Belloc accuses Germany of being an atheistic state; since atheism is not the mere denial of the existence of God, but the denial of justice, of mercy, and the rights of the weak. These statements are quite true, and those who by a dreadful necessity are called upon to oppose the German Emperor to rule the world, are as much Knights of the Cross as ever the Crusaders were.]

GIRD ye, gird ye, for the fight, for your place in this fateful war,
Join ye, join ye, with your brethren who hasten from countries afar;

Briton, and Sikh, and Boer, men of the mighty West,
Men from the Austral islands coming at Freedom's behest:

Belgian and Slav and Gaul fighting God's battles to-day
Fighting for freedom and right, joining this terrible fray.

Ye too, whether on ocean ye guard our sea gird lands—
Or upon the warfields of Europe, where the great arch enemy stands,

Brutal, swollen with blood lust, power of the earth and of sin,
Mighty with sword and with chafiot, armed both without and within,

Altar and home overthrowing, culture and art destroying,
Science with lowest cunning, and brainwork with force alloying.

Go then, knights of our country, help with what strength ye may
The efforts of those by whose side ye battle for Freedom to-day.

Bold little Belgium, her fields lying wasted, her shrines overthrown,
But struggling for freedom yet, the freedom that shall be her own,

France, the Republic,—if ever her hope and her witness were dim—
Finding her Faith in this hour, chanting her marvellous hymn,

Great Christian Russia, growing in wisdom, in freedom, in joy,
Leaving her barbarous past as the Man leaves behind him the Boy;

India, all her kingdoms at one, with the Empire stands;
Canada's sons, Australasia's, swiftly unheating their brands;

And the gray Motherland, first of the lands o'er which Liberty shone
Strong in the strength of her cause, standing no longer alone,

Fields must be fought and be won, many a heart must be broken,
Or ever the blest word of Peace shall over this sad world be spoken:

Till Germany, free from the war lords, shall stand beneath Liberty's flag,
Praising the hands that have freed her, ceasing to bluster and brag.

Go then, ye knights of the Cross, our Avalon bids you God speed
Go in the name of the Lord, be ye God's soldiers indeed!

Respectfully and Sympathetically Dedicated to the Mother
of Newfoundland's First Hero in
the Present War.

Memoria in Eterna

Lieut.-Commander B. M. HARVEY, H.M.S. Cressy,
Died in Action, Sept. 22nd, 1914.

Just a little quicker through his clear blue veins his Northern blood pulsates when comes to him the Call to Arms of his lord The King. Devotion and Duty kindle his eyes alight, and in answer to the Call he is at his Post. Absent are the quivering glance and haggard mien that betray the craven. At his brief Farewells to Home and those he loves perhaps a tear is shed—but not from Fear nor Sorrow. Gentle in Manners yet Resolute in Deed, forth he goes, a Sailor and a Man—AU REVOIR.

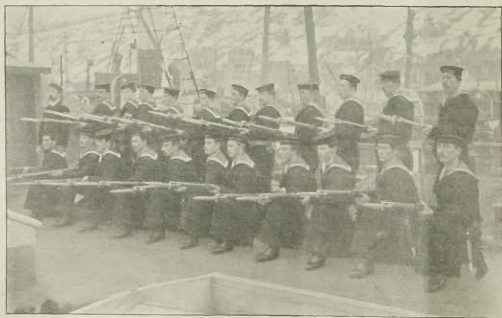
Just a little flash of flame—a spout of dark, cold sea—and then, the end of this short period which men call Life. Farewell! His days of waiting watchfulness are o'er,—his Duty ended. The dark grey waves of the boisterous ocean chant their Requiem, and the chill blasts of the Northern seas screech their dirge over the resting place of Our Hero. His obituary—"Died in Action,"—words simple enough in mere expression—convey that poignant grief which scarce can find alleviation, but words none the less symbolic of the demise—and a fitting epitaph—of a Sailor and a Man.—VALE.

Just a little Prayer that when the vast and mighty Sea gives up its Dead, the One whose valiant young Life was given to his Country's Cause, may find an eternal Reward and Repose in the Kingdom of the Most Merciful and Omnipotent God.—RESURGAM!

Requiescat in Pace,

P. G.

St. John's Newfoundland, Sept. 30, 1914



FISHERY GEAR!

We are **Manufacturers** of the **Gill Nets**, used by Messrs. Job Brothers & Co. in the Straits this year. They have been successful at a time when traps had partially failed. We make them in all sizes to order.

We are **Manufacturers** of **Cotton Drift Nets**, such as are used in the North Sea Herring Fishery. As the catch of Herring will be interfered with during the war, a good opportunity occurs for use of these Nets in Newfoundland.

We are **Manufacturers** of the celebrated **Standard** brand of Herring Nets, which is universally acknowledged to be the very best Net on the market. We are now making the **Crescent** brand Herring Net, which is the best and strongest **Low-Priced Net Made**. It is mounted just the same as the Standard Net, and is barked for preservation, not merely dyed like other cheap Nets.

We are **Manufacturers** of **Squid Traps**, which are now legal; we make them in any size required, to order.

We manufacture **Tarred Cotton Lines**, all sizes, for Bankers' use; strong, durable and easily handled.

We make **Cod Traps**, **Cod Seines**, **Caplin Seines**, Etc., to order, in all sizes.

All the above fishery gear we can strongly recommend, and we would urge our fishermen to patronize articles of home manufacture, in order to give employment, which is so much needed this year.

COLONIAL CORDAGE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Tailoring

Just Received, our Fall and Winter Stock of
Beaver, Melton and Cheviot Overcoatings.

Tweed and Worsted Suitings and Trouserings. Also,
a very neat line of **Fancy Vestings**, all the very
latest from the English markets.

Prices Moderate.

Samples and Measuring Cards sent to any
part of the Island on application.

Strict attention given to **Outport Orders.**

E. J. MALONE,

Custom Tailor, 268 Water Street.

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Just arrived:

New Season Jams and Jellies,
Ceylon and China Teas.

And a choice assortment of

High-Class Groceries.

No order too small; none too large.

J. D. RYAN, - Water Street,
ST. JOHN'S.

FIRE! The FIRE! North British and Mercantile Insurance Co.

[Established 1809.]

Assets £23,000,000.

Annual Income, £5,400,000.

Head Offices Edinburgh & London.

Insurance effected on all kinds of property at lowest
current rates.

Insure where your insurance is sure.

GEORGE SHEA,

General Agent for Newfoundland.

Channing's Drug Store

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We carry in stock a complete line of **Drugs, Chemicals,**
Patent Medicines, Toilet Requisites, &c., &c.

Mail Orders promptly attended to; every satisfac-
tion guaranteed.

Store open every night throughout the year until 11 o'clock.

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Workshop—15 Bannerman Street.

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ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

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Crude Oil Engines.**

First in 1893

Foremost in 1914

Built in sizes from 5 B.H.P up to 320 B.H.P.

Nearly 100 vessels fitted with Bolinder's Engines for towage in the British Isles, the object of Messrs. Bolinders' design being for large Propellers at low revolutions and consequent efficiency. As an example mention might be made of the *Miri* (160 B.H.P.) which tows regularly at Sea a 1500 Ton Tank Barge.

The Bolinder will run light indefinitely without any load whatever, and without any recourse to the Blow-lamps.

The Bolinder will run at any load down to a speed which only enables the engine to just turn over, this manouevring is carried out by a special device which entirely does away with the necessity for the Blow-lamps.

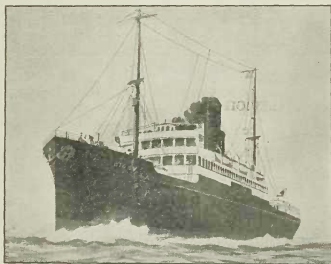
Bolinder Engines reverse in under 3 seconds—according to the power of the engine—and what is more reverse without a failure and without a strain on the crankshaft.

ALEX. McDOUGALL, & McBride's Cove, & St. John's, N.F.

Telegrams: "McDOUGALL," St. John's.

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Telephone 180.

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Commission, Insurance and
Forwarding Agents.**

The new steamship "Digby" launched last season and sailing in conjunction with the regular steamers between Liverpool, St. John's and Halifax, is specially built and fitted for her present services, the passenger accommodation and catering being unsurpassed.

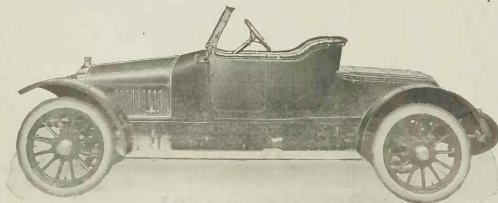
First Class Fare. Second Class.

Liverpool to St. John's,	
£13 to £14 10s.	£9
St. John's to Halifax ...	\$18
St. John's to Liverpool...\$65	\$45

Regular Sailings also from Liverpool to St. John's.

THE SUPREME SILENT SUNBEAM.

Winner of Many Gold Medals, Silver Medals, and Non-Stop Diplomas; 1st, 2nd and 3rd in Grand Prix 1912; Winner of Tourist Trophy 1914.



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Lighting Outfits, Oils,
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Goodrich Tires, Rayfield
Carburetors, Accessor-
ies, etc.

Agents for Regal Car.

Phone 318.

THE CENTRAL GARAGE, Catherine Street.

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention "The Ne



Department of Agriculture and Mines.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The attention of the Public is called to the following provisions of the Act to further amend the Crown Lands Act, 1903, passed at the last session of the Legislature :

Application for Timber Limits.

SEC. 3.—Section 24 of the Crown Lands Acts, 1903, is hereby repealed, and the following substituted therefor:

No such licenses shall be granted until notice of intention to apply therefor has been published in the *Royal Gazette* for a period of one month prior to such application. The said notice shall contain the name and address of the applicant, and with as much certainty as possible shall describe the location and boundaries of the land applied for, naming the Electoral District in which same is situated and its approximate area.

Returns of Timber Cut.

SUB-SEC. 4, SEC. 4.—To make returns to the Government annually on oath, on or before the 30th of November in each and every year of (a) the total quantity of timber cut between the 1st day of July and the 30th day of June then last past, which is liable to the payment of royalty; and (b) of all timber cut for the manufacture of paper or paper pulp, also to make returns annually, or at such other periods as may be required by the Governor in Council, or by regulations under this Act, sworn to by him or by his agent or employee, cognizant of the fact of the quantity of all sawn lumber, timber, railway car stuff, ship timber and knees, shingles, laths, cordwood or bark, or any other product of timber sold or disposed of by him during such quarter or other period and the price of value thereof, the licensee to be liable to a fine of \$50.00 if the returns aforesaid

be not filed in the Department of Agriculture and Mines within thirty days from the date on which they are required to be filed as aforesaid.

Forfeiting Title for Non-Payment of Rents of Limits.

SEC. 6.—Whenever the rent or royalties payable under any lease to cut timber shall be in arrears and unpaid for the period of six months from the day on which the same became due, the Governor in Council may, without any suit or other proceedings to enjoin the same, declare such license forfeited and thereupon the same shall be again open to application by the public.

Survey of Mining Location.

SEC. 17.—Within one year from the date on which notice is given by the applicant for a ninety-nine year lease of a mining location or locations to the Minister of Agriculture and Mines, that it is his attention to hold said land as provided by Section 47 of the said Crown Lands Act, 1903, such applicant shall, at his own expense, cause a survey of the location or locations referred to therein to be made by a Surveyor approved by the Minister of Agriculture and Mines, and shall cause a diagram thereof, with the notes of the surveyor, to be filed in the Department of Agriculture and Mines within the same period. In all such surveys of mining locations, the bearings of the boundaries shall be from the True Meridian.

SYDNEY D. BLANDFORD,

Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

St. John's, Newfoundland, August, 1914.

Marching to the Rhine---English War Songs, 1914.

The Vigil.

England! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine.
Where the banners of the dead
Weave the shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the right.

Think that when to-morrow comes
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpets call.
Now, before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth;
England! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the right.

Single-hearted, unafraid,
Hither all thy heroes came,
On the altar's steps were laid,
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England! if thy will be yet
By thy great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the right.

So shalt thou when morning comes
Rise to conquer or to fall,
And when all thy soldier sons
Joyful hear the trumpets call;
Then let Memory tell thy heart:
"England! what thou wert thou art!"
Gird thee with thine ancient might,
Forth! and God defend the right.

—Henry Newbolt.

Onward.

Now in thy splendour go before us,
Spirit of England, ardent-eyed!
Enkindle this dear earth that bore us
In the hour of peril purified.

The cares we hugged drop out of vision;
Our hearts with deeper thoughts dilate.
We step from days of sour division
Into the grandeur of our fate.

For us the glorious dead have striven;
They battled that we might be free,
We to that living cause are given,
We arm for men that are to be.

Among the nation's noblest chartered
England recalls her heritage.
With her is that which is not bartered,
Which force can neither quell nor cage.

For her immortal stars are burning,
With her, the hope that's never done,
The seed that's in the Spring's returning,
The very flower that seeks the sun.

We fight the fraud that feeds desire in
Lies, in a lust to enslave or kill,
The barren creed of blood and iron,
Vampire of Europe's wasted will.

Endure O Earth! and thou, awaken,
Plunged by this dreadful winnowing fan,
O wronged, untamable, unshaken
Soul of divinely suffering man!

—Lawrence Binyon.

The Hush.

There is a hush before the thunder-jar,
When white the steeples against purple stand;
There is a hush when night with star on star
Goes ashen in the summer like a band.
Now a more awful pause appals the soul,
When concentrating armies crouch to spring;
Stillness more fraught than any thunder-roll,
Dawn European with a redder wing.
The Teuton host no conscience onward drives;
Sullen they come; to slaughter shepherded;
Timed for the shamblers with unwilling lives,
With doubt each soldier is already dead.
The massed battalions as a myth shall reel;
Vainly they fight, if first they cannot feel.

—Stephen Phillips.

The Hour.

We've shut the gates by Dover Straits,
And North where the tides run free,
Cheek by jowl, our watchdogs prow,
Grey hulks in a greyer sea.
And the prayer that England prays tonight—
O Lord of our destiny!—
As the foam of our plunging prow, is white;
We have stood for peace, and we war for right.
God give us victory!

Now slack, now strung, from the mainmast flung,
The flag throbs fast in the breeze;
Strained o'er the foam, like the hearts at home
That beat for their sons on the seas.
For mothers and wives are praying tonight—
O Lord of our destiny!—
But we've no time, for our lips are tight,
Our fists are clenched, and we're stripped to fight.
God give us victory!

The west winds blow in the face of the foe—
Old Drake is beating his drum—
They drank to "The Day" for "The Hour" we pray
The day and the hour have come.
The sea-stream Empire prays to-night—
O Lord of our destiny!—
Thou dost give the seas into Britain's might,
For the freedom of Thy seas we smite.
God give us victory!

—James Bernard Fagan.

England, My England.

The die of war is cast,
England, my England;
The die of fate is cast,
And the hour has come at last
When the dead heroic past
Wakes for England!

Should we answer guns with words,
England, my England;
Loud guns with civil words?
Then our blood were whey and curds,
We should live by naught but words
Here in England.

There's a red patch on the foam,
England, my England;
There is blood upon thy foam,
Where thy mighty navies roam,
And a chained fleet snarls at home
Close by England.

Of old thy sea-folk died,
England, my England;
Yet they rise again in pride,
On the great historic tide
Where their children's warships ride,
Here by England.

What would our Drake have said,
England, my England,
And the mighty souls who led
Their ships when seas were red
With the great heroic dead,
Dead for England?

Say ye, who are not dumb,
England, my England,
Strike ye, whose hands, not numb,
Can answer to the drum
That bids home and outlands come
And strike for England!

We hear their tramping feet,
England, my England,
Thy children's children's feet
In the snow or Southern heat,
On the age-long war-path greet
The call for England.

God's truth! Thou hast the men,
England, dear England,
Who can boast by plough or pen
And give battle once again,
Tho' they were but one to ten,
For England, dear England!

—Edna St. Vincent.

Job's Stores, Ltd.,

IMPORTERS and DEALERS

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Climax Molasses Feed,
Climax Dairy Meal,
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Manderson's Pickles,

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Vesta Cigars.

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SLATTERY'S

Wholesale Dry Goods.

Full Stock

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Slattery Building,

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 Queen's

Fire Insurance Company

FUNDS \$60,000,000

INSURANCE POLICIES

Against Loss or Damage by Fire
are issued by the above
well known office on the most
liberal terms.

JOHN CORMACK,

AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

Extract from The Merchant Shipping Act Referring to the Naming of Ships.

Regulations made by the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the Commissioners of Customs, under Section 50 of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1906.

Under the provisions of Section 50 of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1906, the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the Commissioners of Customs, hereby make the following Regulations relating to ships' names, and direct that they shall come into force on 1st January, 1908:

1.—Any person who proposes to make application for the Registry of a British Ship shall give notice in writing of the proposed name of the ship to the Registrar of Shipping at the intended Port of Registry at least fourteen days before the date on which it is contemplated to effect the registry.

7.—When it is proposed to register the ship at a port not situated in the British Islands, the Registrar to whom the name is intimated may proceed with the registry of the ship if he satisfies himself that the name does not appear in the Current Mercantile Navy List; but if the name does so appear, the Registrar shall transmit the application to the Registrar General of Shipping and Seamen, and the case shall be treated in the manner laid down for registry in the British Islands.

*Department of Customs,
August, 1914.*

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Registrar of Shipping.

A Lonely Bit of Coast.

By Joseph E. Ray.



JOSEPH E. RAY, ESQ.

Trade Commissioner of the Government of Canada
at Birmingham, England; formerly of St. John's.

ON the east coast of Newfoundland between Saint John's harbour and Conception Bay there is a certain short stretch of coast that has riveted itself to my imagination, so awful is its solitude, so majestic is its structure. From the boulder upon which I usually sat in the cool summer evenings, I could look down one hundred feet of an almost vertical cliff that sets a bound to the march of the great Atlantic.

Sometimes from the distant sea-line to the water's edge below me there is scarcely a ripple on the surface of the sea; and I can just catch the music of the water "lapping on the crag." I suppose it is only a poet's fancy; but I often think that the sea tries to coax these rugged cliffs into surrender by fawning at their feet.

When they will not surrender by persuasion the subtle wavelets retreat sullenly to the far-off sea-line to return as "long, dim rollers" gathering force at every leap, until they hurl themselves with indescribable fury at the heads of the relentless cliffs. But how futile! Listen to those exhausted waves moaning in the cavern below! Even the gulls that encircle the leaping spray are screaming with delight at their distress.

To the left of these lonely cliffs, a few miles from the coast of Newfoundland, Bell Island lifts its head up out of the sea. What a desolate, forsaken chunk of land it seems! And yet there are living upon it thousands of men who daily travel under the great Atlantic to blast the iron ore what is perhaps the largest bed of that mineral in the world.

To the right is to be seen the imposing Signal Hill from the summit of which Cabot Tower looks down upon the quiet city of St. John's.

When I turned my back to the sea, in front of me and on either side stretched a great expanse of spruce and pine trees. I never thought that the oldest of Britain's colonies had so

fair a face. How the blue of the sky gets into your soul!
How the subdued green of the grass calls to your heart!
Just look at those purple shadows playing among the cliffs!
What a companionable loneliness, too!

If my old age should find me friendless, it is in such a spot as this that I would seek a companion.

Leaves from My Sketch-Book on the Bay of Islands.

By Eunice T. Holbrook Ruel.

A PASTEL.

A Bar where the sunset lingers,—
And trails all her tresses rare—
To the touch of the crisp wave's fingers
Like a mermaid combing her hair.

A little boat fast at her moorings,
And tugging to be away;
A heart like the heart of the ocean,
Restless—yet longing to stay.

AN AQUARELLE.

A reach of amber water and a sail,
Sharp silhouetted on the evening sky;
A drift of clouds, like blossoms, rosy pink
And purple shadows; where the day did die.

A fisher maiden, singing on the beach,
Meshed in her nets, like an enchanted bride;
A fisher-lad with worship in his eyes,
And roughen'd hands, sea-toiling by her side.

AN ETCHING.

A line of willows, 'gainst a rain-washed sky,
One clear white star, low shining in the West;
A quiet cove, reflecting all and high
In the still air birds circling to their rest.

A BLACK AND WHITE.

A sketch of calm gray water, washing o'er—
A rock—weed-tangled like a sea-maid's hair;
The sun, just gone, leaving a tender light,
A white gull, high above—a sand bar bare.

Summer in Terra Nova.

By Eunice T. Holbrook Ruel.

Bloom fair trees! Blow sweet, sweet winds—
Summer in Newfoundland—
Land of dreams and lovely moods
And waves on a moon-lit strand.

Land so cold—so calm, so still,
Only a day ago—
Now all alive with glowing life
And ships that come and go.

Like ourselves—first storm, then calm—
Moods of earth and sea and sky,
Like ourselves to ourselves—a marvel and dream—
Land full of Mystery!

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Your patronage Solicited. Store open every night.

The First Battle Call—War Songs of Newfoundland, 1914.

Loyalty.

By Rose M. Greene.

Hark! there was falling stillness soft and calm
 O'er the wide world and we were quietly sleeping;
 Time had held forth a generous healing balm,
 And eyes had long been done with fruitless weeping.
 Hark! now drums are beating and cannon roar,
 Words whirl through confused dreams and men arise
 To girt them with the panopies of war,
 And through earth's peace the sound of battle flies.

Old England, with quirk throbbings of her heart,
 Calls to her children, and the cause is fair,
 Determines battle for a righteous part
 While all the wondering world commends her.
 "FOR GOD AND FREEDOM" sons of Britain hear!
 The Empire's call, with splendid omens fraught,
 Throughout the fields of France rings true and clear,
 And augurs victory, though most dearly bought.

Go! kiss in faith Britannia's guiding hand,
 And call from heaven God's blessing on her soul.
 Go! Join Great Britain's proud heroic band,
 And win in life or death a hero's goal.
 Oh! England, how thou art prodigal with grand deeds!
 And e'en thy foes must laud thy firm command,
 And to your loyal support of friends give heed,
 Learning from thy teachings on sea and land.

The Call of the Blood.

By Eunice T. Holbrook Ruel.

Quiet, serene and strong,
 Steady and still and line,
 The splendour of England's battle ships
 Swing out in silent line.

Firm and calm and grim—
 Sinew and nerve of steel—
 The power of England's army
 Lines up for war or weal.

Loyal and strong and swift,
 Armies and Navies all;
 The strength of her far-flung dominions
 Answer their Mother's call.

Rushing with keen warlike ardour,
 Quickly over the white-crested sea,
 Are England's sons with beards aflame,
 All nurtured at England's knee.

Not for a petty anger,
 Not for the lust of gain,
 Does England summon her children
 To agony, death, or pain.

Not to hold her borders—
 Not to defend her throne;
 England is old and has battled long,
 With a lion's heart she holds her own;

But to help in the hour of trouble,
 To answer a brother's need,
 To rescue the weak in adversity,
 For this is England's creed.

And they fall not, her fine bred children,
 They question her not at all,
 But silent and strong they buckle their swords
 And come to their Mother's call.

Swift through the air they circle;
 As eagles scanning their prey,
 But England's ships come in stately line
 Like birds at the close of day.

Land, and sea, and the air,
 And the power of God over all
 And her faith's in the Lord Jehovah,
 So how can fair England fall?

Quiet, serene, and calm,
 Stronger than death to prove;
 And the flag-embell of England's glory,
 Bears the cross of the God of love.

Britain's Call.

By J. Sinclair Tait.

Britain's call to overseas,
 Bend your banners to the breeze;
 Forward all a willing hand,
 Help to save the Motherland;
 Empire needs you,
 Britain leads you,
 Forward! save the Motherland!
 German pomp and Austrian pride,
 Never shall our land divide;
 Empire needs you,
 Britain leads you,
 Forward! march for Motherland!

Britain's call to overseas,
 This no time for mirth and ease,
 Threatened both by land and wave!
 Onward! Motherland to save!
 Empire needs you,
 Britain leads you,
 Onward! Motherland to save!
 Up, and at them! tyrants all;
 They who seek Britannia's fall;
 Empire needs you,
 Britain leads you,
 Onward! Motherland to save!

German state-craft deftly smite;
 Stand for King and Empire's right;
 Honour win by conquest brave,
 Forward! Motherland to save!
 Empire needs you,
 Britain leads you,
 Forward! Motherland to save!
 On to victory hand in hand
 Fight for Home and Motherland!
 Empire needs you,
 Britain leads you,
 Fight for Home and Motherland!

Sabre's clash and cannon's roar,
 Marshall'd armies drenched in gore,
 These will only nerve your hand,
 Make you fight for Motherland.
 Empire needs you,
 Britain leads you,
 Onward! as by magic fanned
 Then when Right shall conquer Wrong
 Homeward march with triumph song;
 Empire thanks you,
 Britain ranks you
 Loyal sons from Newfoundland.

The Call—And the Answer.

By Terra Nova.

The old grey Mother is calling,
 And her children rise in their might;
 Oh where should the sons of Great Britain be
 When England goes to the fight!
 Our sires came forth from her threshold
 To cross the ocean's foam;
 Now the old roof tree is in danger—
 Our sons are going home:
 Singing: "Homeland or farland,
 Dark face or white,
 Truth is clear, Honor's dear,
 Right is always Right."

We carry no war-stained banners,
 Our laurels are yet to be won;
 But the hands we clasp across the sea
 Are the hands of Mother and Son.
 The glories of Nile and Trafalgar, and the story of Waterloo
 Are 'traved on our hearts as our Mother's Name
 And the signal that Nelson flew;
 While we go marching and
 Singing: "Old Time or New Time,
 Dark times or bright
 When Old England is in danger
 Newfoundlanders will fight!"

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in our employ, and builders can always rely on having the best ideas when they give us their order. We have furnished Mantels, Window Frames and Sashes, Doors, Stair Balusters and Rail, Newel Posts, Mouldings, Turnings, Brackets, Counters, Ceiling, Flooring, Framing, Shingles, etc., to all parts of this country, and always satisfy our customers. We have always studied

our business and endeavoured to increase it constantly. We have made provision for immediate reply to inquiries, quick shipment of orders, and prompt furnishing of shipping receipts and invoices.

Our Efforts to Satisfy Customers,

we are glad to say, have been appreciated, and result in an ever increasing demand with which we are keeping pace by improved and enlarged equipment. We will count you among our friends, and will be glad of a friendly word from you to any person needing supplies in our line. We will especially value any order of your own with which you may favour us.

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Notice to Mariners!

(No. 12, 1914.)

**Newfoundland---Labrador,
Ause-au-Loup.**

Latitude 51° 31' North. } Approx.
Longitude 56° 49' West. }

NOTICE is hereby given that a Fixed Red Lantern Light will during September and to close of navigation be shown from head of the Public Wharf in the harbor of Ause-au-Loup, as a guide to steamers and vessels entering the port.

A. W. PICCOTT, Minister Marine & Fisheries,
Depart. Marine & Fisheries, St. John's, Nfld., Aug. 18, 1914.

The Indian Scrape.

By Richard S. Dahl, M.A.



THE SHOPROCK, WITH MY MICMAC GUIDE.

OLD John Mitchell, a Micmac Indian, was on his way from Conne to Piper's Hole, and as this was nearly a century ago, there were precautions to be taken on such a lone-handed seventy-five-mile journey. The luggage did not trouble Joe much.

It consisted only of his gun, powder horn and shot bag, the latter containing besides the necessary assortment of bullets and shot, his bidirontech or hunting mascot, a gland taken from the neck of a caribou, but found only in perhaps one in a thousand caribou. It was still summer and when night overtook Joe, at Tagaleech Gaspén, the goosepond, he leisurely climbed a tall fir, making a ladder by cutting the branches off a few inches from the stem. At the top he spent a considerable time scanning the country in every direction, and when his sharp eyes saw no disquieting movement anywhere, he descended again. He made a small fire between some big rocks to hide the light and used dry pine bark for his fuel. The fire he kindled by deftly catching on a piece of tinder the sparks from two pieces of iron pyrites struck together, then blowing on it vigorously and applying a small piece of birch bark which soon became alight. The pine bark gave practically no smoke, and what was more important, no man could tell how old the ashes were, after they became cold. Old or new pine-bark ash looks just the same. When he had his little fire, just about nine inches square, burning well, he placed several handsize stones in it. Then he gave his attention to a beaver he had killed that afternoon. He took out the intestines, pulled them between two fingers and platted them neatly like a plait and placed it in a vessel he had made of birch bark. Out came the heart and the liver and then, oh joy! the gizzard like howisnowitsk. They say a Newfoundlander will walk through a snowstorm to get a meal of fipfers: an Indian will walk through two to get a howisnowitsk. All this was placed in the birch bark vessel, which was filled with water, and the now nearly red-hot stones were added at intervals till the delicacies were boiled. Supper over, Joe ascended the tree again and just about halfway up, nicely sheltered by the surrounding trees, he settled down where three branches came out at the same level and then slept.

Joe heard the big owl send out his dismal cry into the dark night, he heard the squeal of the rabbit, when the fox caught it, and he heard the wolf feeding on the remains of his meal; but when Tagaleech, the Scolder, greeted the rise of the sun with his sonorous cronk, Joe was already well on his way. His breakfast had been a quarter of the beaver, eaten raw.

One mile after mile he covered with his quick springy step and when the sun stood high in heaven towards the south

he stopped for his mid-day meal. During the morning he had killed a partridge with a stone, and now it looked so tempting that he could not resist eating it. He went to the river-bank close by and covered the partridge with a layer of clay, rubbing it well in under the feathers. Lighting a fire he placed the partridge in live coals and stolidly smoked a pipe of goldenwood tobacco. The pipe finished, he raked the partridge out of the fire and soon the bones were crumbling between his teeth. But now a sizzling sound made him spin round. A glowing coal, carelessly scattered, had set the bark of an old birch on fire and in an instant it was spluttering, leaping up the tree as a thing incarnate and sending forth dense clouds of smoke. Joe fled, as hard as he could go towards Piper's Hole; for the Beothucks were still in that part of the country, though very few in numbers.

The Toit loomed up to the north, a giant volcanic cone on the plain and ahead the hills of Piper's Hole

were peeping through the haze. He could plainly see the Bear's Tolly, the Rattling Brook Hill over Belle Chute and Grip's Nest further out; but the shadows were lengthening and the hilltops beginning to blush in rosy hues.

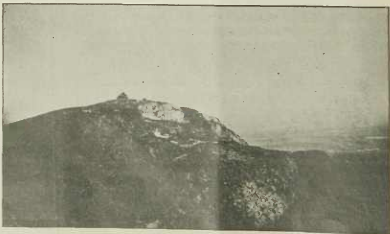
Joe could not get home before dark and the smoking birch tree far behind him made him uneasy. Suddenly, as he walked on, a branch caught his gun and broke the deerskin thong he carried it in. He stopped and mended it, and then he heard from the marsh, he had just passed, a sucking sound, like a foot drawn out from mud.

A thrill passed through Joe, as he noiselessly went ahead. Over the ridge he went and then straight towards an enormous frost split rock called the Shoprock. Among the fragments he crouched, gun to shoulder and cheek.

Minutes passed, then a head appeared over the ridge. It was motionless, the fierce eyes trying to pierce the gloom.

Slowly the man emerged with long, clean cut limbs, graceful as only a savage can be. The Red Indian stood, bow in hand, silhouetted, against the purple of the setting sun. The gun spit fire, its thunder roared, and after rebounding in the air, the body glided down the long sloping rock called the Indian Scrape.

Now, when travellers are night bound in that locality, they are unable to get their Micmac guides to camp near any of the above-named rocks. No matter how brightly the lightning flashes in the fall of the year, and the booming thunder fills the animals of the lonely bush with fear and heralds torrential rains, the passing Micmacs avoid any shelter the prominent rocks afford. And when they are urged to moderate their pace they point to the Indian that Joe shot, who was petrified and can now be seen transfixed to the Indian Scrape. At night, they say, he moans and sighs in his misery, and if travelers were to camp near him and cause him further anger, he would turn around and hurl the fragments of the rock at them.



THE TOIT BY THE TOIT.

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CHAS. J. ELLIS,

St. John's Best Tailor,

302 Water Street.

Public Notice!

INSPECTION REGULATIONS.

The boilers of every steamer registered in the Colony shall be subject to annual inspection by the Inspector.

Every steamer carrying local crews or passengers to or from this Colony, or to or from any ports therein, shall be subject to annual inspection.

All persons installing new boilers for any purpose, to work under steam pressure, shall notify the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in writing, as to the locality of said boilers.

All persons removing boilers or installing second hand boilers for any purpose, to work under steam pressure, shall notify the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, as to the new locality it is intended to work boilers in; and shall not work such boilers until they have been inspected.

The Inspector shall grant a certificate of inspection for every boiler which shall be approved by him. The certificate shall be displayed in a prominent place in the vicinity of the boiler to which it refers.

INSPECTION FEES.

When a boiler is not in good condition, and the Inspector has granted a certificate for a period less than twelve months, the fee for each extra inspection during the twelve months, shall be the extra inspection fee of that class.

For any special visit to be made by the Inspector, other than the annual inspection, or for any special inspection made at the request of the owner or manager of a boiler, the owner shall pay the expenses incurred by Inspector from St. John's to location of boiler and return, subject to approval of Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

MODE OF INSPECTION.

Notice of alterations or additions to any boiler should be given to the Inspector, in writing, for his approval, before proceeding with the work.

Every boiler made after the coming into force of these Regulations shall be stamped with the initial letters of the Inspector's name who inspected it and tested it, the year it was made, and the pressure under which it was tested; also the actual working pressure under which it was tested; also the actual working pressure allowed upon it.

A. W. PICCOTT,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

St. John's, September, 1914.

Parker & Monroe, Ltd.

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"Rambler,"

for Men.

"Victoria" and

"Duchess,"

for Women.

"Cinderella" and

"Princess,"

for Children.

"Rover," for Boys.

NOTICE!

THE ATTENTION of Vessel Owners is called to the following Section of the Harbor Regulations:

13.—If, in the opinion of the Harbor Master, any vessel anchored in the harbor is likely to sink or to become an obstruction to navigation, the Harbor Master may, after giving twelve hours' notice to the owner or agent of such vessel, or without notice where there is no owner or known agent in St. John's, take charge of and remove such vessel, and may deal with and dispose of such vessel in such manner as he shall think necessary, to provide for the free navigation of the port; and all expenses incurred under this section shall be borne by the vessel or her owners, and may be recovered with costs in an action in the name of the Harbor Master before a Stipendiary Magistrate.

EDWARD ENGLISH,

Harbor Master.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

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Brooms, & Hearth Brushes, & Whisks.

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☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary. September, 1914.



The Toll of the Sea.



An Episode from "Riders to the Sea," by J. M. Synge.

PERSONS :

Maurya.—An old woman.
Bartley.—Her son.

Cathleen.—Her daughter.
Nora.—A younger daughter.
Men and Women.

SCENE: A fisherman's hut on an island off the west coast of Ireland.

Nora.—Where is she?

Cathleen.—She's lying down, God help her, and may be sleeping, if she's able.

Cathleen.—What is it you have?

Nora.—The young priest is after bringing them. It's a shirt and a plain stocking were got off a drowned man in Donegal. We're to find out if its Michael's they are, some time herself will be down looking by the sea.

Cathleen.—How would they be Michael's, Nora? How would he go the length of that way to the far north?

Nora.—The young priest says he's known the like of it. "If it's Michael's they are," says he, "you can tell herself he's got a clean burial by the grace of God, and if they're not his, let no one say a word about them, for she'll be getting her death with crying and lamenting."

Cathleen.—Did you ask him would he stop Bartley going this day with the horses to the Galway fair?

Nora.—"I won't stop him," says he, "but let you not be afraid. Himself does be saying prayers half through the night, and the Almighty God won't leave her destitute, with no son living."

(The girls uncover a bundle of clothes the priest brought to the house and discover they had belonged to their brother.)

Cathleen.—Tell me is herself coming, Nora? I hear a little sound on the path.

Nora.—She is, Cathleen. She's coming up to the door.

Cathleen.—Put these things away before she'll come in. Maybe it's easier she'll be after giving her blessing to Bartley, and we won't let on we've heard anything the time he's on the sea.

Nora.—We'll put them here in the corner. Will she see it was crying I was?

Cathleen.—Keep your back to the door the way the light'll not be on you. . . . Did you see him riding down? God forgive you; isn't it a better thing to raise your voice and tell what you seen, than to be making lamentation for a thing that's done? Did you see Bartley, I'm saying to you.

Maurya.—My heart's broken from this day.

Cathleen.—Did you see Bartley?

Maurya.—I seen the fearfulest thing.

Cathleen.—God forgive you; he's riding the mare now over the green head, and the grey pony behind him.

Maurya.—The grey pony behind him. . . .

Cathleen.—What is it ails you, at all?

Maurya.—I've seen the fearfulest thing any person has seen, since the day Bride Dara seen the dead man with the child in his arms.

Cathleen and Nora.—Uah!

Nora.—Tell us what it is you seen.

Maurya.—I went down to the spring well, and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare with the grey pony behind him. The Son of God spare us, Nora!

Cathleen.—What is it you seen?

Maurya.—I seen Michael himself.

Cathleen.—You did not mother; it wasn't Michael you seen;

for his body is after being found in the far north, and he's got a clean burial by the grace of God.

Maurya.—I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare; and I tried to say "God speed you," but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and "the blessing of God on you," says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the grey pony, and there was Michael upon it—with fine clothes on him, and new shoes on his feet.

Cathleen.—It's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed, surely.

Nora.—Didn't the young priest say the Almighty God won't leave her destitute with no son living?

Maurya.—It's little the like of him knows of the sea. . . . Bartley will be lost now, and let you call in Eamon and make me a good coffin out of the white boards, for I won't live after them. I've had a husband, and a husband's father, and six sons in this house—six fine men, though it was a hard birth I had with every one of them and they coming to the world—and some of them were found and some of them were not found, but they're gone now the lot of them. . . . There were Stephen, and Shawn, were lost in the great wind, and found after in the Bay of Gregory of the Golden Mouth, and carried up the two of them on one plank, and by that door.

Nora (whispering).—Did you hear that Cathleen? Did you hear a noise in the north-east?

Cathleen.—There's som-one after crying out by the seashore.

Maurya.—There was Sheamus and his father, and his own father again, were lost in a dark night, and not a stick or sign was seen of them when the sun went up. There was Patch after was drowned out of a curagh that turned over. I was sitting here with Bartley, and he a baby, lying on my two knees, and I seen two women, and three women, and four women coming in, and they crossing themselves, and not saying a word. I looked out then, and there were men coming after them, and they holding a thing in the half of a red sail, and water dripping out of it—it was a dry day, Nora—and leaving a track to the door. . . .

(The door opens and women begin to come in crossing themselves.)

Maurya.—Is it Patch, or Michael or what is it all?

Cathleen.—Michael is after being found in the far north, and when he is found there how could he be here in this place?

Maurya.—There does be a power of young men floating round in the sea, and what way would they know if it was Michael they had, or another man like him, for when a man is nine days in the sea, and the wind blowing, hard set his own mother would be to say what man was in it.

Cathleen.—It's Michael, God spare him, for they're after sending us a bit of his clothes from the far north.

Nora.—they're carrying a thing among them and there's water dripping out of it and leaving a track by the big stones.

Cathleen.—Is it Bartley it is?

A Woman.—It is surely, God rest his soul.

Cathleen.—What way was he drowned?

A Woman.—The grey pony knocked him over into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks.

Maurya.—They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening. . . . Give me the Holy Water, Nora, there's a small sup still on the dresser. . . . It isn't that I haven't

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	One Way.	Return.
Montreal to or from St. John's.....	\$30 to \$35	\$50 to \$55
Quebec to or from St. John's.....	\$30 to \$35	\$50 to \$55
Charlottetown to St. John's.....	\$15.00	
Charlottetown to St. John's and return to Sydney.....		\$25.00
Sydney to St. John's.....	\$12.00	\$20.00
Children under two years of age, between Montreal and St. John's	\$5.00	

THIRD CLASS.

	One Way.	Return.
Montreal to or from St. John's.....	\$15.00	\$25.00
Quebec to or from St. John's.....	\$15.00	\$25.00
Charlottetown to St. John's.....	\$8.00	
Charlottetown to St. John's and return to Sydney.....		\$12.00
Sydney to St. John's.....	\$6.00	\$10.00
Children under two years of age, between Montreal and St. John's.....	\$2.00	

HARVEY & Co., Limited,
Agents Black Diamond Line.



PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency SIR WALTER E. DAVIDSON,
*Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and
over the Island of Newfoundland and its
Dependencies.*

W. E. DAVIDSON,
Governor,
[L.S.]

WHEREAS it is provided by Chapter 23. of 2 Edward VII., entitled "An Act to amend the Post Office Act, 1891," that upon the recommendation of the Board appointed under the provisions of the said Act, the Governor in Council shall, by Proclamation, give notice of any alteration of name, naming or re-naming of places within this Colony, provided that Public Notice of such proposed alteration of name, naming or re-naming of places shall have been given for Three Months previous;

And whereas, by Public Notice of date the 18th of November, 1913, certain alterations of name and re-naming of places within this Colony were notified, as required by the above-mentioned Act;

I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, order and direct that the alterations of name and re-naming of places within this Colony, as contained in the said Public Notice of the 18th day of November, 1913, shall come into effect from the date of these Presents, that is to say:

1.—Aspen Cove, Smith Sound, Trinity Bay, to be re-named "Aspen."

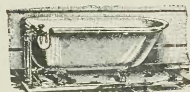
2.—New Harbour, Notre Dame Bay, to be re-named "Newstead."

3.—Daniel's Cove, Smith Sound, Trinity Bay, to be re-named "Waterville."

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, this 19th day of February, A.D. 1914.

By His Excellency's Command,
JOHN R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.

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Sole Agents for Newfoundland,
Columbus Building, St. John's.

prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'll be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking.

Cathleen (to an old man)—Maybe yourself and Eamon would make a coffin when the sun rises. We have fine white boards herself bought, God help her, thinking Michael would be found, and I have a new cake you can eat while you'll be working.

The Old Man.—Are there nails with them?

Cathleen.—They're not, Colum; we didn't think of the nails.

Another Man.—It's a great wonder she wouldn't think of the nails, and all the coffins she's seen made already.

Cathleen.—It's getting old she is, and broken.

Nora.—She's quiet now and easy; but the day Michael was drowned you could hear her crying out from this to the spring well. It's fonder she was of Michael, and would anyone have thought that?

Cathleen.—An old woman will be soon tired with anything she will do, and isn't it nine days herself is after crying and keening, and making great sorrow in the house?

Maurya.—They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Shamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn (*bending her head*); and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of every one is left living in the world.

(She pauses. The keening of the women increases; then becomes faint.)

Maurya (continuing).—Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied.

(All kneel and pray.)

The Newfoundland Quarterly

—AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE—

Issued every third month about the 15th of March, June, September and
December from the office

34 Prescott Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

JOHN J. EVANS, * * * PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

To whom all Communications should be addressed.

Subscription Rates:

Single Copies, each..... 10 cents

One Year, in advance, Newfoundland and Canada	40 "
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Foreign Subscriptions (except Canada).....	50	**
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Advertising Rates

\$30.00 per page; one-third of a page, \$10.00, one-sixth of a page, \$5.00, one-twelfth of a page, \$2.50—for each insertion.



N. J. Murphy

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P. O. Box 216.

Address : 13 Carter's Hill.



Sheep Preservation!

1. It shall be lawful for the duly qualified electors, resident within an area or district within this Colony, to present to the Governor in Council a petition or requisition in the form prescribed in the Schedule to this Act, or as near thereof as may be, setting forth the limits or boundaries within which such area or district is comprised, and the names of the towns, harbours or settlements included therein, and praying for a Proclamation prohibiting the keeping of dogs within such area or district.
2. Such petition or requisition shall be sent to the nearest resident Stipendiary Magistrate, and shall be by him (after examination and certificate as hereinafter provided) furnished to the Governor in Council.
3. If, upon due scrutiny of such petition or requisition, the Stipendiary Magistrate shall find that the same contains the bona fide signatures of a majority of the duly qualified electors resident within the limits or boundaries set forth in the said petition or requisition, he shall forthwith have a certificate to that effect endorsed upon or attached to the petition or requisition, and shall forward the same to the Governor in Council.
4. Any Stipendiary Magistrate to whom such petition or requisition may be presented may, before certifying the same to the Governor in Council as aforesaid, require proof to be made before him of the bona fide signatures of any of the names subscribed to such petition, upon the oath of either the party whose name purports to be signed or of a witness to such signature.
5. Upon receipt of any such petition or requisition containing the signatures of not less than one third of the electors resident within any such area or district, certified as aforesaid, the Governor in Council shall issue a Proclamation or Public Notice prohibiting the keeping of dogs within such area or district.
6. From and after the date prescribed in and by such Proclamation or Notice, it shall not be lawful for any person resident within such area or district, to keep, or have in his possession, or under his control, any dog within the area or district to which such Proclamation or Notice shall relate, under a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months. This prohibition shall not apply to any person or persons travelling or passing through such areas or districts and having a licensed dog or dogs in his or their possession, charge or control, and not at large.

A. W. KNIGHT, Clerk of the Peace.

A FEW HINTS Regarding Fire Danger

- DON'T use coal or gas **Stoves** or **Heaters** unless **securely set on stone, concrete or metal**; all woodwork near stoves or pipes must be well protected. **Gas Stoves** on metal-clad wood or with flexible pipes are objectionable.
- DON'T put **Ashes** in wooden boxes or barrels; use only metal ash cans.
- DON'T have **Steam-pipes** in contact with woodwork or near inflammable materials, and don't permit **rubbish** to accumulate behind radiators or steam coils.
- DON'T hang clothes or drapery near open **Fires** or **Stoves**, or on **Stove-pipes** or **Steam-pipes**.
- DON'T permit loose-jointed **Gas Brackets**, which can be swung against woodwork or curtains, or **Gas Brackets** without wire screens or globes if **inflammable** materials are near.
- DON'T destroy the insulation on flexible **electric light** or **fan** cords by hanging them on hooks or nails.
- DON'T fail to keep **Lamps** filled and wicks trimmed; with the oil low, **explosive gas** may be generated; but in no case fill the lamps after dark.
- DON'T permit **Benzine, Gasoline** or **Explosives** on your premises unless used from approved safety cans.
- DON'T throw **oily waste** or **rags** on the floor; keep them in approved self-closing cans during the day and at night remove from the building—they are **self-igniting**.
- DON'T mix **greasy** or **oily rags** with papers or with clean clippings, or keep more clippings in your place (even if clean and in bales), than is unavoidable.
- DON'T use sawdust on floors or in spittoons, or to catch **oil drippings** from machines or gearing. Sand is safe.
- DON'T keep **Matches** loose in paper boxes, but only in metal or earthen safes. Those lighting on the box are safest.
- DON'T throw away **lighted** cigars, cigarettes, or matches.
- DON'T permit your employees to **Smoke**. Don't permit anyone to **Smoke in a Garage**; or if combustible materials are kept on the premises.
- DON'T store gasoline in a **Garage** or fill cars from open vessels.
- DON'T fail to have fire-pails filled, distributed and placed in conformity to Rules of local **Boards of Fire Underwriters**.
- DON'T fail to **test** periodically your hose and fire appliances.
- DON'T permit **Stairs** or **Hallways** to be blocked up or used for storage, or permit **packing materials** and **rubbish** to accumulate and remain on your premises; **packing materials** must be kept in approved metal-lined bins.
- DON'T fail to close at night all doors and traps to **Elevators, Hoistways, Stairs** and **Communications**, as well as **Iron Shutters**.
- DON'T forget that **Neglect** and **Carelessness** are the cause of more **fires** than all other things.

And above all things keep your **Matches** where children cannot get at them.

JOHN SULLIVAN,

Inspector General of Constabulary,
and Chief of Fire Department.

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Best Ingredients,

Finest Grades.



Published by Authority

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to direct that the following Proclamation of His Majesty the King, setting forth the Law and Policy with regard to Trading with the Enemy, shall come into effect on the date thereof.

JOHN R. BENNETT, Colonial Secretary.
Department of Colonial Secretary, Aug. 6, 1914.

BY THE KING.

A PROCLAMATION.

GEORGE R. I.

WHEREAS a state of war exists between Us and the German Emperor:

And whereas it is contrary to law for any person resident, carrying on business, or being in Our Dominions, to trade or have any commercial intercourse with any person resident, carrying on business, or being in the German Empire without Our permission:

And whereas it is therefore expedient and necessary to warn all persons resident, carrying on business, or being in Our Dominions of their duties and obligations towards Us, Our Crown, and Government:

Now, therefore, We have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Privy Council, to issue this Our Royal Proclamation, and We do hereby warn all persons resident, carrying on business, or being in Our Dominions:

Not to supply to or obtain from the said Empire any goods, wares or merchandise, or to supply to or obtain the same from any person resident, carrying on business, or being therein, nor to supply to or obtain from any person any goods, wares or merchandise for or by way of transmission to or from the said Empire or to or from any person resident, carrying on business, or being therein nor to trade in or carry any goods, wares or merchandise destined for or coming from the said Empire or for or from any person resident, carrying on business, or being therein:

Nor to permit any British ship to leave for, enter or communicate with any port or place in the said Empire:

Nor to make or enter into any new marine, life, fire, or other policy or contract of insurance with or for the benefit of any person resident, carrying on business, or being in the said Empire, nor under any existing policy or contract of insurance to make any payment to or for the benefit of any such person in respect of any loss due to the belligerent action of His Majesty's forces or of those of any ally of His Majesty:

Nor to enter into any new commercial, financial, or other contract or obligation with or for the benefit of any person resident, carrying on business, or being in the said Empire:

And We do hereby further warn all persons that whoever in contravention of the law shall commit, aid or abet any of the aforesaid acts will be liable to such penalties as the law provides:

And We hereby declare that any transactions to, with, or for the benefit of any person resident, carrying on business, or being in the said Empire, which are not treasonable and are not for the time being expressly prohibited by Us, either by virtue of this Proclamation or otherwise, and which but for the existence of the state of war aforesaid would be lawful, are hereby permitted:

And We hereby declare that the expression "person" in this Proclamation shall include any body of persons corporate or unincorporate, and that where any person has or had an interest in houses or branches of business in some other country as well as in our Dominions, or in the said Empire (as the case may be), this Proclamation shall not apply to the trading or commercial intercourse carried on by such person solely from or by such houses or branches of business in such other country

GIVEN at Our Court at Buckingham Palace this Fifth day of August, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fourteen, and in the Fifth year of Our Reign.

GOD SAVE THE KING.



NOTICE.

The attention of the Public is directed to the following Section of Cap. 39 of Consolidated Statutes dealing with "Nuisances and Municipal Regulations":—

"Any person who shall throw any

Stones or Ballast,

or anything else hurtful or injurious, into any harbor or roadstead in this Colony or its Dependencies, shall, for every offence be liable to a penalty not exceeding

Fifty Dollars,

or imprisonment for a period not exceeding

Fifty Days."

A. W. PICCOTT,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries.

June 22nd, 1914.

Newfoundland Savings Bank.



Established in 1834.

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Hon. John B. Ayre, M.L.C.

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Notice to Owners and Masters of British Ships!

The attention of Owners and Masters of British Ships is called to the 74th Section of the "Merchant Shipping Act, 1894."

74.—(1) A Ship belonging to a British subject shall hoist the proper national colours—

(a) on a signal being made to her by one of His Majesty's ships (including any vessel under the command of an officer of His Majesty's navy on full pay), and

(b) on entering or leaving any foreign port, and

(c) if of fifty tons gross tonnage or upwards, on entering or leaving any British Port.

(2) If default is made on board any such ship in complying with this section, the master of the ship shall for each offence be liable to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds.

At this time of war it is necessary for every British Ship to hoist the colours and heave to if signalled by a British Warship; if a vessel hoists no colours and runs away, it is liable to be fired upon.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Registrar of Shipping.

St. John's, Newfoundland,
15th August, 1914.

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(Published Annually)

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Public Notice.

UNDER the provision of Cap. 23, 2 Edward VII., entitled "An Act to Amend the Post Office Act, 1891," and upon the recommendation of the Board appointed under Section 1 thereof, notice is hereby given that, three months after this date, a Proclamation will issue for the alteration of name, or re-naming of places as under, that is to say:—

- 1.—That Sibley's Cove, Placentia Bay, be re-named PROWSTON.
- 2.—That Chance Harbour, near Moreton's Harbour, Notre Dame Bay, be re-named BRIDGEPORT.
- 3.—That Chance Harbour, Friday's Bay, Notre Dame Bay, be re-named CHANCEPORT.
- 4.—That Farmer's Arm, Dildo Run, Notre Dame Bay, be re-named SUMMERFORD.
- 5.—That the Western section of Mortier Bay, extending from West's Point to Glendon (including Butler's Cove) be re-named CRESTON.
- 6.—That Piper's Hole, Placentia Bay, be re-named SWIFT CURRENT.

JOHN R. BENNETT,

Colonial Secretary.

Department of the Colonial Secretary, June 15th, 1914.



PUBLIC NOTICE!

UNDER the provisions of Chapter 23, 2 Edward VII., entitled "An Act to amend the Post Office Act, 1891," and upon the recommendation of the Board appointed under Section 1 thereof, notice is hereby given that, three months after this date, a Proclamation will issue for the alteration of name, or re-naming of places as under, that is to say:—

- 1.—That Scissors Cove, Notre Dame Bay, be re-named STANHOPE.
- 2.—That New Harbour, St. Barbe District, be re-named NORTON.
- 3.—That Ha Ha, in Ha Ha Bay, District of St. Barbe, be re-named RALEIGH.
- 4.—That Limeville, Port-au-Port, District of St. George's, be re-named AGGUATHUNA.

JOHN R. BENNETT,

Colonial Secretary.

Department of the Colonial Secretary, March 24th, 1914.

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The Railway and Steamship Systems give the best

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ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Newfoundland Quarterly



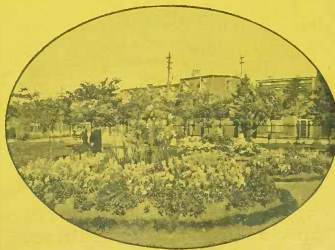
Christmas Number, 1914

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.



Photos by Dr. A. Schoua-Brown.

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West End Tailor,

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At Christmas Time

Everybody tries to put the best foot foremost. Everybody tries to have things a little nicer than usual—especially things to eat. The way to make your Bread, your Tea-Buns, Pastry, Cakes and Puddings extra good is to use

The Best Flours.

Ogilvie's Windsor Patent,
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carries the very finest lines of

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Red Rose Tea stands alone in its sterling quality.

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If you are not using it will you try a package?

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Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	17 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	20 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	weight.
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York
Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.	Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
Over \$10, but not exceeding \$20	10 cts.	Over \$60, but not exceeding \$70	35 cts.
Over \$20, but not exceeding \$30	15 cts.	Over \$70, but not exceeding \$80	40 cts.
Over \$30, but not exceeding \$40	20 cts.	Over \$80, but not exceeding \$90	45 cts.
Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.	Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, Nov., 1914.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND
Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents**, and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of signature and address, costs	From	\$0.85
	To	1.00

A ten word message to the United States,	From	\$1.10
exclusive of signature and address, costs	To	1.50

To Great Britain, France or Germany—25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, Nov., 1914.

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention "The Newfoundland Quarterly."

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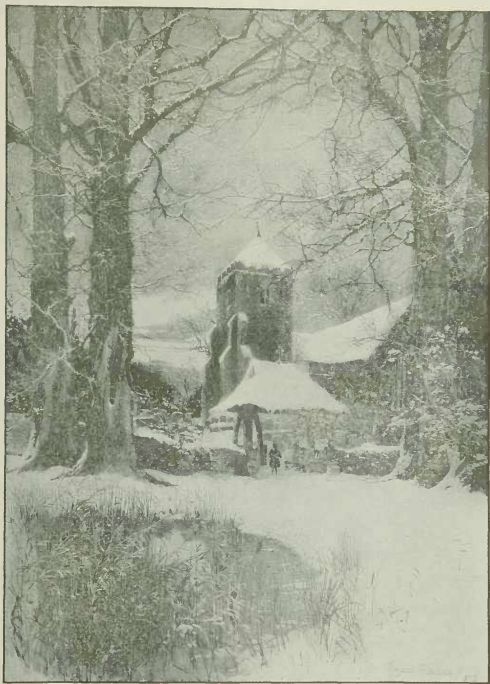
Agent for Newfoundland.

The Newfoundland Quarterly

Vol. XIV.—No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1914.

40 cents per year.



Noel.



A little while and we shall know
Where all our vanished children go,

And e'en, perchance, may recognize
Their old remembered, astral eyes!

(O Noel, Noel! comest thou
From them to us with kiss and vow?)

A little while and we shall hear
The Child's soft footfall drawing near,

The Child who our dead children takes,
In his safe keeping for our sakes,

And they those children we loved most
Will watch for him and think him lost.

And yearn for his return with eyes
That search the deeps of Paradise.

(O, Noel, Noel! in thy rest
May all our vanish'd ones be blest!)



Patriotism and What it Means.



Departure of the Newfoundland Regiment.

By Alex. A. Parsons, J.P.



A. A. PARSONS, ESQ.

"Swell, swell the shrill trumpet clear
sounding afar.

Our sabres flash splendor around;
For freedom has summoned her sons
to the war.

Nor Britain has shrunk from the
sound.

"Let plunder's vile thirst the invaders
indulge;

Let slaves for their wages be bold;
Shall valor the harvest of avarice
claim?

Shall Britons be bartered for gold?

"No! free be our aid, independent
our might,

Prowd honor our guerdon alone!
Unbought be the hand that we raise
in the fight.

And the sword that we brandish our
own.

"And, oh! if returning triumphant we move

Or sink on the boud that we save—

Oh! blest by his country, his kindred, his love:

How vast the reward of the brave!"



OUR island home has long been called "the ancient and loyal Colony of Newfoundland," and very properly so. We are always proud of the name and jealously anxious to retain it. But at no time in our Colonial history (and we go back to 1497, when John Cabot made his first discovery here) have we felt greater attachment to the old flag and the old institutions than we feel at the present moment. The reason for this is obvious: We are purely Anglo-Saxon by birth and educa-

tion. The Mother Country is in greater danger now than at any time since 1803, when an invasion of her shores was threatened by Napoleon Bonaparte. Therefore, our sympathies naturally go out to her, and so we desire, earnestly desire, to participate in the supreme effort she is making to repel the modern Goth and uphold those great principles of national honor and integrity without which treaties and other solemn obligations are not worth the paper on which they are written.

Then there is the feeling of patriotism by which all Newfoundlanders are actuated in their demonstrations of loyalty. Patriotism is the love of one's country, as philanthropy is the love of one's kind. It is a pure and noble passion. The wise and brave of every age have cherished it. Artists have portrayed it upon canvas, and sculptors traced it in marble. History has recorded its encounters and poetry sung its praises. Illustrious instances of its power increased as the population of the world grew. When men began to multiply upon the earth—when the solitary were set in families—when other instruments of industry were in requisition, besides the plough and the pruning hook—when the temporary tent and rude camp were succeeded by highly civilized societies, and bulwarked cities—when in lieu of the narrow limits of patriarchy there were imposing monarchies, and growing republics—when the national weal was menaced, and its name stained; then the fires of patriotism were repeatedly enkindled; then the sons of the soil came to the rescue; then to fatherland, in terrible emergencies, they offered the highest efforts of which they were capable, heedless either of the knife of the assassin on the one hand, or the axe of the executioner on the other.

While it is true that every nation has had its patriot's, yet few have surpassed those of Greece and Rome. The great Phocion

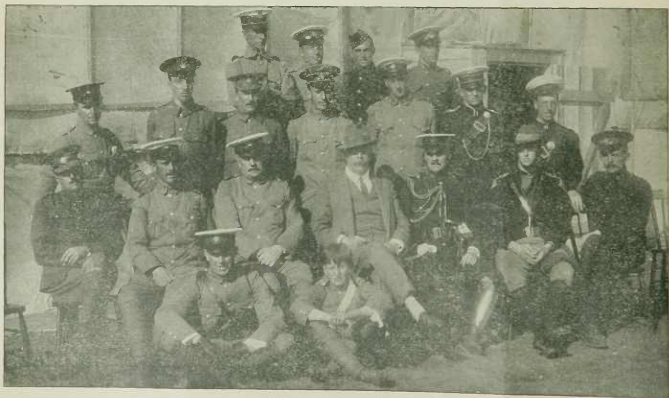


Photo by James Fox.

OFFICERS OF FIRST NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT.

Top Row.—Lieut. H. Goodridge, Lieut. Tait, Lieut. Nunn, Lieut. Ledingham.

Second Row.—Lieutenants Howlett, Raley, Wighton, Ayre, Summers, Butler, Godden.

Third Row.—Captains Alexander, O'Brien, Carly: H. E. Sir Walter Davidson, K.C.M.G., Lieut.-Colonel, Capt. Alan Goodridge, A.D.C.; Capt. W. Rendell (Adjutant), Capt. Bernard.

Bottom Row.—Lieut. Alderdice: Leonard Reid (Despatch Rider).

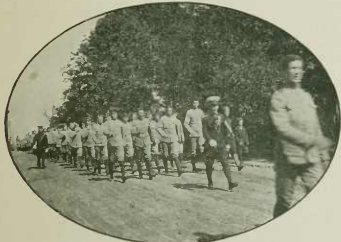
belonged to the former. He was one of the most celebrated persons among the ancient Greeks, but was condemned to death by his ungrateful countrymen. When about to drink the fatal hemlock, he was asked if he had anything to say to his son, "Bring him to me," said he. "My dear son," said Phocion, "I entreat you to serve your country with as much fidelity as I have done, and above all, to forget that an unjust death was the price with which she recompensed my service." The Roman patriot subordinated every other passion, however strong or tender, to his love of country; to conserve its judicial integrity, to meet some apparent political necessity, he shrank not from the severance of the tenderest of ties. Upon the altar of his country's honor he was prepared even to offer his offspring. When the capital was put in hazard, it was not the time, they felt, to recriminate or quarrel with each other; how could it be? The Carthaginian was meditating the ruin of the State—Hannibal was at the city gates; forgetful, therefore, at once of their personal interest, or party disputes, they advanced unitedly towards the common enemy of their country, in order to secure his discomfiture and overthrow.

During the past few months our observation and experiences have taught us, however, that patriotism has its varieties; mere mockeries and shadows sometimes pass for its substance. There may be not only a thorough and genuine but a spurious patriotism. It may be confounded with pride of place, or political ambition; hence there are those who care little for their country, either its honor or its interests, so that by the posses-

sion, who loves honestly, loves to some purpose, and will fail, when needed, not only the kindly but the caustic criticism. There is no utility in studiously and continuously concealing that which somewhat discredits the national reputation and may threaten its stability. He who has to speak comprehensively and candidly of his country must tell of that by which she is degraded as well as of that by which she is exalted. Many are the charges which we may prefer against a country. There is her oft-repeated intermeddling in the internal government of other lands, instead of guarding and perfecting her own. Every nation has a right to determine what shall be its own particular form of government, or code of laws; and that it should do without any impertinent interference or officiousness on the part of any other land, whether adjacent or remote.

To turn directly to our own country, we look in vain for a better governed one on the Continent of Europe, and to the rapidly increasing, the already gigantic American Republic. Even in the latter great, free and enlightened country, property is not so secure, opinion not so free, law nor so inviolable, and life not so sacred as in this good old Britain of ours. Admitting therefore, that upon the national pedestal there is dust, and upon its sun spots, yet our patriotic ardour is not thereby lessened. Under the broad shadow of the protecting wing Britain spreads over us, we are proud to repose, and thus reposing we are pleased to sing:—

"The tree which our forefathers planted of old
They nursed with their hearts' dearest blood.



Photos by Dr. A. Stacey-Brown.]

CHURCH PARADE—FIRST NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT.

sion of the honors of office, their vanity be flattered. It may also be confounded with the love of money. There are those who are anxious, not so much for the honors, as the emoluments of office. They serve their country, not for the love of it, but for the sake of the money and other advantages they are able to obtain thereby.

Then, again, patriotism, even when genuine, may be injudicious, and may intercept the very object it seeks to attain. Half a century ago, an Italian, outraged with the conduct of a certain Emperor towards his then very much oppressed country, went to sad extremes; believing that the only remedy accessible to him was assassination, he matured his scheme—formed his plan. The fruit, however, ere it was ripe, was plucked; the object singularly mis-carried; the bird, despite the stratagem, was left unsnared, and the prey untaken. The price of all this was Orsini's life; but his patriotism was put beyond dispute: for as he went barefooted, ah! and bareheaded, too, to the block of the executioner, ere he was headless, his heart, scorning to cherish a feeling on its own behalf, throbbled out an earnest, and final prayer, for—then, but not now—prostrate Italy.

Of course, patriotism has its legitimate developments; but there are courses of conduct which do not indicate it correctly. It is not shown in ignorance, or, having been admitted, in apologising for our country's faults. There are some patriots who love their country as many a mother loves her child—blindly. Such attachment is deficient in intelligent and honorable policy. He,

Till its roots in the ground had so firmly laid hold
That it feared neither tempest nor flood.
From the north, from the south, from the east, from the west,
On its head hath the battle smoke broke,
But Britons have ever found shelter and rest
Neath the boughs of their own sturdy oak.

It has thriven for centuries, sound at the core,
Not a root has yet gone to decay,
And if burdened with boughs that are needful no more,
Why carefully cut them away.
But long may it flourish, the boast of this land,
Unharm'd by hostilities' stroke,
And perish forever the paracide hand
That would tear but a leaf from our oak."

Some years ago in one of the European countries, a patriot, through the press, praised his country, as far as he could; and then he blamed her because she had not, what we have, though she deserved it, and might, as he maintained, be safely entrusted with it, namely: freedom of utterance. For such an open and frank declaration he was taken into custody, sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and fined three thousand francs. About the same time, in England, a patriot, speaking, as he knew, for the million—for he spoke through the medium of the press—said things which bore upon the position and reputation of his country. Referring to the Foreign Office, he remarked: "He had compared, in his mind, the people of England and the people of Egypt; and the monuments of Egypt to our Foreign



Photo by Theo. F. Thompson.

CAMPS AT PLEASANTVILLE.

Office." "We have," said he, "no obelisks, no columns, such as those on the banks of the Nile; but in the Foreign Office of England there is a mystery as great, a superstition as fearful, and a loathsomeness as horrible as among the ancient tombs of the Egyptians." Now, what was the penalty of speaking thus? There was no penalty, but the result in each case is striking. The one patriot was sentenced to imprisonment and fined; and the other, by his outspoken and somewhat extreme opinion, was all the more endeared to many of his countrymen. The reason of all this was that Montalembert was a Frenchman, and in France the press was fettered at that time; but John Bright was an Englishman, and in England the press was free, even at that time—"free as the torrents are that leap our rocks and plough our valleys without asking leave."

But to refer more directly to the present patriotic movement here and the formation and departure for the front of the First Newfoundland Regiment! War was declared by Britain against Germany on the 4th of August last, because of the violation by the latter of her solemn pledge to respect the neutrality of Belgium. On the evening of 12th of that month a patriotic meeting was held in the C.L.B. Armoury for the purpose of considering the question of enlisting volunteers for army service abroad, as well as for home defence, during the war. There was an immense gathering of all classes and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. At 8.30 His Excellency Sir W. E. Davidson, attended by his suite, arrived at the Armoury and was greeted by an outburst of cheering, the band playing the National Anthem. On the platform with the Governor were the Prime Minister



Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

PRESENTING COLORS AT CAMP GROUNDS.

(Right Hon. Sir E. P. Morris), members of his Executive Council, and a number of other prominent citizens. Sir Edward briefly stated the object for which the meeting had been convened and asked His Excellency to take the chair. This the Governor did, and, after thanking the large audience for the hearty reception accorded him, delivered a comprehensive and forcible address on the causes of the present war and Germany's reprehensible object in precipitating it. He concluded by saying:

"It behoves every British subject to aid the Mother Country to finish the fight as speedily as possible. The war was provoked by a despot and Britain, in self-defence, was compelled to resort to arms. Newfoundland must do her part, laying claim, as we do, to being the oldest and most loyal colony. In my telegram to the Home Government," continued His Excellency, "I stated we were poor in money and rich in men—men who are accustomed to meet all difficulties without wavering. I pledged myself that Newfoundland would furnish 500 men, but I hope the number will be 5,000. The struggle may be desperate, but we will win, and I hope our folks will get to the front, so that they may have a chance to uphold our reputation."

The resolutions necessary to give effect to the Governor's suggestions were then, on motion, put and carried unanimously amid tremendous enthusiasm. A vote of thanks was tendered His Excellency, with ringing cheers for the King, the Mother Country and France; after which the meeting closed with the National Anthem. It was a great gathering and showed, in an unmistakable manner, that Terra Nova would take her proper place among the "Dominions Beyond the Seas" in defending our great and glorious Empire from the polluting touch of the Hunnish invader. Subsequent meetings were held in the Armoury, at all of which recruits for the Newfoundland Regi-



Photo by James Vey.

LAST DAY AT PLEASANTVILLE—READY TO EMBARK FOR ENGLAND.

ment were enrolled, until a sufficient number had been received to meet the present demand. These, after passing the required examination, were sent to Pleasantville, where they went "under canvas" for training preparatory to their departure for England. Here they were visited from time to time by the Governor, Prime Minister and other prominent members of the community, as well as by their parents and friends. On the occasion of my first visit to the Camp, the parade ground was occupied by nearly one hundred men, who were being drilled by the Regimental Instructor—Captain O'Brien. On the same afternoon three hundred of the more advanced recruits were skirmishing about the country in the vicinity of the White Hills, while another large contingent was engaged at rifle practice at the Range on the Southside Hills. In the evening the officer in charge there shewed me the scores made by his men that day and they appeared to be remarkably fine for recruits. As a

The legislation which had been found advisable in the case of Britain and Canada was, of course, followed here. Each of these countries had deemed it necessary to confer on the Government power to control food supplies, &c. They also found it expedient to assume power to protect our banks in the event of panic and, if necessary, to proclaim a moratorium dealing with any contingency that may arise.

Then, again, provision had to be made for the raising of a volunteer force, as no legislative authority to enrol such a corps, to swear in its members, or to provide for its equipment, had yet been obtained here. Other matters relating to the holding of suspected persons, spies and censorship also demanded prompt and special legislation. It is pleasing to record that, in this great emergency, both sections of the Opposition loyally supported the Government in passing all these measures. Meanwhile the work of drilling and equipping the Regiment went on steadily and successfully at Pleasantville, and by the end of September the men were sufficiently trained to admit of their being sent across with the Canadian Contingent, leaving early in October. Governor Davidson, who had assumed the Lieut.-Colonelcy of the Regiment, and his staff were indefatigable in their efforts to have "our boys" as efficient as possible before they embarked, and, as a result, when they marched up from Pleasantville on the afternoon of the 4th of October to go on board the troopship *Florizel*, they presented the appearance of



CAPT. WILLIAM J. MARTIN (NEWFOUNDLANDER), OF THE
RED CROSS STEAMER "FLORIZEL."

member of the "Old Volunteers" alluded to by Mr. H. W. LeMessurier in the last number of the *QUARTERLY*—and we did some excellent work at the "butts" in those days, notwithstanding the great weight and length of our rifles—I have a pretty fair idea of what good shooting really means. However, most of the men to whom I now more particularly refer had already been training for some time in the Brigade and Territorials. They are sturdy young fellows, and will, I am sure, give a good account of themselves and their fighting capabilities when they go to the front.

On the 20th of August the Government issued a Proclamation calling the Legislature together, and eleven days later, on the 2nd of September, our local Parliament met to consider such emergency measures as the Cabinet had to propose. The Legislature was opened by His Excellency at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the speech from the Throne having been carefully and thoughtfully prepared for the important occasion.

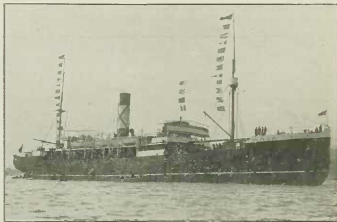


Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

H.M. TROOPSHIP "FLORIZEL" THAT CONVEYED THE FIRST
NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT TO ENGLAND.

as fine a body of young soldiers as I have ever seen anywhere. At 4.30 p.m. on that date they broke camp and, under command of Captain Carty, and headed by the C.C.C. Band, proceeded, by way of King's Bridge, Circular and Military Roads, and Prescott and Water Streets, to the pier of the Furness Withy Company, where the transport lay.

Large numbers of relatives and friends accompanied them on their march from the Camp to the City, and thousands gathered along the route to wish them good by. Many of the principal buildings, stores and private residences had strings of flags flying, and so, also, had the shipping in port. Business along the waterfront was practically suspended during the afternoon, employers, as well as employed, being anxious to say farewell to "the boys," many of whom had recently been engaged here as clerks, accountants, &c. In spite of the fact that they were going off to face the stern realities of war, some of them never to return, all were in excellent spirits and apparently eager to get away. Assembled at the Pier to see them off were His Excellency the Governor, Lady Davidson, the Prime Minister, members of the Legislature, clergymen of the various denominations and citizens of every walk in life. When the Regiment arrived at the wharf they were drawn up in companies and marched on board the *Florizel*. People were lined up on both sides the wharf, and as the men passed between them and in over the ship's side, they were cheered to the echo. During all this time patriotic and other appropriate airs were rendered by

the C.C.C., C.L.B., M.G. and Salvation Army bands, finishing up with the well known and touching hymn: "God be with you till we meet again!"

About 6 P.M. all the men and their Supplies being on board, the transport hauled off from the pier, amid the blowing of whistles, firing of guns and other encouraging demonstrations. The C.C.C. Band, now on board the tug-boat *John Green*, played the familiar marching song: "It's a long ways to Tipperary," the contingent on the *Florissel* and the multitude on shore joining heartily in the chorus. The transport anchored in the harbor off the King's Wharf where she remained, surrounded by a flotilla of motor and other boats, till ten o'clock on the following (Sunday) night, when His Excellency the Governor visited the ship for an hour, and bade the boys' farewell; almost immediately after which she got under way and steamed through the Narrows to join the fleet with the Canadian Contingent outside. Quite a number of the larger boats accompanied the ship some distance beyond the headland and gave her three times three lusty cheers as she disappeared in the darkness. Captain Franklin having sailed for England the preday, on the "*Carthaginian*," so as to be there in time to make arrangements for the proper equipment of our men on arrival, the Regiment left here under the command of Captain Alexander, who, during the voyage across, kept his men well in hand and gave the utmost satisfaction to all concerned. The prayers of our people will follow them into the field and abide with them

while they are there. That is the best we can do for them. The great issue is in the hands of a higher Power, and to that Power we must all submit. As Alison says, in referring to the great crisis in British history on the eve of Trafalgar:—"If we fail,—if the ancient prowess and intrepidity of our people is gone,—there is then a long close to all the hopes and all the honors of humanity; over the fairest portion of the civilized earth the tide of military despotism will roll, and bury, in its sanguinary flood, alike the monuments of former greatness, and the promises of future glory. But,—if we prevail; if the hearts of our people are exalted to the sublimity of the contest, that mighty spell which has enthralled the world will be broken,—the spirit of nature and of liberty will rekindle,—and the same blow which prostrates the enemy of our land, will burst the fetters of nations and set free the energies of an injured world." Yes,

"The Old Lion of Britain grows youthful again;
He rouses,—he rises—he bristles his mane;
His eye-balls flash fire, his terrible roar,
Like thunder, bursts awfully over our shore!
We, sons of the Lion, inspired by the sound,
Devoted to Liberty, gather around.
Our Edwards and Henrys, 'tis true, are no more
But George lives their glory and worth to restore:
On him we depend,
Our Ruler—our Friend,
The King whom we honor!—the man whom we love!
By him now renew'd,
Its nerves fresh endu'd,
The Old British Lion immortal shall prove."



OUR ROYAL NAVAL RESERVES
ON BOARD THE TRAINING SHIP
"CALYPSO."

Christmas Eve.

[Written for 1913]—By S. M. J.

All! Christmas joys, and Christmas bells,
Are merrily's touch revealing,
In pent-up heart, the thought that swells
To chords of deepest feeling:
For high and lowly, weak and strong,
Awake to Christmas measure;
And toilers of Earth's mighty throng
Seek solace, rest and pleasure.

Hearts thrill with love, hearts shrink in pain,
And some blend love and sorrow;
As old time friendships live again,
'Mid scenes glad Yule tides, borrow.
Oh! Christmas bells, what magic spells,
Your chimes o'er Earth are weaving;
Announce they ring—afar they bring
Sweet Peace, to all believing.

Again they tell to all who dwell,
In cottage, court or city;
The tidings true, so old, yet new,
So blending love and pity.
That men of good will now rejoice,
That glory great me given;
For oh! the Christ-Child's tender voice
Proclaims the Peace of Heaven.

Thus from the Crib to Home above,
Our thoughts and hearts e'er turning;
We plead for grace with Heart of Love,
With Heart of Love, all burning.
From Crib to Cross, thro' light and gloom,
May bells of Christmas call us;
May Star of Faith, I'de's path illumine!
Till Heaven's only life enthroned be

The Late Archbishop Howley.

By the death of the late Most Rev. Michael Francis Howley, Archbishop of St. John's, Oct. 15, the Colony loses a great churchman and great patriot. Admirably filling in the eyes of his co-religionists the exalted post of primate of their church in Newfoundland, he occupied no less prominent a place in the minds of people of all classes by the sterling quality of his citizenship, his unquestioned patriotism and the earnestness and sincerity which he brought to every form of public endeavor. And not the least tribute to his worth in all respects was the spectacle presented at his funeral obsequies, when delegations of clergymen

representing all the Protestant Churches in Newfoundland were included among the official mourners who occupied places in the Roman Catholic Cathedral and followed his remains to their last resting place at Belvidere.

Michael Francis Howley was born at St. John's on September 25, 1843, in the family home now the residence of the Christian Brothers of the Orphanage at Mount Cashel in the suburbs of the city. He was the son of Richard Howley, a native of Glengoe, Tipperary, who had emigrated here about a hundred years ago and who established a mercantile business in the city and operated a large farm in the suburbs. The future cleric was one of a family of thirteen, of whom only two now survive, his brother, James P. Howley, Geological Surveyor, and his sister, Miss Annie Howley.

Destined, like his elder brother Richard, who died two years ago, for the priesthood, he was sent to Rome as a youth after preliminary studies at St. Bonaventure's College in this city, and in due course was ordained priest at Propaganda College in 1868. He was chosen as Secretary by Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, and served on the Scotch Mission with him for twelve months; but while at Rome with him for the Vatican Council of 1870, he met the late Bishop Power, then just named for the See of St. John's, and returned here with him in the same capacity. He served for some years in St. John's and then was called to St. George's as assistant to the late Rt. Rev. Mgr. Sears, then Prefect Apostolic of the West Coast. Here he served for some years, excepting one winter, when, owing to a

breakdown in health he did duty as Curate at Harbor Breton under its then pastor, the present Mgr. Reardon, of Placentia.

On the death of Mgr. Sears, in 1885, Dr. Howley was named his successor and in 1892, when St. George's was elevated to a Vicariate, he was consecrated its first prelate with the title of Bishop of Amastis in infidel parts, in the Cathedral at St. John's, by the late Bishop Power, on St. John's Day, June 24th, in that year, the assisting prelates being Bishop McDonald, of Harbor Grace, and Bishop McDonald, of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

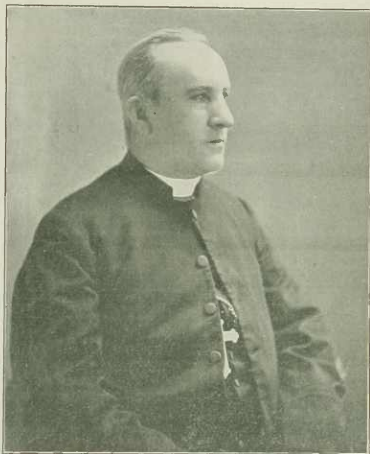
Little more than two years later, after the death of Bishop Power, in the fall of 1894, Dr. Howley was transferred to St. John's as his successor and was installed in the Cathedral here

on February 22, 1895. Nine years later, in February 1904, Newfoundland was elevated to an Ecclesiastical Province, Bishop Howley being created Archbishop and First Metropolitan of the Province, the Pallium, or insignia of an Archbishop, being conferred on him by the late Bishop McDonald in July of that year.

Dr. Howley was thus the first Newfoundlander of the Catholic Faith to be elevated to the Bishopric and likewise to the Archbishopric, and he had the satisfaction, before he died, of seeing the other two Sees filled by natives of the Colony as well as himself—Bishop March at Harbor Grace and Bishop Power at St. George's.

During his labors on the West Coast Dr. Howley proved himself an energetic and capable administrator, one who was constant in his efforts to promote

the material as well as the spiritual welfare of his flock. He built the Cathedral, Presbytery, and Convent at Sandy Point; Churches and Presbyteries at Bonaventure Bay, Bay of Islands, Bank Head, Port au Port, and Stephenville; the church at Chinnel and the church at St. George's, while he also built many schools, helped to widen the educational advantages of the people, and in addition took a prominent part in freeing our Western Coast from French occupation, stamping out the traffic in smuggled goods with St. Pierre, and awakening the outside world to the tourist and sporting possibilities of our western seaboard as well as to the grievances from which its people suffered at that time. Moreover, as he spoke both Gaelic and Acadian dialects, he was specially revered on the West



THE LATE MOST REV. MICHAEL FRANCIS HOWLEY.



Photo by James Vey.

REQUIEM MASS FOR THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY AT THE CATHEDRAL.

Coast, which has many settlers of Scotch and French extraction and to the older ones, who spoke these tongues, he specially endeared himself, and will be greatly regretted by them.

In St. John's he continued similar active labors, restoring the Cathedral at a cost of \$100,000, improving St. Patrick's Church (including new spire) at a cost of \$30,000; promoting the boys' Orphanage at Mount Cashel, for which he gave the site; building the new wing to St. Bonaventure's College at a cost of \$70,000, and encouraging the erection of the O'Donel Wing at St. Patrick's Hall; the Oratory, Military Road Convent;

new Mortuary Chapel at Mount Carmel Cemetery; the enlargement of Littledale Academy; the founding of St. Clare's Home, etc., in the city; while in every outport parish new churches, presbyteries and schools have been built, the last function in which he took part being the laying of the corner stone of a new convent at Ferryland in September.

In addition to the multiplicity of the ecclesiastical tasks devolving upon him through the administrative necessities of the Archdiocese of St. John's, he personally prepared the plans and supervised the work of much of the construction of church



Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP'S FUNERAL LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL

buildings carried out in this city, and also plans of various churches, presbyteries and schools for outports, and he also contributed frequently to local and foreign publications. He wrote an "Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland" and also a "Life of Bishop Mullock," and for the Royal Society of Canada, of which he was a member, he prepared a paper annually on some subject of scientific or historical interest. He

was a special friend of the NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY, and not an issue for the past twelve years has appeared without an article from him, on a most comprehensive and interesting subject—"The Name Lore of Newfoundland." This he had nearly completed and we hope to be able from his notes and otherwise to round out the series.

In addition to all this, he found time to lay his part in public affairs. He was possessed of an intensely earnest patriotism, and took an active interest in all public questions, social, municipal, and colonial. Of course, not all of the people—even his own people—agreed with him in regard to these matters, but none, even those who held strong views to the contrary, questioned the sincerity of his purpose or the zeal for the country's interest which influenced him.

His passing was mourned by the public generally as that of a citizen whose like will not soon be seen again, and to the widespread expressions of sympathy to the Catholic Clergy and people and to the relatives of the deceased, the NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY adds its tribute.

On the death of Archbishop Howley the direction of the affairs of the Archdiocese devolved upon the Vicar-General, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Roche, the Rector of the Cathedral here and the Administrator of the Archdiocese under the late Ordinary. For this post Mgr. Roche is admirably suited, and has, besides, the experience acquired from officiating in this capacity for the past seven years, notably during the first half of the present year when the Archbishop was making his ad limina visit to Rome and availed of the occasion to enjoy an extended tour of the European Continent. It is needless to dilate upon the admirable qualities of Mgr. Roche, who has shown himself to be in every way a model of a Catholic clergyman and who was only a few months ago honored with the dignity of a Domestic Prelate at the Papal Throne. Pending the appointment of a successor to the late Archbishop the affairs of the Archdiocese of St. John's may be safely trusted to the worthy Administrator.



RIGHT REV. MGR. ROCHE, ADMINISTRATOR.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

The last instalment received from His Grace Archbishop Howley before his death.—Article XII.

PASSING north of Codroy village we round the magnificent promontory of

CAPE ANGUILE,

the most westerly point in Newfoundland. From this point the shore trends eastwardly and form the opening of the splendid Bay of St. George's. The very euphonious name of Cape Anguille means in English Eel Cape (EEL). Eels are very plentiful along this shore, and there is a cove quite near, just inside the entrance to Great Codroy River, which is particularly remarkable for them.

The grand

RAY OF ST. GEORGE'S

is one of the most splendid estuaries in Newfoundland. It is forty miles wide at the mouth—from Cape Anguille on the south to Cape St. George on the north, and extends eastwards in the form of a very regular isosceles triangle to a depth of over fifty miles. There is a river running into this bay at the head (or bottom) called by the name of the Bay (St. George's River). There is also a lake bearing the same name—*George's Pond*. But the *George's River* does not flow out of it. The beautiful lake of St. George's, surrounded by magnificent hills clothed with rich forests, is situated between St. George's Bay and Bay of Island's. The old slide-path passed by this lake which is several miles long and was used as part of the mail track, about the year 1870, when a mail was first granted to this shore. The

mail was brought on dog-teams from Channell about once in three weeks during winter-time. The path followed the line of the valley of

BENOIT'S BROOK

which empties out of this lake into the main river of St. George's. The brook was called after an old Frenchman named *Benoit le Blanc*. The railway now passes along this route and there is daily communication twice each way! The hotel or bungalow of *Log Cabin* is built on the shore of this lake, and is a favorite resort of salmon fishers. On some maps this lake is called *George IV. Lake*, presumably after the last of the "*Four George's*." If so it is a very great mistake, for the name of St. George's, given to the Bay, Cape, Island, River, &c., is found on all the maps as far back as the early decades of the XVII. century, if not earlier. Thus it is on the map of De Laet, dated 1930. I cannot tell the origin of the name, but it is well known that St. George was the patron of England long before that time. The Bay of St. George is unique in this particular—that it has not one single harbour on either side of its 50-mile stretch. The only harbour is quite at the bottom of the bay and is formed, not by an indenture of the coast as is generally the case, but by the very remarkable spit or peninsula of sand known as

SANDY POINT.

This reef of sand and beach-rocks takes its rise on the southern side of the bay about twelve miles from the bottom, and curving inwards towards the north-east extends about seven miles, and forms the splendid harbour called Sandy Point Harbour.

For about twelve miles from Cape Anguille the coast is formed by the lofty range of the Anguille Mountains called by the people "*The Highlands*."

† M. F. H.



The Field of Waterloo.



By Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Morris, P.C.

"Thou first and last of fields!
King making victory!"

—Byron.



RT. HON. SIR EDWARD MORRIS, P.C.

WHEN Parnell died in 1891 a friend said to Lord Salisbury:—"You must have known Parnell intimately?" "I never saw him" was the reply; "I went to the House of Lords from the House of Commons on the death of my father in 1868. I under-

stand Parnell did not enter the House of Commons until 1875." "But surely," insisted his friend, "in all the years you were in office as Prime Minister between 1875 and 1891, when the Irish question was acute, and the Irish vote important from a party standpoint, you must have met and conversed with Parnell?" "I never saw him" was the reply.

I have not seen this story vouched for, but I believe it to be a fact. It was told me by one very close to Lord Salisbury, and I have no reason to doubt its veracity. It illustrates the character of the man as compared with Gladstone, his great rival and Parliamentary opponent. Anyone who has read the life of Parnell, recently written by his widow (Mrs. O'Shea), will find there the story of the negotiations between her and Gladstone in relation to the Kilmainham Treaty. They bring out in bold relief the men and their methods—Salisbury and Gladstone. Gladstone was essentially a reformer. Having satisfied himself

Gladstone was not alone a great statesman but a modern politician and to that end was untiring in the development of every factor that contributed for the time being to the paramount object he had in view. The fact that he was intimate with Parnell and his circle and that Salisbury had never met Parnell is illuminating in throwing light on the characters and methods of these two great Parliamentary generals. It was not from the same motives that Wellington never met Napoleon, but from the fact that although he had been for years fighting the French on the Continent he and Napoleon never came to close quarters or fought on the same battlefields until the day they met at Waterloo, and even then Wellington did not see Napoleon. In the "Life and times of King Edward VII." by Sir Richard Holmes, an interesting anecdote explains this. King Edward VII., as a boy, worshipped Wellington who lived for eleven years after the birth of the future king. One morning the young Prince of Wales displayed with pride a drawing which he had made representing Napoleon on horse-back levelling a pistol at the head of the Duke, who was advancing with sword drawn to cut down his enemy. Just at this moment the Duke of Well-



NAPOLÉON.



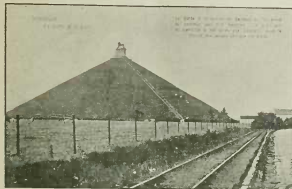
WELLINGTON.

as to the need and justice of a reform he pursued it with all the vigour and earnestness of his nature, and no assistance was too small or inconsiderate to be recognized, or sought, in accomplishing his ends. What would in others be regarded as intrigue and conspiracy, was by him glorified into negotiation and diplomacy founded on principles of the highest morality. Salisbury was ponderous and slow and believed in allowing things to naturally evolve themselves. Gladstone was for forcing the pace.

ington entered the Prince's room. "You are just the man I want to see," cried the boy, holding up his picture in delight. "How is that?" asked the veteran duke. "Why, because you can best criticise my drawing," said the Prince. "Now, can you tell me who is on the left?" he went on, showing the drawing to the Duke. "Well," said the latter, "From the waistcoat and the hat I can see it is meant for Napoleon." "Right," said the Prince, "and who is the other?" "By the cut of the features I should say it was myself." "Right again," answered the Prince. "Well now what I want to know is—is the drawing accurate?" The old Duke put down the drawing and impressively answered "My boy I am going to tell you something that the English people don't know. I never in my life set eyes on Napoleon! Once, in the midst of a battle, someone cried 'Look! there is Napoleon!' Before I could get the field glass to my eyes the smoke from a field gun had enveloped him."

During the months we were at the Hague the Court did not sit on Saturdays and as a rule we spent Saturday and Sunday in Belgium, France and distant parts of Holland. In the year 1910, the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, fell on Saturday and early on that morning, with some American friends, we motored from Brussels to the battlefield. The distance, (I write from memory) is about fifteen miles through a

delightful woods over a well kept road, the same as Wellington and his army marched over on the night of the celebrated ball at Brussels. The weather was much the same as a fine July day in Newfoundland. A thick mist, covered the land during the early morning. One can best describe the run from Brussels to Waterloo as a drive through a well wooded, beautiful park, with glorious tall trees, whose over-spreading branches and thick foliage completely hide the sun even at noon. We seem to have



THE LION OF WATERLOO.

hardly left the historic square in Brussels where stands the Equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon—the spot where he formed his first little Army of Crusaders—with their slogan of "God wills it," when suddenly we come out on to an open plain. You are on the field of Waterloo. There is the lion. In the distance you see in the centre of a great plain an immense pyramid lifting itself hundreds of feet into the air on the top of which, stands the lion of Waterloo. The monument commemorates the defeat of the French army by the English, Dutch, Belgian and Prussians on the 18th of June, 1815, and records the bloodiest day of modern battles. The base of the monument or pyramid is about 2000 feet around and the lion, made of metal from guns recovered on the battle field, weighing about three tons, stands on the top of the mound, its head turned towards France and one of its paws resting on a globe symbolic of the world. The site of the monument is the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded where the last stand was made by the French that fateful evening, when Wellington gave the order "Up Guards and at them," and just before the French faltered, broke, and fled.

When we alight we go up the side of the monument by the aid of some two hundred and fifty steps, and from the top you have a magnificent view of the battlefield. Spread out before you is a quiet, peaceful agricultural scene, the whole country being intensively cultivated. Even the immense grassy slopes of the monument are grazed by lambs and sheep. The country, as far as the eye can reach, is level, but undulating, much levelled than on the day of the famous battle, as since then thousands of tons of material required to construct the pyramid have been taken from the battlefield. In all other respects the field of Waterloo is the same. The fate of Europe was decided here on that memorable day, on a field that would not be regarded as too large for four or five farmers in Newfoundland with reasonable help, to cultivate. To-day we have a battle-field in almost the same country extending nearly one hundred and fifty miles with three million men engaged. A battle commenced, as I write four months ago, and to all appearances hardly yet fully under way. Engraved on the monument on the east and west sides is the simple legend "18 June, 1815," and yet on reflection no words would seem more eloquent or more calculated to impress than these plain words, fittingly solemn and sublime for the Epitaph of the heroes of five nations, and the hopes and aspirations buried in their graves. When Byron visited Waterloo, in 1816, no monument had been erected. All are familiar with the stanzas in "Childe Harold" commemorating his visit:

"Stop!—For thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?"

None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be—
How that red rain has made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making victory?"

At day-break on the 15th of June the first engagement took place between Napoleon and the Prussians near Charleroi. On that evening Wellington was at Brussels and present at the famous ball. He had purposely attended it with a view of quieting and allaying the fears of the citizens of Brussels. The ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond, and has been immortalized as much by the stanza in "Childe Harold" as by the occasion on which it was held, and those who attended:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then,
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!"

When at Brussels we were shown the site of the ball room which then consisted of a common granary or store which the poetic genius of Byron converted into a room of oriental proportions. Everyone is familiar with the line—"Within a window, ed niche of that high hall sat Brunswick's fated Chieftain." Wellington left the ball with the Prince of Orange when it was about half through, and marched with his army out to Waterloo. Further on in the *Canto*, Byron refers to the breaking up of the ball, and the battle next day:

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated, who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!"

Last noon beheld them full of lasty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battl'd magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse-friend, foe, in one red burial blent."



PRINCE OF ORANGE.

The next day Napoleon attacked Blucher at Ligny, the latter being forced to retreat, while Ney attacked the allied army at Quatre Bras about ten miles from Waterloo. Seeing that an

encounter with Napoleon was inevitable. Wellington chose the plain of Mont Saint Jean, now called Waterloo, as the theatre for the battle. In reality the battlefield is about seven miles from the village of Waterloo. The battle derives its name from Waterloo village, because here it was that Wellington wrote the celebrated despatch to the British Government announcing the victory of the allied armies. Wellington had visited the battlefield the previous year and, it is said, noted it as a possible site for a great battle. Being on the ground first he selected the most favourable site leaving the unfavorable one for Napoleon. As now, so it was then, Sunday was a favourite day for a battle, and Sunday, June the 18th, was the day chosen by Napoleon for the long deferred duel with Wellington. Wellington fully appreciated what was before him. The day preceding the battle, as well as the night, a downpour of torrential rain took place, followed by a fearful storm. The troops, without any protection, were drenched and were soaking with rain. Blücher, who was making a forced march to join Wellington, travelled the greater part of the night. Wellington had under his command about 60,000 troops: 25,000 British, 17,000 Dutch, 11,000 Belgians and Hanoverians, and 6,000 Brunswickers, with 156 cannon; while Napoleon had 72,000 French troops and 256 cannon. Napoleon had the advantage of Wellington in that he had more men, better men, old trained experienced French soldiers all of one nationality, and many of whom had fought with him before on many a victorious battle-field under the Eagles of France. The Duke's army was a heterogeneous collection badly equipped, short in numbers and also in field guns, and for this reason Wellington had urged Blücher to come to his assistance and bring with him his whole army. Standing on the top of the monument you see in the direction of the lion's head—that is to the West—where the army of Wellington was encamped, and to the East that of Napoleon. As I gazed on the quiet peaceful scene spread out before me, I tried to imagine myself back a century looking on at that fearful conflict when thousands of lives were sacrificed. Where countless homes were robbed of their bread winner, finding a grave in a foreign land, not in defence of any great principle, but merely to satisfy the ambition and lust of power of one individual. The years that had gone seemed to roll before me with all their accumulated regrets. This year, when at the Derby, as I looked out from an elevation commanding a view of the whole Epsom Downs, with its quarter of a million people, saw its tents, colours, flags, banners, horses, motors, busses, carriages, and all varieties

Haye Sainte, south of the village of Waterloo but on the road to Quatre Bras. Opposite to it, but on the same road and within the French line, was the farm house of La Belle Alliance, the headquarters of Napoleon. On the angle of the northern slope, serving as the key to the British position, was Hougoumont an old red brick chateau. Around these two buildings all day was the white hot point of the battle. The little brick enclosed farm-yard of the chateau formed a natural fortress that during the battle was like one of the pits in the Inferno. It was never taken by the French, but its present condition even to day shows



BLÜCHER.



CHAPEL OF HOUGOMONT.

of vehicles, and its bands of music, it occurred to me that here was an illustration of what a great battle-field must be like in the days of Napoleon, when colors, banners, bands and trappings played such a great part.

The battle of Waterloo commenced at noon and was over the same day at 7 p.m. When the troops rose in the early morning of the 18th it was still drizzling rain. The positions taken up by both armies being on slopes, enabled them easily to see each other. Across the slopes ran the high road to Brussels over which we had just motored. Nearby was the farm house La

that it was literally shot to pieces. I went over the walls and examined every foot of them which are pitted with scores of bullets, grape and canister. Fifteen hundred men were killed here in one hour. The old well in the yard is shown, into which it is said 300 bodies dead and alive were thrown on that day. A portion of the family chapel in the chateau still stands. We were brought into it by the old French woman who now lives there and shown the life-size Crucifix on the wall. The fire broke out in the chapel; the burned walls are there showing where the fire burned up to the foot of the Crucifix and then went out of its own accord. It was about 11.45 when the first shot was fired from the English guns. The French artillery replied, and then a cannonading took place that never was equalled before.

Whole libraries have been written descriptive of the battle, and to most readers it is familiar. Just now, however, the main points, will bear recounting. The French first dashed on Hougoumont held by the English. For a portion of the day the battle raged furiously here. The French captured the woods around the house, but were unable to withstand the merciless fire from the English who used the chateau and were protected by it. Marshall Ney took La Haye Sainte in the afternoon because the ammunition of the Germans had given out, but this was too late to be of any real value. The great feature of Waterloo was the trial of strength between the hollow square of the English and the French cavalry. When the French force had vainly spent their strength falling all day on the English squares the English cavalry charged and rode over the French lancers and cuirassiers. What gave a sudden termination to the battle, however, was the coming up of the Prussians under Blücher, led by Bulow. That was about five in the afternoon. They attacked the French in the rear on the right flank. Napoleon now saw the game was up and made a final effort to break the English lines. This he did by calling up the Old Guard, which had been kept by him all day in reserve. Riding at their head himself he led them to within a short distance of the English. Pointing to the latter, Napoleon said: "Through there is the road to Brussels." This was the last order Napoleon

ever made. On rode the Guard, under Ney, until they came to the top of the rise of La Haye Sainte. Here they met the English guards led by Maitland and Adams, who had been lying down and held in all day by Wellington. It has been disputed as to the exact order given by Wellington. "Up guards and at them" finds favour with many, but the best historians say that the order was "Let the whole line advance." And it did advance. The whole mass that, for a long summer's day, had stood in patient expectation for the order, rushed on their foe—infantry horse and guns—carrying every position of the French. The field was won! The remnant of the grand army of Napoleon turned and fled making for the French frontier over the wreck-strewn Brussels road.

No student of the Napoleonic wars can fail to see in them a resemblance to the Armageddon in which Europe is now engaged. The causes of both are the same. The lust of conquest, supreme egotism, ambition, which "should be made of sterner stuff," the desire to have a place in the sun, to be "It." We are like snakes in a bottle, all trying to get on top, no one appreciating the second or third place and failing to understand that in the economy of the universe every one is essential and all of use. But it is human nature, and just as long as human nature remains what it is, so long will there be aggressive wars. Men will be found always ready to put self-interest first and country last, ready to "wade through slaughter to a throne and shut the gates of mercy on mankind." The individual who thinks that he can bring about permanent peace, that it is possible to do away with standing armies is preaching folly—talking utter nonsense. Since the dawn of time man has had to be governed by force, and what is true of the individual is true of the nation, and especially of the nations of to-day, with their immense areas, wealth, and vast heterogeneous population. We do not realize what is happening in the world.

One hundred years ago we were fighting Napoleon; we were also at war with the United States, a country that had then a population less than the city of greater New York has to-day. The United States has now a population of a 100,000,000, an area of 3,000,000 square miles, wealth almost incalculable, the third largest navy in the world, and side by side countries like China with a population of 500,000,000; India with 300,000,000, and Japan with 50,000,000. What these countries may develop within the next hundred years is impossible to foretell. It is of no avail having a magistrate, unless you have a policeman to carry out his orders. A country cannot expect to have her treaties upheld, or her people respected, and her trade protected without an effective and efficient army and navy. It is the national insurance of a country. It was only a mere accident that England a century ago, like the rest of Europe, did not "lie at the proud foot of a conqueror," in the person of Napoleon. It will require our greatest efforts to prevent a like risk in the war in which we are now engaged.

You will find no parallel in fable or legendary lore, to equal the exploits and achievements of Napoleon. If we read of such deeds as he accomplished in a Milton or a Homer, we should regard it as untrustworthy, as a myth. He rose from a simple peasant in an obscure village in Corsica, to be the ruler of France, carried war into Egypt, brought his armies like Hannibal over the Alps, warred against England, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Norway and Sweden, and practically at the same time and in the days when there were no railways and no steamers. He divorced Josephine, and demanded from the Emperor of Austria the hand of his daughter as one of the terms of Austerlitz. He took Pius VII. from Rome and lodged him for two years in a prison in France, invaded Russia with 600,000 men and came back with about 10,000. Escaped from Elba after being there for a hundred days, and with scarcely any preparation went out to Waterloo to face the combined armies of Europe. He set up and pulled down kings with less consideration and compunction than if they were domestic servants. Even those who hate his memory admit that his brain was colossal in the conception of undertakings, for which to carry out he possessed a courage that rarely failed him. He prevailed over every state except England, and England crushed him on the sea and on the land. When he was at the zenith of his power the British fleet swept him from the seas. He only

engaged a British commander twice on the land, at Acre and Waterloo, and was defeated on each occasion. For years he kept Europe in alarm, and it was to the English he finally surrendered himself a prisoner, and died a miserable exile on the rock of St. Helena. And yet from some standpoints he was a great man, a great soldier, a wonderful organizer, and commander of men. There is no comparison between him and the "pinch back" Napoleon—the present German Emperor—who for the past twenty years or more has been masquerading as a great general playing the same role, of satisfying his personal ambition. Although it will be a hundred years next June since he was banished to St. Helena, Napoleon still occupies men's thoughts as much as some of the living rulers of to-day. He was essentially a bad man, in that he never refused himself anything he desired. Untruthful and unfaithful he yet has succeeded in finding defenders of his life and work, to a greater extent than any other man who has ever walked the earth. False and hollow, he still inspired nations with fear and dread, even from his surf-washed rock in the far away Atlantic. The records of his career furnishes the material for a dozen comedies and tragedies. We have him at his Zenith as the President of



MEETING OF WELLINGTON AND BLÜCHER
AFTER THE BATTLE.

the great Dresden Conference of 1812. Within a year he was knocking as a stranger at the Tuilleries at the dead of night, unannounced and unlooked for, having arrived fresh from the horrors of his retreat from Moscow, where he left behind him in the snow to whiten on the Russian steppes and furnish souvenirs for the globe trotting tourist, the bones of half a million of the flower of the French army. I have seen it somewhere that on the eve of the battle of Actium, Mark Anthony received the homage of twenty kings. At the Dresden Conference Napoleon received the fealty of nearly all the princes and kings of Europe, including the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia and Saxony, the King of Italy, representatives of all those who were contributing their quota to the armies to invade Russia to punish the Emperor Nicholas for having the hardihood to be the only European monarch to stand out against his order to close their ports against British shipping.

And yet notwithstanding his monumental mistakes, and blemishes, it is impossible, to contemplate the career of Napoleon without coming under the influence of that fascination, which historians tell us he exercised over all, who came within the sphere of his operations. It is so hard to measure him by contrast with any other human standard. He was everything at the same time. The ruler of a great nation, a soldier, a statesman, a financier, a law maker. He did not war with one nation, but with all nations. As Byron says of him, "He warred with a world which conquered him only when the meteor of conquest allured him too far." He found France prostrated, suffering from the effects of a fratricidal and foul revolution. He made her the mistress of the world; reduced every other country, except England, to the level of a satrap. He would have added much to his name had he died at Waterloo, but in the supreme moment of his life he fumbled it and joined in a rout which, ceasing to be a retreat, became the flight of a pitiful demoralized

rabble. He had thousands of soldiers on the field that day who only wanted encouragement to make a further stand, but he himself ran away, and lost the one chance of showing that he was not a mere actor, but a great soldier and patriot. Millions had laid down their lives at his mere beck and call without understanding why. They had said, as the Roman gladiators of old, "Hail Emperor those who are about to die salute thee." He could have died at Waterloo with those brave men who constituted his guard, and won for himself, as they, imperishable fame; but he chose otherwise, and died in exile a common place, miserable death.

Is it too much to hope that history is about to repeat itself, and that we are shortly to have another Waterloo—a "Berlin," another "place of skulls,"—the grave of Germany? Is it not a case of "nations combating to make one submit?" I think so, I like to read in the following stanzas from the same Canto of Byron—a prophesy of the doom of the disturber of Europe, It would not be in keeping with the fitness of things, that we who struck Napoleon down, should pay homage to the German Emperor:—

"And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo;
How in an hour the power which gave annals
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
In 'pride of place' here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through:
Ambitions life and labours all were vain:
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters;—but is earth more free?
Did nations combat to make *one* submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
The patch'd up idol of enlighten'd days?
Shall we who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye praise.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions; all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord."

But we are warned of the departing day—we have spent the whole morning and afternoon on the battle-field and at the village of Waterloo. We have now to return. We go home a different road, taking in the historic spots of Charleroi, Quatre Bras, Ligny, Namur and Louvain, getting back to Brussels in time for dinner, the whole distance *motore!* being about as far as from St. John's to Cape Broyle and back.

In Memoriam.

OUR FIRST ARCHBISHOP

his Grace Rt. Rev. M. F. Howley,

WHO DIED OCTOBER 15TH, 1914, AGED 71 YEARS.

"FLING out the flag" surcharg'd with grief,
For him whose eyes are clos'd to-night—
The Crosier, Mitre laid aside,
Reposes from the "garish light!"

Our first Archbishop—loving below'd—
His passing—his eternal gain—
Our loss! His friendship—soggarth aroon
We mourn thee with an endless pain!

The "Hills," the sea, the moaning wind—
Each tree neth which his footstep trod—
The silent altar, throne and aisle
Proclaim he's gone to meet his God!

We'll never see the Southside Hills—
We'll never see the "Folk lore fame,"
We'll never read this simple page
Apart from *our* Archbishop's name!

If "simple faith" bore "Norman blood"—
If goodness count where classics fail—
Then dear Archbishop thine the crown
For pride ne'er held thee in its trail!

A child could see thee in its tears—
A beggar reach thee in his grief—
A sinner—wile the "Right Divine"
Was thine to heal and give relief.

The Bells have toll'd a requiem sad—
Fond hearts have sobb'd above his Bier—
He sleepeth in a simple grave
Where those who love him breathe a prayer!

E. C.



J. G. HIGGINS.

She and I.

By J. G. Higgins.

WHEN first we met she stood amidst
A crowd of worshippers,
And I beheld with ravished gaze
The beauty that was hers:
The laughing eyes, the dimpled cheeks,
The lips as red as wine,
The wavy locks—oh how I wished
That she was only mine!

Breathless I kissed those ruby lips!
There was a sudden hush!
Oh no! Not one was there amazed,
She did not even blush!
Her lovely eyes looked into mine
As if to ask for more!
Why not? For I was twenty-one
And she was only four!



The Damnation of Germany.



By Dr. Arthur Selwyn-Brown.



A. SELWYN-BROWN, M.A., PH.D., LL.D.

THE great war which is now progressing in Europe will undoubtedly result in the destruction of the German Empire. The Allies have a nobler duty to perform than the mere stopping of the predatory attacks of the Germanic hordes in Belgium, Russia and France. They must heed the cries of the whole civilized world and prevent

all possible future outbreaks of the German barbarians against the world's peace. And the Allies will do this. All of them have sworn not to stop fighting until Prussian militarism is completely and finally crushed. That can only be done by dismembering the Empire of Germany. All the colonies will be taken away. All the sea coast of Germany will be absorbed by the neighbouring countries, Poland, Denmark and Holland, while the internal countries will be divided into three small kingdoms. This is the only way to effectively prevent the Germans from concentrating their thoughts, energies and wealth upon another aggressive war as they did in the past forty years.

The Germanic people have been disturbers of the peace from the earliest times. Just as Julius Caesar described them over two thousand years ago, we find them savage barbarians to-day. The ages have not improved them. No modern civilized people could be guilty of the awful savagery exhibited by the German soldiers in Belgium and France. Never before have invading hordes been guilty of worse crimes than those now daily practiced on a large and systematic scale by the bloodthirsty followers of the Emperor William: never before did Europe witness such atrocities as those now perpetrated by the German armies which, in many cases, sullenly begrudge to leave their mutilated victims even hands to eat with, tongues to pray with, and eyes to weep with.

The whole world stands aghast at the fiendish and revolting German crimes against humanity, and the callous manner in which the German Government and public men have elevated such infernal barbarism to a cynical national dogma. The President of France in his decrees of November 19th, striking all German names from the roll of the Legion of Honor, voiced sentiments accepted the world over when he said: "We remain true to our ideals of humanity and liberty, but the Germans have conducted the war in a manner which systematically violated all the rules of international law and have practiced acts of cruelty and barbarism without precedent in the history of humanity—acts which have incited against Germany the universal conscience."

We may search the pages of history in vain for such a terrible arraignment of a nation. This French decree is a unique historical document which will never be forgotten by the German people. No one of German descent will again be able to walk this world of ours with head erect. The sins of the Germans of to-day must be carried by them like grim Chimeras—and their weight will make them droop their heads. They will be hereafter scorned by the people of the nations almost as outlaws from the pale of civilization.

One of the saddest features of this damnation of the German people is that their fearful misdeeds have been done in the name of religion. The Kaiser has on many occasions proclaimed that he is the vice-regent of God. All the foreigners who have corrupted German thought—Clausewitz, Nietzsche, Chamberlain and Bernhardi—ignored the biblical admonition: "God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble." Pity and sympathy are the keystones of christianity. Throughout the

Bible, humility, charity and pity are extolled. But Clausewitz preaches differently. He taught his willing pupils that: "War belongs not to the province of the arts and sciences but to the province of social life. It is a conflict of great interests which is settled by bloodshed, and only in that respect is it different from others. It would be better, instead of comparing it with any art, to liken it to trade, which is also a conflict of human interests and activities; and it is still more like state policy, which again on its part, may be looked upon as a kind of trade on a great scale. Besides state policy is the womb in which war is developed, its outline being hidden in a rudimentary state like the qualities of living creatures in their germs. . . .

War is a wonderful trinity, composed of the original violence of its elements—hatred and animosity—which may be looked upon as blind instinct; of the play of probabilities and chance, which make it a free activity of the soul; and of the subordinate nature of a political instrument by which it belongs purely to the reason. The first of these three phases concerns more the people; the second, more the general and his army; the third, more the Government. The passions which break forth in war must already have a latent existence in the people. There are three principal objects in carrying on war: (1) To conquer and destroy the enemy's armed force; (2) To get possession of the material elements of aggression and of the other sources of existence of the hostile people; (3) To gain public opinion." These are strange precepts to train a dull-witted nation on.

The conduct of the present war shows how well Clausewitz's teachings have been learned by the German people who, apparently, have taken to heart Clausewitz's aphorism: "War is an act of violence which in its application knows no bounds."

No people could long harbour such perverse views and live peacefully with their fellow men. It is, therefore, not surprising that a keen observer like Hilaire Belloc, writing about the Germans before the war had to say: "Prussia is atheistic. Her atheism has profoundly penetrated the private morals of her people. It has not only penetrated, it has permeated the minds of her rulers."

Nietzsche with his anti-christian doctrine of the super-man had a wonderful influence in perverting the German mind. He prepared it for Bismark's startling theory of the virile man. Bismark taught that: "The Germanic race is, so to speak, the male principle throughout Europe, the fruitifying principle. The Celtic and Slav peoples represent the female principle."

Chamberlain developed this theory and said: "The German in the narrower Tacitean sense, has kept himself so pre-eminent among his kinsmen intellectually, morally and physically, that we are justified in applying his name to the whole family, of Celts and Slavs. The German is the soul of our culture. The Europe of to-day spread over the globe exhibits the brilliant result of an infinitely varied ramification. What binds us into one is the Germanic blood. Only Germans sit on European thrones. What has happened is only *prolegomena*. True history begins from the moment when the German with mighty hand seizes the inheritance of antiquity."

The ground so well prepared by the multifarious writings on war by Clausewitz, by the philosophy of Nietzsche, the speeches of Bismark and the writings of Chamberlain, Von der Goltz, and Von Bulow, was well fertilized by the writings of Baron Bernhardi and the speeches of the Emperor William.

Bernhardi taught that "Nations stand, like the Hercules of the legend, at the parting of the ways. They can choose the road to progress or to decadence. A favorite position in the world will only become effective in the life of nations by the conscious human endeavour to gain it. That social system in



which the most efficient personalities possess the greatest influence will show the greatest vitality in the intra social struggle. In the extrasocial struggle, in war, that nation will conquer which can throw into the scale the greatest physical, mental, moral, material and political power and is therefore, the best able to defend itself. War will furnish such a nation with favorable vital conditions, enlarged possibilities of expansion and widened influence."

That is what the Germans have been long striving for—sufficient material power to strike down the two great civilized nations France and England and seize their wealth and power as their Hunnish ancestors did in early times. For forty years they prepared for the paesent conflict and when they believed they were powerful enough to "flack their way through to Paris by mere weight of men," they started to sack France with such preparations that a neutral spectator, an American writer, was compelled to declare:

"The chorus of admiring comment that has gone up over the completeness of the Kaiser's preparations for the present struggle in Europe has signally failed to emphasize the broad meaning of it all. To anyone who stops to think about the technical side of such things in the same way that one thinks about building a railroad the German mobilization has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt: first, the dominance of the war party in that country; second, their long-framed plans to strike for the mastery of Europe. It is obvious that all the resources of Germany—men, money, and wealth of every sort—have been prepared and put utterly at the disposal of the military authorities. History shows no other case of a nation so entirely enlisted and massed for war. The detailed completeness of it is absolute. We read of gigantic stocks of new shoes, new clothes, countless aeroplanes, mobilization posters printed two years ago, gigantic siege guns of novel construction, and so on without end. And all these technical details point to one sole purpose: aggressive war. The autocrats of Berlin summoned their countrymen, not to defend Germany, but to crush France through Belgium. It was a scheme of such destructive arrogance that no diplomatic arrangements were possible. The foreign office was unable to keep up with the general staff, and failed either to get Italy into the war or to keep England out. But the struggle had to go forward nevertheless. To say that it was caused by this or that incident is precisely saying that the Panama canal was built because the foremen blew the starting whistle. The tragic side of it is that this exhibition of military tyranny is applauded by the German people as a whole. They are willing and eager to take the chance of empire. They believe that a nation which has not yet developed constitutional government is fitted to rule all Europe; that the other races of civilized mankind are to be subjected to the 'culture' that has no toleration for the Poles of Posen or the French of Alsace."

The Kaiser was an important instrument in the corrupting of the German national mind. Like the other leading conspirators, he is not a pure German. He is partly of English descent and a pronounced atheist. Openly since the war has been in progress, he asked his troops to pray for victory, not to the God of Love and Peace and Charity, but to the old German war God—the God of their rude ancestors. The Kaiser's speeches to the German troops have greatly stimulated their natural blood-lust. His address on the eve of the Boxer trouble in 1900 is notorious for its infamy. He said to the troops: "When you meet your foe you will defeat him. No quarter will be given, no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Just as the Huns, a thousand years ago, under the leadership of Attila gained a reputation in fierceness of which they still live in historical tradition, so may the name of Germany become known."

On other occasions the Kaiser said: (1) The German people are the salt of the earth. (2) It may happen, men, that you may have to fire on your parents and brothers. Prove your fidelity then by your sacrifice. (3) May the Germans in time come by the unified co-operation of princes and peoples, of their armies and citizens, become as powerful, and as firmly united, as wonderful as the universal Roman Empire, so that one day it may be possible to say, as formerly, *Civis Romanus Sum*, i.e., I am a German citizen. (4) To us Germans great ideals have become permanent possessions, whereas to other peoples they have been, more or less, lost. (5) Far stretches our speech over the ocean, far the flight of our science and exploration; no work in the domain of new discovery, no scientific idea but is first tested by us and then adopted by other nations. This is the world-rule the German spirit strives for. (6) Our German people will be the granite block on which the good God may complete his work of civilizing the world. Then will be realized the word of the poet who said that the world will one day be

cured by the German character. (7) I have no fear for the future. I am convinced that my plan will succeed. I have within me the indomitable purpose to walk with a firm step, in despite of every resistance, in the path that I have once recognized to be the right one. (8) Nothing must be settled in this world without the intervention of Germany and the German Emperor. (9) Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, as German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. In His weapon, His sword and His vice-regent. Woe to the disobedient! Death to the coward and unbeliever!

For forty years the leaders of the German people have taught destructive doctrines to the Germans who have always been noted for their dulness and proneness to accept extraordinary cynical teachings. In recent years the leading German scientists have contributed to the poisoning of the national beliefs by prostituting science, and Sir E. Ray Lankester, the leading living English biologist, was compelled to protest as follows: "The Germans are a dull-witted, ignorant, sentimental race who have, by the childish impermanences of Bernhardt, Treitschke and the Emperor William, been hypnotised into the belief that 'war is the greatest good,' and that the mere desire for wealth justifies unlimited slaughter and torture of mankind, calculated treachery, and meanest falsehood. By audacious and none-the-less stupid misrepresentation the Darwinian theory of the survival of the favored races by natural selection in the struggle for existence, the sanction of science has been mendaciously claimed for the religion of murder."

Let us remember the words of Pasteur, spoken in 1888:

"Two opposing laws seem to me to be now in contest. The one a law of blood and death, opening out each day new modes of destruction, forces the nations to be always ready for battle. The other a law of peace, work and health, whose only aim is to deliver man from the calamities which beset him. The one needs violent conquests; the other the relief of mankind. The one places a single life above all victories; the other sacrifices hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single individual. The law of which we (men of science) are the instruments strives, even through the carnage, to cure the wounds due to the law of war. Treatment by our antiseptic methods may preserve the lives of thousands of soldiers. Which of these two laws will prevail, God only knows. But of this we may be sure, that science will obey the law of humanness, and will always labor to enlarge the frontiers of life."

This war will show which is the correct law and it is pleasant to know the British people will play an important part in the decision. The fruit of the national poisons fed so persistently to the German people from the throne, pulpit, press and schools for many years is now ripening in Belgium, France and Russia. It may be seen in Louvain, Rheims, Antwerp and hundreds of other towns and cities. There are many plants in tropical countries which bear very poisonous fruits and then die down. So it will be with the fruit of German "Kultur." The Nietzschean philosophy, now being put into practice, will surely lead to the dismemberment of the German Empire and we will find that, instead of the impious Emperor being, as he insolently pretends, the vice-regent of God, he will be known to posterity as a Wanton Scourge, and hereafter, like the Jews who were long ago doomed to wander the earth with downcast heads, despised by all peoples for their wickedness and untrustworthiness, the Germans of the future will feel the universal resentment and scorn of the civilized world.

While we are witnessing the dissolution of the German Empire and the expulsion of the Hohenzollerns, we may recall the prophetic words in the Persae of Aeschylus:

"His hordes came, and without shame, to desecrate
The churches of God and born them down;
They hauled the altars over, the sanctuaries,
They hacked and hewed and razed them overthrow.
So for ill deeds they suffer ill and worse
Shall surely be. Here is the base of woe,
Not yet the structure. He has lost to learn
Those silent heaps of dead abide to show
Children of children's children that a man
Should have no thoughts that are too high for men.
Always presumption blossoms on the fruit
Is doom, and all the harvest only tears.
For God, be sure, exacts a strict account,
And smites with heavy hand the overproud."

The doom of German presumption has been sounded, and who can doubt that the punishment the Germans are now receiving from the allied armies is but the *prolegomena* to worse national ills when the German people have learnt that *might* is not always *right* and predatory war, with its harvests of tears, is not an encouraging and profitable national idea?



PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency SIR WALTER E. DAVIDSON,
Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.
 W. E. DAVIDSON,
 Governor,
 [L.S.]

WHEREAS, by my Proclamation of date the Fifth day of August last, the Seventh day of August last, and the Twenty-fifth day of September last, I did specify the articles which it was my intention, under and by virtue of the authorities therein referred to, to treat as Contraband of War.

And whereas I now deem it desirable to publish a complete list of articles to be treated as Contraband of War, as aforesaid, during the present War.

Now therefore, I do hereby declare, by and with the advice of my Council, that during the continuance of the War, or until I do give further public notice, the articles enumerated in the Schedules hereto will, notwithstanding anything contained in Article 78 of the Declaration of London, be treated as Contraband.

SCHEDULE I.

Absolute Contraband.

Arms of all kinds including Arms for Sporting purposes, and their distinctive component parts;

Projectiles, charges and cartridges of all kinds, and their distinctive component parts;

Powder and explosives specially prepared for use in War;

Sulphuric Acid;

Gun-mountings, limber boxes, limbers, military wagons, field forges and their distinctive component parts;

Range finders, and their distinctive component parts;

Clothing and equipment of a distinctively military character;

Saddle, draught and pack animals, suitable for use in War;

All kinds of Harness of a distinctively military character;

Articles of camp equipment, and their distinctive component parts;

Armour plates;

Haematite Iron Ore and Haematite Pig Iron;

Iron Pyrites;

Nickle Ore and Nickel;

Ferrochrome and Chrome Ore;

Copper, unwrought;

Lead, pig, sheet or pipe;

Aluminium;

Ferrosilica;

Barbed wire, and implements for fixing and cutting the same;

Warships, including boats, and their distinctive component parts of such a nature that it can only be used on a vessel of War.

Aeroplanes, airships, balloons and aircraft of all kinds and their component parts together with accessories and articles recognizable as intended for use in connection with balloons and aircraft;

Motor vehicles of all kinds and their component parts;

Motor tyres: rubber;

Mineral oils and Motor spirits, except lubricating oils;

Implements and apparatus designed exclusively for the manufacture of munitions of War, for the manufacture of or repair of arms or war material for use on land and sea.

SCHEDULE II.

Conditional Contraband.

Foodstuffs (excepting fish);

Forage and feeding-stuffs for animals;

Clothing, fabrics for clothing, and boots and shoes suitable for use in war;

Gold and silver, in coin or bullion, Paper money;

Vehicles of all kinds, other than motor vehicles, available for use in war, and their component parts;

Vessels, craft and boats of all kinds; floating docks, parts of docks, and their component parts;

Railway materials, both fixed and rolling stock, and materials for telegraphs, wireless telegraphs, and telephones;

Fuel, other than mineral oils; Lubricants;

Powder and explosives not specially prepared for use in War;

Sulphur;

Glycerine;

Horse-shoes and horse-shoeing materials;

Harness and saddlery;

Hides of all kinds, dry or wet, pig skins, raw or dressed; leather, dressed or undressed, suitable for saddlery, harness or military boots;

Field-glasses, telescopes, chronometers, and all kinds of nautical instruments.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, this 17th day of November, A.D. 1914.

By His Excellency's Command,

JOHN R. BENNETT,

Colonial Secretary.

The International Grenfell Association.

King George the Fifth Seamen's Institute.

St. John's, - - - Newfoundland.

Patron:—His Majesty The King.

Men's Bedrooms can be booked at all hours; night porter in attendance. Single rooms 20 cts., and double rooms 35 cts. per night, including shower bath.

Meals are served in Restaurant at moderate prices.

Billiards, Pool, Bowling Alley and Swimming Pool.

Library of 2,000 well selected books.

Reading Rooms, and Writing Tables provided with stationery without charge.

Lectures and Entertainments in the Grenfell Hall.

Girls' Department, separate entrance, in charge of a matron and controlled by a Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, \$3.00 board and lodging per week; baths free.

The Late Commander Harvey, R.N.

ONE of the most remarkable aspects of the present war in Europe is the attention that is being given to the British soldiers and sailors. All the comment of the foreign press, except the German, eulogises the pride of race, gallantry and pluck of the British forces. Even the German official reports of the land and sea fighting bear testimony to the fighting skill and pluck of the English. The men are always alert, and absolutely and under all circumstances devoid of fear. Where duty calls them, the English forces will be found prepared to fight until the last. This glorious character is shared by the whole British race and it is shown by many gallant feats on sea and land that Newfoundlanders are as brave as any other sons of the Empire. The late Lieut-Commander

Harvey, R.N., of H.M.S. *Cressy*, which was destroyed in the North Sea by a German submarine, gave a splendid example of

"Your ashes o'er the North Sea's waves were scattered
But hold a fire more hot than flesh of ours;
The stainless flag, that flutters, frayed and-tattered,
Shall wave, and wave, like Spring's immortal flowers.
You die, but in your death life grows intenser;
You shall not know the shame of growing old;
In endless joy you wave the holy censer,
And blow the trumpet, tho' your lips are cold.
Life is to us a mist of intimations;
Death is a flood that shows us where we trod;
You, following nobly for the righteous nations,
Reveal the unknown, the unhop'd for, face of God.
After long toil your labours shall not perish;
Through grateful generations yet to come,
Your ardent gesture, dying, love shall cherish,
As like a beacon you shall guide us home."

Lieut-Commander Bernard Matheson Harvey, R.N. was born at "Omrac," St. John's, Nfld., on the 4th July, 1882, and was the youngest son, but one, of the late Hon. A. W. Harvey and brother of the Hon. John Harvey of St. John's. His youth was spent in Newfoundland. Being fond of out-door sports and having an affable disposition, he was popular with his school-mates and acquaintances. There is a tradition in Europe that England's naval and military heroes are developed on English playing fields. Commander Harvey's career appears to indicate that the play-fields of Newfoundland can also develop heroes. The present war promises to plainly show that. Young Bernard Harvey attended Bishop Feild College, where he was prepared for H.M.S. *Britannia* by Dr. Lloyd. He passed direct into the *Britannia* in 1896, and obtained his Naval Cadetship in 1898. He served in H.M.S. *Flora* in South American waters. Then he became Sub-Lieutenant in H.M.S. *Charybdis* during her Commission in Newfoundland under Commodore Montgomery. He was promoted in 1903 to Lieutenant and Commanded the destroyer *Foyle* in 1910. The same year he married Miss Wood, daughter of Sir Josiah Wood, Governor of New Brunswick. He lost the sight of one eye in 1911 in an accident but, notwithstanding that this handicap was likely to affect promotion, he determined to hold to his profession. In 1912 he was appointed to H.M.S. *Cressy* with rank of Lieut-Commander.

The *Cressy*, a cruiser of 12,000 tons, sailed from Chatham, England, under sealed orders, fully manned on August 5th 1914, immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities. Lieut-Commander Harvey was second in command of her as well as filling the offices of censor, signal officer and wireless officer. Unceasing vigilance was observed on board. From dusk till dawn no light showed outside the ship, the decks being kept in absolute darkness. Every gun and all searchlights were kept ready to turn on Torpedo craft. Machine guns and rifles always prepared for use at a moment's notice, the former more especially for Torpedo and aerial craft, and the smaller guns for Submarines. Under date of September 7th, in one of his last letters home he wrote: "We don't expect in this ship to get into the final mighty battle, but we shan't be very far behind and we expect to get some scrapping in somewhere." On the morning of the 22nd September the three cruisers *Aboukir*, *Hogue*, and *Cressy* being together, the first named was observed by her sister ships to have received a blow either from a mine or torpedo. It was thought to be a mine; but as the *Hogue* was seen to have been struck almost immediately afterwards, the *Cressy* recognised the presence of submarines. Her boats were sent off to rescue the *Aboukir's* crew. The submarine was seen and fired at by the *Cressy* and thought to have been hit; but two torpedoes struck the *Cressy*, and she did not last long. All that is known definitely about Lieut-Commander Harvey is that he was on deck when the *Aboukir* was struck and immediately took charge of the work of getting the *Cressy's* boats away. He stripped with the other officers and men as the ship went down. The chief gunner, who was rescued, saw him two and half hours afterwards lose consciousness and sink beneath the waves. Thus perished a brave British sailor and a noble Newfoundland doing duty for his country in a splendid cause.



THE LATE LIEUT-COMMANDER BERNARD M. HARVEY, R.N.

the way a Newfoundlander can meet death. There was a larger loss of life on the *Cressy* than on her sister ships. This was due to the self sacrifice of the *Cressy's* men. Lieut-Com. Harvey was authorised by the Captain to get the boats away to rescue the crews of the other ships, and he personally supervised this work. When the *Cressy* was herself struck, her boats were all away. Lieut-Com. Harvey remained at his post until his ship sank. When precipitated into the water he helped to cheer those about him, until his strength failed and he sank to a sailor's grave, in company with many other gallant British gentlemen who will be long remembered as having done their duty for England and manfully died at their posts. Well may the poet say to them:

Compliments

Of the

Season



Xmas

1914

We Extend to Our Numerous Customers
Our Heartiest Wishes for a

**Right Merry Xmas
and a Happy New Year.**

Our preparations for Xmas, in spite of the troublesome times, are as elaborate as ever. Huge Stocks of Beautiful Xmas Supplies are making their appearance in all departments.

Toys, Dolls, Leather Goods, Purses, Bags, Dressing Cases, Manicure Sets, Albums, Collar Boxes, Gloves, Furs, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Pouches, Silverware, Cut Glass, Furniture and Gramophones.

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PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency SIR WALTER E. DAVIDSON,
Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.

W. E. DAVIDSON,
Governor,
[L.S.]

WHEREAS by the 255th Section of "Customs Act, 1898," it is enacted that the Governor in Council may prohibit the exportation or carriage coastwise of the following goods:—

Arms, ammunition and gunpowder, military and naval stores and any articles which he, by and with the advice aforesaid, deems capable of being converted into or made useful in increasing the quantity of military or naval stores, or for purposes of hostility, or destruction in War, provisions, or any sort of victual which may be used as food for man:

And whereas I, by and with the advice of my Council, deem it expedient and necessary that I should exercise such power of prohibition in manner hereinafter appearing:

Now I, by and with the advice aforesaid, do hereby, from and after the date hereof, prohibit the exportation, except to British ports, of Rubber Graphite, suitable for the manufacture of crucibles.

And further I, by and with the advice aforesaid, do hereby, from and after the date hereof, prohibit the exportation to all Foreign ports in Europe and on the Mediterranean and Black Sea, with the exception of those of France, Russia (except the Baltic ports) Spain and Portugal, of the following articles:—

Food stuffs (excepting fish), for men, and feeding stuffs for animals, and all raw materials for the same;

Gold and silver, in coin and bullion, paper money;

Accessories and articles recognizable as intended for use with balloons and flying machines;

Motors of all kinds;

Motor Tyres;

Wollen Sheep Skins.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, Saint John's, this 17th day of November, A.D., 1914.

By His Excellency's Command,

JOHN R. BENNETT,

Colonial Secretary.



First Newfoundland Regiment.

CALL FOR RECRUITS.

Your King and Country Need You!

Will You Answer Your Country's Call?

At this very moment the Empire is engaged in the greatest War in the history of the world. In this crisis your Country calls on her young men to rally round Her Flag and enlist in the ranks of Her Army.

If every patriotic young man answers Her Call Great Britain and the Empire will emerge stronger and more united than ever.

Newfoundland has already equipped and sent to the front her First Contingent, 540 strong. But we must not stop at this. Further drafts are urgently needed to reinforce our numbers on the battle line, and must be sent forward at the earliest possible moment.

Suitable Recruits between the ages of 19 and 36 will be accepted and trained in drill and shooting so as to fit them for military service. They will then be formed into regular Companies of the Regiment, and will be given the option of volunteering for service abroad, if required, on the same terms and conditions as the men of the First Contingent. Pay will commence when the men are actually enrolled for service abroad.

Recruiting Offices will be opened in St. John's and the offices of the different Magistrates, and at the other suitable places in the Colony, (as to Recruiting in case of doubt write to the Recruiting Officer, St. John's). Where not less than fifty men offer for enlistment at any recruiting centre a drill instructor will, if possible, be sent to the District to train them.

Men of the Ancient and Loyal Colony, Show Your Loyalty NOW.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

A FEW HINTS Regarding Fire Danger

- DON'T use coal or gas **Stoves** or **Heaters** unless **securely set on stone, concrete or metal**; all woodwork near stoves or pipes must be well protected. **Gas Stoves** on metal-clad wood or with flexible pipes are objectionable.
- DON'T put **Ashes** in wooden boxes or barrels; use only metal ash cans.
- DON'T have **Steam-pipes** in contact with woodwork or near inflammable materials, and don't permit **rubbish** to accumulate behind radiators or steam coils.
- DON'T hang clothes or drapery near open **Fires** or **Stoves**, or on **Steam-pipes** or **Steam-pipes**.
- DON'T permit loose-jointed **Gas Brackets**, which can be swung against woodwork or curtains, or **Gas Brackets** without wire screens or globes if **inflammable** materials are near.
- DON'T destroy the insulation on flexible **electric light** or **fan** cords by hanging them on hooks or nails.
- DON'T fail to keep **Lamps** filled and wicks trimmed; with the oil low, **explosive gas** may be generated; but in no case fill the lamps after dark.
- DON'T permit **Benizine, Gasoline** or **Explosives** on your premises unless used from approved safety cans.
- DON'T throw **oily waste** or **rags** on the floor; keep them in approved self-closing cans during the day and at night remove from the building—they are **self-igniting**.
- DON'T mix **greasy** or **oily rags** with papers or with clean clippings, or keep more clippings in your place (even if clean and in bales), than is unavoidable.
- DON'T use sawdust on floors or in spittoons, or to catch **oil drippings** from machines or gearing. Sand is safe.
- DON'T keep **Matches** loose in paper boxes, but only in metal or earthen safes. Those lighting on the box are safest.
- DON'T throw away **lighted** cigars, cigarettes, or matches.
- DON'T permit your employees to **Smoke**. Don't permit anyone to **Smoke in a Garage**; or if combustible materials are kept on the premises.
- DON'T store gasoline in a **Garage** or fill cars from open vessels.
- DON'T fail to have fire-pails filled, distributed and placed in conformity to Rules of local **Boards of Fire Underwriters**.
- DON'T fail to **test** periodically your home and fire appliances.
- DON'T permit **Stairs** or **Hallways** to be blocked up or used for storage, or permit **packing materials** and **rubbish** to accumulate and remain on your premises; **packing materials** must be kept in approved metal-lined bins.
- DON'T fail to close at night all doors and traps to **Elevators, Hoistways, Stairs** and **Communications**, as well as **Iron Shutters**.
- DON'T forget that **Neglect** and **Carelessness** are the cause of more **fires** than all other things.

And above all things keep your **Matches** where children cannot get at them.

JOHN SULLIVAN,

Inspector General of Constabulary,
and Chief of Fire Department.

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Published by Authority.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to direct that the following Order of His Majesty the King in Council, No. 2, 1914, passed on the 29th day of October last, repealing the Order in Council of date the 20th day of August last, with respect to the Declaration of London, shall come into effect as from the date thereof.

JOHN R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.

Department of the Colonial Secretary,
November 17th, 1914.

1. During the present hostilities the provisions of the Declaration of London shall, subject to the exclusion of the list of contraband and non-contraband and to the modifications hereinafter set out, be adopted and put in force by His Majesty's Government. The modifications are as follows:—

- (1) A neutral vessel, with papers indicating a neutral destination, which, notwithstanding the destination shown on the papers, proceeds to an enemy port, shall be liable to capture and condemnation if she is encountered before the end of her next voyage.
- (2) The destination referred to in Article 35 of the said Declaration shall (in addition to the presumptions laid down in Article 34) be presumed to exist if the goods are consigned to or for an Agent of the enemy State.
- (3) Notwithstanding the provisions of Article 35 of the said Declaration, conditional contraband shall be liable to capture on board a vessel bound for a neutral port if the goods are consigned "to order," or if the ship's papers do not show who is the consignee of the goods, or if they show a consignee of the goods in territory belonging to or occupied by the enemy.
- (4) In the cases covered by the preceding paragraph three, it shall be upon the owners of the goods to provide that their destination was innocent.

2. Where it is shown to the satisfaction of one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State that the enemy government is drawing supplies for its armed forces from or through a neutral country, he may direct that in respect of ships bound for a port in that country, Article 35 of the said declaration shall not apply. Such direction shall be notified in the *LONDON GAZETTE*, and shall operate until the same is withdrawn. So long as such direction is in force, a vessel which is carrying conditional contraband to a port in that country shall not be immune from capture.

Bowring Brothers, Limited, Coastal Service.

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S.S. "PROSPERO," NORTHERN ROUTE,

Call at the following places:—Bay-de-Verde, Old Perlican, Trinity, Catalina, Bonavista, Salvage, King's Cove, Greenspond, Pool's Island, Wesleyville, Seldom-Come-By, Fogo, Change Islands, Herring Neck, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbor, Exploits, Fortune Harbor, Leading Tickle, Pilley's Island, Little Bay Island, Little Bay, Nipper's Harbor, Tilt Cove, LaScie, Pacquet, Baie Verte, Coachman's Cove, Seal Cove, Bear Cove, Western Cove, Jackson's Arm, Englee, Conche, St. Julien, St. Anthony, Griguet, Quirpon and Battle Harbor.

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The "Potomac's" Trip to the Ice.

By O. C. Gould, Bay of Islands.

SOMEHOW it seems to a visitor that Newfoundland is in the very centre of the world of unusual maritime events. It may be only a question of perspective, combined with the colony's sentinel-like station beside the trans-Atlantic pathway; but there has been a remarkably interesting series of disasters and adventures in the waters hereabouts. When some of these incidents were first related to me, I little thought to ever be a party to any adventure of the sea,—least of all one including with the perils of the deep the fascination and uncertainty of the ice-fields. However my turn came: and the experience of the United States str. *Potomac* may well be sketched to take its place in Newfoundland history.

The commander of the *Potomac*, one of the largest and most powerful tugs in the American Navy, ordered

case of accident later (a task given to the steam trawler *Wren*)

The party sent to the *Potomac* was divided into two groups under separate leaders.—one for shore and the other for boat duty. One group arrived at and boarded the steamer when she blew inshore to Port Saunders bight after spending the first half of March far out at sea in the Gulf. This group had hardly gotten aboard when the tug blew off into the Gulf again. The other group reached her in Bay St. John's, during the next week, with emergency pumps and supplies. Both groups did excellent work during the month and a half after their advent while awaiting the arrival of the coal. The time was utilized in bunkering the *Potomac* with wood (by dog-teams from distances so great as 20 miles), in thawing the vessel out inside, and in collecting an emergency supply of coal at Port au Choix as a reserve in case of misfortune to the schr. *Bessie Jennex* and her precious cargo. In this work the services of Mr. G. W. Wilton, of Bonne Bay, were indispensable. He knew everyone along the coast, from French Shore times when he had endeavored to operate lobster factories in St. John's Bay. Much praise must be given to the Canadian light house keeper at Ferrolle Point (Mr. Damase Beaudoin) whose komatik and dogs frequently arrived from the shore and who, in every storm, kept the safety of our party uppermost in his mind. Knowing his thoughts, there was a restful assurance after May 1st in the steady wink-wink-wink-pause of his powerful bacon through the nights.

It will be readily understood that at the beginning of March the task of obtaining a steamer to proceed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence was not easy. Most of the ice-breakers were reserved for the seal fishery and despite tempting offers—in case larger than the subsequent trip of seals—none could be secured. Further, owners were not anxious to risk crafts in the Gulf when insurance was refused. However, early in March the s.s. *Wren* was chartered, leaving Halifax later that month to join the expedition.

She was ordered on April 28th to proceed from Port aux Basques to Bonne Bay. The manner in which she crept "down" the shore inside of the ice to Bonne Bay was remarkable, as well as her run, also inside the ice, from Bonne Bay (then still frozen) to Port au Choix (open). More than once, I am told, there was little hope of escape but each time the doughty crew of the craft brought her through safely. Many who had "been to the ice" predicted that the *Wren* would surely be lost or seriously damaged, so it was a satisfaction when the task was done to know that she was still whole and sound.

While the opportunity did not present itself that would render the service of the *Wren* invaluable, it was always possible and not unlikely. For this reason, the presence of the *Wren* was a considerable assurance.

By the twentieth of March, the old schr. *Bessie Jennex*, veteran of a number of trips to the ice for seals, was fitted, sheathed and loaded. Her cargo was coal and sufficient supplies to serve all three branches of the expedition. Because of her valuable cargo, I elected to go in her myself. A large enough crew was



THE UNITED STATES STR. "POTOMAC" IN THE ICE OFF ST. JOHN'S BAY, ON MAY 22ND.

her crew to leave her and proceed to shore while the vessel lay, on February 14th, 1914, about four miles off the mouth of Bonne Bay. As the crew left the vessel a southeast gale was threatening, soon after the arrival of the crew on shore the *Potomac*, in a blizzardy blanket, had been borne into the uncertainty of the Gulf with no human hand to guide her.

Now, I had a "hunch" (to use American slang) that the *Potomac* was not destined to be lost, to which I gave implicit belief. Upon my arrival at Bonne Bay, I reported to my Department that the vessel probably could be saved,—a view in which at the time I found no local agreement,—and within ten days, based upon my report and quite unexpectedly, I was assigned the whole problem of bringing her safely from the ice.

Almost at once the plan was evolved. It is needless to review for Newfoundland readers the various possible contingencies for which proper foresight had to make provision. In general, the expedition fell into three divisions: (1st) the employment of crews to board and look after the *Potomac*; (2nd) the carrying of a cargo of coal to refill the nearly empty bunkers of the tug (done by means of the schr. *Bessie Jennex*); and (3rd) the provision of a powered vessel to render assistance if the *Potomac's* engines should be found disabled by frost or in



MEN ON THE "RAMS" OF THE SCHR. "BESSIE JENNEX" FORCING A WAY THROUGH THE ICE.



Published by Authority.

Under the provisions of "The Stamp Acts, 1898-1914," the following Rules and Regulations, respecting Stamp Duties, in substitution for those of date September 15th, 1914, have been approved by His Excellency the Governor in Council.

JOHN R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.

Department of the Colonial Secretary,
October 6th, 1914.

1.—Every instrument shall be stamped on its face, when possible.

2.—Cancellation of Stamps shall be made by the person cancelling, writing, printing or perforating his name or initials with date across Stamp.

3.—Bills of Exchange, Cheques, Promissory Notes, Bills of Lading, Shipping Receipts and Charter Parties, shall be stamped and the Stamps thereon cancelled as follows:—

(a) Bills of Exchange, Cheques, and Promissory Notes drawn or made in the Colony by the person signing the same; provided that in the case of a cheque on a Banker, the Banker to whom it is presented may, if it is unstamped, stamp the same and cancel the stamp.

(b) Bills of Exchange, Cheques and Promissory Notes drawn or made outside the Colony by the person in the Colony into whose hands any such bill, cheque or note shall come unstamped before he in any manner negotiates or pays the same.

(c) Bills of Lading executed outside the Colony by the consignee in the Colony into whose hands any such Bill of Lading may come before he in any manner negotiates the same.

(d) Bills of Lading executed in the Colony by the shipper. Provided that if any Bill of Lading is presented to any person or Company for signature unstamped, such person or Company may stamp the same and cancel the stamp.

(e) Shipping Receipts by the shipper. Provided that if any Shipping Receipt is presented to any person or Company for signature unstamped, such person or Company may stamp the same and cancel the stamp.

(f) Charter Parties by the person in the Colony last executing the same.

(g) Charter Parties executed wholly outside the Colony by the person in the Colony into whose hands any such Charter Party comes unstamped before he in any manner uses or takes any action upon such Charter Party.

4. The person upon whom the obligation to stamp and cancel any instrument is imposed by these Rules shall be deemed to be a person issuing an instrument, and, if he fails to stamp such instrument with its proper stamp, or to cancel such stamp, he shall be liable to the penalties imposed by Section 22 of the Act 61 Victoria, Cap. 14, entitled "An Act respecting the Payment of Certain Fees and Charges by Stamps."

5. Any Rules and Regulations which may have been heretofore made under the provisions of "The Stamp Acts, 1898-1914," are hereby rescinded.

NOTE:—Copies of "The Stamp Act" and of the foregoing Rules and Regulations may be obtained from the Banks, the Stipendiary Magistrates, the Departments of Justice, Finance and Customs, or the Colonial Secretary.

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In Stock:

English and American Silk Blouses,
Underwear and Novelties.



Notice to Mariners!

NEWFOUNDLAND.—(No. 11, 1914.)

IRON ISLAND,

Off Eastern Entrance to Burin Harbour, Placentia Bay.
Re-Establishment of Light.

Latitude 47° 02' 40" North.
Longitude 55° 06' 50" West.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Fixed Red Light on Iron Island, discontinued as per Notice to Mariners, No. 1, 1914, dated February 20th, 1914, is now re-established.

A. W. PICCOTT, Minister Marine & Fisheries.
Depart. Marine & Fisheries, St. John's, Nfld., Sept., 5, 1914.

signed to permit giving sufficient men later for a full complement for the *Potomac*. And what a crew for a schooner! As "purser" was signed Augustus Tulk, second engineer of the *Bruce*, who joined us to get money for his schooling for a chief's ticket in Glasgow. He was a pleasant and resourceful man, who deserves great praise for the manner he engineered the *Potomac* alone on her long trip to New York. Then we had ice-pilots, an oiler, a fireman, a trimmer, etc.—an "all-star" crew.

Fitted, loaded and manned the *Bessie Jennex* lay in Channel for weeks awaiting easterlies to open a passage around Cape St. George. This period was enlivened by continual discussions, with divided opinions, with the wisecracks of the port as to the possibility of reaching the *Potomac* and delivering the cargo of coal, as well as in speculation, more unfavorable than otherwise, as to the situation and chances of the *Potomac*. We interrupted

again on May 3rd it was but little more than a steady day's going to within sight of the *Potomac*.

From our arrival there, with coal at hand, we played a waiting game through twenty days of May. Luckily, when the break came on the late Queen's anniversary we had plenty of coal transferred from the schooner to the *Potomac* and banked fires. Without banked fires on that eventful Sunday (which were warranted only by the assurance of ample coals on board, and which gave us power in a hurry) the *Potomac* would likely now be ornamenting Old Boy Shoal. You can see, therefore, why I hold in high esteem the men who worked like heroes to move that coal.

The ice over which the transfer had been made was honey-combed, treacherous and uneven. The crude sleds, made aboard the *Bessie Jennex* and shod with sheet brass aboard the *Potomac*, on which the coal was moved were real curiosities, but labor saving devices of doubtful efficiency. A fog throughout the period of transferring cargo made all fearful lest men go astray, obscured the lay of the ice and hid each vessel from the other. Only men well used to the ice could have transferred the cargo.

With the escape of the *Potomac* from St. John's Bay the excitement was practically over, though we did run into a heavy storm off Louisburg whose wreckage marked most of the remainder of our trip to New York. At last, on June 9th, at Brooklyn Navy Yard, the same contingent, man for man, which had left the tug off Roche Harbor, rejoined her.

Such is the tale! I hope yet to have again for mate and crew, respectively, men like Captain "Ned" Seeley and the sturdy boys from Channel who stuck faithfully to the very end of the task. I believe they all were sorry to see the adventure closed, even, as it was, successfully.

Mention should be made before closing of the co-operation of Messrs. M. Pike, M. Jenkins, M. J. McEvoy and Wm. Garland, of the Customs Service, and of Messrs. Smart, and A. and C. Read, of the Postal Telegraphs, in particular, whose assistance was greatly appreciated.

There were enough interesting details which space crowds from this account to provide a dozen romantic sketches; but this brief narrative will, I hope, insure the remembrance of an unusual incident.



THE S.S. "WREN" STOPPED BY HEAVY ICE
IN ST. JOHN'S BAY.

these discussions with periodic, but unsuccessful, attempts to be gone, and finally, just after Easter, the *Bessie Jennex* put to sea to stay.

Anyone who has been into the ice-fields will realize how exciting this voyage was for me. There were magnificent "Northern Lights" and gloriously colored sunrises and sunsets apparently possible in the same degree only over ice-fields. We had plenty of rough weather and plenty of ice. We ran close to herds of seals so numerous as to tempt us to abandon our trip temporarily to secure and take back a deck-load.

Our primary objective was the lighthouse at Roche Harbor, because it is an international signal code station, and because we knew beforehand the cordial assistance that its keeper, Wm. Young, would render. By his energy and hospitality he won a fine place for himself in the opinion of the *Potomac's* naval contingent. In spite of the unusual features of the trip to interest a newcomer like myself the voyage to Roche Harbor was not altogether pleasant or without emergencies and times of great risk. With a smaller or less skilful crew we might easily have all been lost. There is a great difference in going to the ice to reach a definite port in the narrowing funnel of the Straits and in going to the ice merely to obtain a load of seals. However, Providence was with us, and even though we did zigzag about considerably to regions as distant as the island of Anticosti, we made Roche Harbor light within eight days.

Shortly after reaching the entrance to Bonne Bay the *Bessie Jennex* was "hove out"—something we considered remarkable in view of her heavy cargo—and remained for several days jammed in this way. When we once got her into open water



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JENNEK" SAILING THROUGH "BARREL" IN
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When you have saved or collected a number of the Coupons shown above, exchange them for one of the many Valuable Premiums we are giving, free of all costs.

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A post card to our Premium Department will bring you a Circular giving full particulars of this talking machine.



How Heroes Die, or The Tragedy of the Seal Hunt.

March 31st, April 1st and 2nd.— (By I. C. Morris.)

Far out on Arctic ice, and frozen sheet,
And open to the storm and blinding sleet,
Went forth the Vikings of our sealing fleet.

To dare and toil.

Their fathers long before them did the same,
And sought for bread—but nothing knew of fame—
As in the Arctic chase they played the game.—
Of fearless men.

Theirs was the hunt, and theirs the Arctic prize,
Where bergs float by, neath sullen northern skies,
And where the Storm King human skill defies,
And rules supreme.

Not theirs to halt, nor turn when dangers loom,
And raving sea portends impending doom,
Which may for them, mean lonely, icy tomb,
On northern floe.

But though such dangers stand so thick around,
Our sealers are in thousands ready found,
To face them all, and earn an honest pound,
For those at home.

'Tis love alone, impels such daring deeds,
When duty calls to meet the household needs,
And "home, sweet home," for ever to them pleads,
For their support.

And so our sons went forth some months ago,
To tramp the ice, and travel mid the snow,
And then return to ship with seals in tow,
To rest awhile.

And then renew the hunt from day to day,
Until the captain from the bridge should say,
"Enough My lads, so now for home away,"
"To land the catch."

But in the chase a sudden storm came on,
And one brave crew, who from their ship had gone,
Fell victims to its power, till one by one,
Near four score died.

For forty hours they wandered on the floe,
And sought their ship amid the blinding snow,
But met defeat whatever course they'd go,
And so gave up.

They fought for life—for life to all is sweet,—
They hoped to make their ship, and comrades greet,
And warm themselves, and thaw their frozen feet,
And join the crew.

But all things failed, there was no earthly hope;
But in their dismal hour their faith looked up,
While 'e'en they drank to dregs their bitter cup,
Amid the gloom.

But they were brave, and died as heroes die,
And had the snow-drift made their prayer on high,
To Him who hears when 'e'er His children cry,
For help and grace.

For they had faith,—a faith which failed them not,—
And hope in life beyond they ne'er forgot,
Ne'er failed their faith in little nor in jot,
In those lone hours.

Some sang the hymns which they had sung at home,—
Before they left the treacherous ice to roam,—
And which they often sang on ocean's foam,
On summer sea.

And all in turn knelt down a prayer to say,
Ere they should breathe their last and pass away,
From darkness, ice, and frost, to brighter day,
And home beyond.

Some blessed themselves, and made the holy sign,—
Which often they had made near sacred shrine,—
And then their souls into God's hands resign,
In perfect peace.

And as they prayed, they fell upon the floe
No more to rise, nor with their comrades go,
But there to die amid the ice and snow,
Out on the sea.

And one young lad, benumbed, in his distress,
Amid the darkness and the loneliness,
Tried hard his hand to raise,—himself to bless,
Ere he should die.

His arm was stiff, and frozen as if dead,—
He therefore to his comrade faintly said,
"Lift up mine arm to my poor aching head,"
Myself to bless.

The comrade raised his arm with tenderness,
And helped him ere he died, himself to bless,—
Then when the Angel called he answered yes,
And all was peace.

Thus died our heroes on the northern floe,
Thus perished they amid the Arctic snow,
Far from the world of noise, and pomp and show,
They breathed their last.

With them the voyage is o'er, and they have done,
With earthly care, and toil beneath the sun,
They fought their fight, and have their victory won,
At duty's post.



Halifax and City Hockey Teams, 1914

Back Row:—F. C. Brien (C), H. Anderson (H), W. D. Brennan (H), H. J. Brennan (H. Manager), W. J. Higgins (Referee), J. M. Tobin (Secretary), W. Hutchings (C), E. S. Pinsent (C), J. G. Higgins (C).

Second Row:—J. Whelby (H), F. Reardon (H), S. McKenzie (H), S. Cogswell (H), C. Patterson (H), Gus Herder (C), J. C. Parsons (C), R. Shortall (C), C. S. Strong (C).

Front Row:—P. McDonald (H), C. Reardon (H), T. Winter (C), N. Hunt (C). Absent—L. Stick (C).

Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

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Veal, Pork and
Poultry.**

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**Corned Beef, Vegetables
and Fish a specialty.**



NOTICE.

The attention of the Public is directed to the following Section of Cap. 39 of Consolidated Statutes dealing with "Nuisances and Municipal Regulations":—

"Any person who shall throw any

Stones or Ballast,

or anything else hurtful or injurious, into any harbor or roadstead in this Colony or its Dependencies, shall, for every offence be liable to a penalty not exceeding

Fifty Dollars,

or imprisonment for a period not exceeding

Fifty Days."

A. W. PICCOTT,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
November, 1914.

A Dainty and Delicious

SODA BISCUIT

TIP TOP  

  **TIP TOP**

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Hon. John B. Ayre, M.L.C.

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BRANCHES:—Harbor Grace, Heart's Content, Bay Roberts,
Bell Island, Grand Falls, Placentia

Some Well-Known Sayings, Phrases and Words, With their Meaning and Origin.—Part VI.

By Arch. G. Gibb.

His is at *High Jinks*.—The present use of the phrase expresses the idea of uproarious fun and jollity. "The frolicsome company had begun to practise the ancient and now forgotten pastime of *High Jinks*. The game was played in several different ways. Most frequently the dice were thrown by the company, and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume and maintain for a time a certain fictitious character, or to repeat a certain number of fescanvine verses in a particular order. If they departed from the character assigned they incurred forfeits, which were compounded for by swallowing an additional bumper."—Sir W. Scott; Guy Mannering.

To Hob-nob together.—To drink as cronies, to to clink glasses, to drink *tete-a-tete*. In old English houses there was a hob at each corner of the hearth for heating the beer, or holding what one wished to keep hot. This was from the verb *battau* (to hold). The little round table set at the elbow was called a *nob*; hence to hob-nob was to drink snugly and cosily in the chimney-corner, with the beer hobbled, and a little nob-table set in the snugger.

Lick into shape.—According to tradition the cubs of bears are cast shapeless, and remain so still the dam has licked them into proper form.

"So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear."—*Pepe; Dunciad*.

Like Hunt's dog, he would neither go to Church or stay at home.—One Hunt, a labouring man in Shropshire, kept a mastiff, which on being shut up while he went to church, howled and barked so terribly as to distract the whole congregation; whereupon Hunt thought he would take the disturber with him the next Sunday, but on reaching the Churchyard the dog positively refused to enter.

The proverb is applied to a tricky, self-willed person, who will neither be led or driven.

A Pandora's Box.—A present which seems valuable, but which in reality is a curse. According to the legend Midas was permitted, according to his request, to turn whatever he touched into gold, and turned his very food into gold and therefore un-eatable. Prometheus made an image and stole fire from heaven to endow it with life. In revenge Jupiter told Vulcan to make a female statue and gave her a box which she was to present to the man who married her. Prometheus distrusted Jove and his gifts, but Epimetheus, his brother, married the beautiful Pandora, and received the box. Immediately the bridegroom opened the box all the evils that flesh is heir to flew forth, and ever since continued to afflict the world. The last thing that flew from the box was Hope.

Lilly of France.—(*Heur de l'Es*).—The device of Clovis was three black toads, but an aged hermit of Jove-en-valle saw a miraculous light stream one night into his cell and an angel appeared to him holding a shield of wonderful beauty; its colour was azure, and on it were embazoned three gold lilies that shone like stars, which the hermit was commanded to give to Queen Clotilde. Scarcely had the angel vanished when Clotilde entered, and receiving the celestial shield, gave it to her royal husband, whose arms were everywhere victorious.

Long Words.—Here are a few of the best-known "Jaw breakers." Antipericatametanaparbengedamphicribationes Toordicantium. One of the books in the library of St. Victor. Don Juan Nepomuceno de Burionagonatatorecagaezcolcha. An employee in the finance department of Madrid (1867). Drintaidhivickhillchattann in the Isle of Mull, Argyshire. Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobillllyndysillagogoch, — the name of a village in Wales. In the postal directory the first twenty letters only, are given as a sufficient address for practical purposes, but the full name contains fifty nine letters. The meaning is "The Church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel."

near to the rapid whirlpool and to Sr. Tisilio Church, near to a red cave." Honorificabilitudinatibus, called the longest word in the (?) English language. It frequently occurs in old plays (see Bailey's Dictionary) Shakespeare uses it in "Loves Labour Lost."

The Iliad in a nutshell.—The tale of the siege of Troy, an epic poem by Homer in twenty-four books. Pliny tells us that Cicero asserts that the whole Iliad was written on a piece of parchment which might be put into a nutshell. Charles Toppan of New York engraved on a plate one eight of an inch square, 12,000 words. The Iliad contains 501,930 letters and would therefore occupy forty-two such plates engraved on both sides. Huet has proved by experiment that a parchment 27 x 21 centimetres would contain the entire Iliad and such a parchment would go into a common-sized nut; but Mr. Toppan's engraving would get the whole Iliad into half that size.

Lang Syne.—In the old time, in days gone by. "The song called *Auld Lang Syne*, usually attributed to Robert Burns was not composed by him, for he says expressly in a letter to Thomson—"It is the old song of the olden times, which has never been in print. I took it down from an old man's singing." In another he says: "Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment." "Nothing whatever is known of the author of the words; the composer is wholly unknown." That is Dr. Cobham Brewen's opinion, but it is not universal. William Gunnyn in an edition of Burns, published in 1882 says (in referring to these letters): "The probability is that the poet was indulging in a little mystification on the subject and that the entire song was his own composition."

The second and third verses—describing the happy days of youth—are his beyond a doubt.

We two hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine;
And we've wondered monie a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne!

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

This finishes for the present at least, the series of papers on Well-Known Sayings, etc. If they have proved as interesting to the readers of the *QUARTERLY*, as the compiling of them has been to the writer, then the labor has not been in vain.

As I mentioned in my first paper, that while those synonyms have been collected from various authoritative sources, there may be, of course, equally plausible derivations. As the rubricd proprietor of the peep-show said to the child when he asked, "Please, Mr. Showman, which is Daniel and which is the Lion?" "Vichever you please, my little dear, you pays your money and you takes yer choice."

Arch. G. Gibb

The Newfoundland Quarterly

—AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE—
Issued every third month about the 15th of March, June, September and December from the office

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GEO. H. HALLEY,

AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

Extract from The Merchant Shipping Act Referring to the Naming of Ships.

Regulations made by the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the Commissioners of Customs, under Section 50 of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1906.

Under the provisions of Section 50 of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1906, the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the Commissioners of Customs, hereby make the following Regulations relating to ships' names, and direct that they shall come into force on 1st January, 1908:

1.—Any person who proposes to make application for the Registry of a British Ship shall give notice in writing of the proposed name of the ship to the Registrar of Shipping at the intended Port of Registry at least fourteen days before the date on which it is contemplated to effect the registry.

7.—When it is proposed to register the ship at a port not situated in the British Islands, the Registrar to whom the name is intimated may proceed with the registry of the ship if he satisfies himself that the name does not appear in the Current Mercantile Navy List; but if the name does so appear, the Registrar shall transmit the application to the Registrar General of Shipping and Seamen, and the case shall be treated in the manner laid down for registry in the British Islands.

Department of Customs,
November, 1914.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Registrar of Shipping.

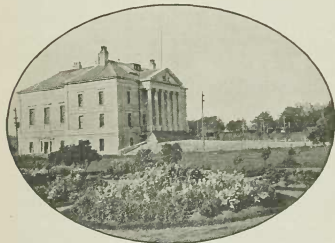
My Garden in St. John's.

I HAVE often heard it said in the outposts that the winter is the most enjoyable time in Newfoundland. Then the dogs can be harnessed to the sleds and tobogganing can be experienced. When the sun shines on the snow crystals hanging on the branches of the trees and shrubs, or covering the hillsides, it often seems that diamonds and other sparkling gems are as plentiful as the sand grains on the sea beaches. But I prefer the summer time. Now, as Christmas quickly approaches, I am compelled to remain indoors. I am old, and the sea and fishing schooners are henceforth but memories for me, and my old bones and the Christmas weather sadly disagree.

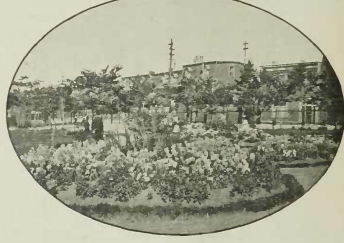
I have a porch in front of my little home in St. John's which opens out into the garden. I have my barometer and other

at Christmas time, the sun steals a momentary glimpse at my garden lying beneath the snow. I forget my aching bones and leave the pine-log fire in my ingle-nook and go over to my window, to look into the country. But I do not stay there long. My thoughts always stray into summer themes. As I look out I can see Bannerman Park, the sombre marble building of the Parliament, the Government House, with its flagpole capped by the Union Jack and farther out the broad expanse of gardens stretching beyond Long Pond, beyond Quidi Vidi and even to the Golf Links. How lovely that scene is in May and June! Even to-day it presents a beautiful aspect as the snow crystals sparkle on the ground and cover the bare branches of the trees with a superb lace-mantle of perfect whiteness.

I remember, in the Summer that has lately passed, how I used to walk into the Park each morning to see the newly budding flowers—the stocks, sweet william, the wall flowers, cosmos, centaura, the frail sweet peas and nasturtiums, the bright campanulas, daisies and violets, the zinnias, verbenas, sunflowers and gentle pansies, the forget-me-nots nestling amidst



FLOWERS IN BANNERMAN PARK NEAR PARLIAMENT BUILDING.



FLOWERS IN BANNERMAN PARK NEAR MILITARY ROAD.

instruments hanging on the wall. All around the porch are shelves containing pots of various kinds with bulbs and flowering-plants which, like their owner, like a warmer temperature than our Christmas climate, and dislike having to hibernate indoors. I at least have this advantage over them; I can sit in the porch and look out of doors into the garden and, on sunny days, even go out a little among the snow-covered beds and see the frail shoots of my beautiful spring bulbs peeping out to catch the fleeting sunbeams—the scarlet amaryllis, the blue iris, the gay ranunculus, the glad-oli, the golden crocus and tulips, the brightly colored hyacinths and narcissus, the little ixias and frezias and the stately dahlias. What memories these plants recall! Oh! how I long for spring so that I may see the gladness of the flowers again! Over in the little bed in the centre of the lawn are sleeping a multitude of bulbs that are only waiting for a genial sun to bring them to life and, when the trees regain their leaves and the birds commence to teach their young to sing, those dormant plants will bedeck themselves with all the colours of the summer rainbow and will not only bring me joy, but will delight the bees, the wasps, the lady-birds and countless butterflies and moths. But now at Christmas time, the garden is bare of colours and of all insect life!

I believe all our moods are influenced by the sunlight. I never feel well and happy when the winter clouds lie low in the skies and while snow-beds heavily mantle the land. My happiest moments are in Spring and summer-time when the flower world is alive and the sun tempts the gentle land breezes with a genial warmth. That is why, I think, whenever

wide borders of mignonette, larkspur and candytuft. How splendidly they reward the loving care bestowed upon them by the gardener! I really believe Ruskin was right when he said that flowers recognize their friends and reward their kindness. The flowers in my own garden seem to recognize me. Last year I had a pansy plant that flowered splendidly. Every time I looked at it I could see the flowers sparkle and ture on their stems so as to follow my thoughts and when I admired their bright colourings, their frailly pencilled veinlets and their spirit of sympathetic repose, they would bow affectionately and seemingly smiled in joy with their master's admiration. And I had a carnation bush that was very fruitful in flowers, and from which I plucked many a cheerful buttonhole, which always claimed my attention. Whenever I went into the garden its flowers turned towards me. No matter how gay the pansies seemed or how bright the sweet peas, the cornflowers, the cosmos and the dahlias, the carnations insist on claiming my notice. And how gleefully they bowed and smiled when I took one of them for my button-hole!

The flowers in Bannerman Park were very beautiful last summer. There was a large bed of multi-coloured dahlias near the Military Road that seized the attention of all who passed by. Nearby, a pretty bed of astors, phlox and peonies vied with them in colouring. But the large bed of stocks made the best showing and attracted most of the butterflies and moths by their charming scent. Their scents were better than the perfumes of all the other flowers and their memories still linger with all who experienced them. Many friends of flowers care little for their perfumes, because, like the unsentimental botanists, they consider the perfumes, and even the colours, of flowers as mere superfluous luxuries. But what excellent lessons the bees,

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Public Notice!

INSPECTION REGULATIONS.

The boilers of every steamer registered in the Colony shall be subject to annual inspection by the Inspector.

Every steamer carrying local crews or passengers to or from this Colony, or to or from any ports therein, shall be subject to annual inspection.

All persons installing new boilers for any purpose, to work under steam pressure, shall notify the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in writing, as to the locality of said boilers.

All persons removing boilers or installing second hand boilers for any purpose, to work under steam pressure, shall notify the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, as to the new locality it is intended to work boilers in; and shall not work such boilers until they have been inspected.

The Inspector shall grant a certificate of inspection for every boiler which shall be approved by him. The certificate shall be displayed in a prominent place in the vicinity of the boiler to which it refers.

INSPECTION FEES.

When a boiler is not in good condition, and the Inspector has granted a certificate for a period less than twelve months, the fee for each extra inspection during the twelve months, shall be the extra inspection fee of that class.

For any special visit to be made by the Inspector, other than the annual inspection, or for any special inspection made at the request of the owner or manager of a boiler, the owner shall pay the expenses incurred by Inspector from St. John's to location of boiler and return, subject to approval of Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

MODE OF INSPECTION.

Notice of alterations or additions to any boiler should be given to the Inspector, in writing, for his approval, before proceeding with the work.

Every boiler made after the coming into force of these Regulations shall be stamped with the initial letters of the Inspector's name who inspected it and tested it, the year it was made, and the pressure under which it was tested; also the actual working pressure under which it was tested; also the actual working pressure allowed upon it.

A. W. PICCOTT,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

St. John's, November, 1914.

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"Duchess,"**

for Women.

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"Princess,"**

for Children.

"Rover," for Boys.

NOTICE!

THE ATTENTION of Vessel Owners is called to the following Section of the Harbor Regulations:

13.—If, in the opinion of the Harbor Master, any vessel anchored in the harbor is likely to sink or to become an obstruction to navigation, the Harbor Master may, after giving twelve hours' notice to the owner or agent of such vessel, or without notice where there is no owner or known agent in St. John's, take charge of and remove such vessel, and may deal with and dispose of such vessel in such manner as he shall think necessary, to provide for the free navigation of the port; and all expenses incurred under this section shall be borne by the vessel or her owners, and may be recovered with costs in an action in the name of the Harbor Master before a Stipendiary Magistrate.

EDWARD ENGLISH,

Harbor Master.

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All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, November, 1914.

wasps, butterflies and moths teach such sad people! Imagine one of our admiral butterflies passing by a bed of stocks and violets to woo a non-odoriferous salvia bush or a blazing morning glory vine!

Ah! my old bones are rebellious again and I must place another log upon the fire to warm the room. The days are short now. It seems only an hour ago that I heard the mid-day gun fired from the Cabot tower. And now, on the north-east, the flying scud obscures the crown of the Sugarloaf. The headland of Logy Bay is quite invisible, and the pines at Bally Haley are clothed in a heavy mist. Oh! how I wish the winter would speed away, so that I might see my spring flowers blooming in the gardens, see the crocus rivaling the hyacinths and iris, and the tulips trying to eclipse the *Hunnemannia* and *eschscholtzia*—the dear *eschscholtzia* that recalls to me happy days spent on its sunny home-hills near the Golden Gate, beside the fair Pacific, in faraway California.

What charming friends the flowers are to those who love them! Even as I think of them, I forget the dull, damp Christmas weather, and my memory goes away to other countries, to other

climates. It is taught that the rose never grows so beautifully as in the rich gardens of Persia, because there it meets the splendid warmth its generous soul appreciates and where its best admirers are and I believe that is true. Even in my own garden, my flower friends often tell me of their gayer lives in other lands and seek my sympathy. I know it is true; because I have seen how well the various flowers express climatic preferences. Do the hawthorns, fuchsias and pelargoniums grow anywhere so luxuriantly as in Tasmania? Or the glorious *Hibiscus* riot in a grander magnificence than in Tahiti or Samoa? Can the jonquils and heliotrope in the scent fields of the Riviera and the Canary Isles be surpassed? And what wisteria and peach blossoms are better than those of Japan and China? Ah! now I begin to think of earlier days—of the sea and long journeys around the World. But I will stir the fire and warm the room, or I must quarrel with the sea again—the source of all my ills and these sore old bones. We are no longer friends, the sea and I who now am a landsman: a grower of bulbs and flowers: a student of flower-lore.—A.S.B.



The Old and the New.

By S. P. PROWSE.

Santa Claus.

OF all the traditional patron saints of childhood, Santa Claus is the greatest and most beloved. He has survived the dethronement of gnomes and elves. Greek and Gothic deities have vanished but he remains. Other and more imposing cults have been buried with forgotten things, but his ritual continues to be ever mystical, always pleasing and never dreary. While thrones have been overthrown and dynasties have disappeared he has maintained unbroken sway over the United Kingdom of the Little Ones and that domain is limitless. Those who welcomed his attention when their years were few and childish faith was undisturbed, bring him gold and frankincense and myrrh as yearly recompense for former joys. They grow young again when they see their gifts dispensed with laughter and good cheer.

In ancient days at Christmastide all quarrels were forgotten, old friendships were renewed, and the spirit of charity was then evoked. May the poor and destitute be cheerfully remembered by those whose homes have never been neglected by the smiling Saint who comes before the dawn and leaves without delay. To follow some faint ray from the manger star that leads to a dreary home where hopeless longing, seen in looks of needy little ones, can be transformed to glad surprise, will help to bring fulfillment of the prophecy of peace that rang from cloudless sky on that first Christmas morn.



SAMUEL P. PROWSE.

New Year Wishes.

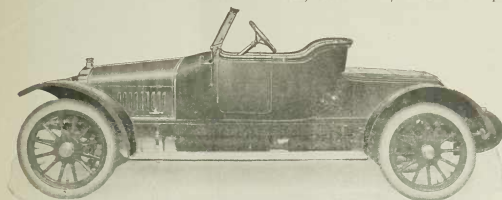
MAY we start good resolutions now and may we know the joy of dawning strength so that the courage of today may be added to the courage of the day to come. May we increase our usefulness by knowing objects beneath us and enlarge our higher aims by knowing those above us. May we discover that gratification derived from revenge is momentary; that the pleasure of forgiveness is lasting. May faults and weaknesses of others be as danger-signals to warn us from paths which have led to them. May our disappointments prove foundations of future success which never could have been reared on any other base.

May hope give vitality to the mechanism of existence and may we not suffer the misery of being misunderstood. May we realize that nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalry; nor nobly which is done in pride. May we be deaf to the grumbler, blind to the scorner and dumb to the arrogant. May we have smiles for the children, sympathy for the suffering and words of cheer for those whose backs are pressed against the wall.

May the New Year bring us all more sunshine than showers, more peace than pain, more honor than hate, more triumphs than tears, and may we not desire more than we can get justly, use soberly and dispense cheerfully.

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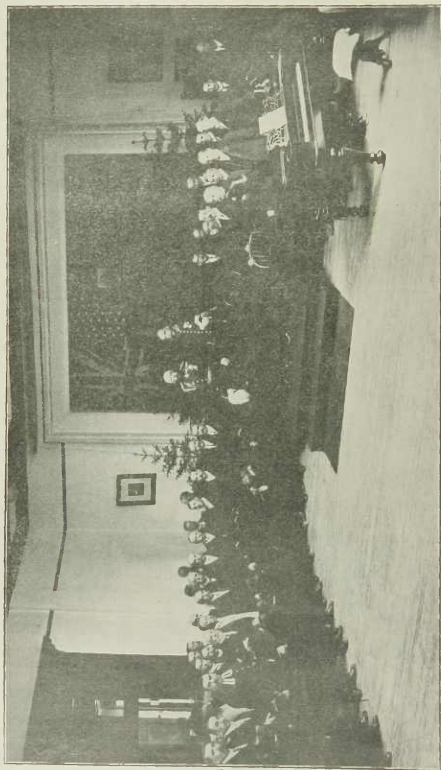
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THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT THE GRENFELL HALL.

WE were not in a position, when the Autumn Number of THE QUARTERLY went to press, to include the above group in our illustrated article on the recent visit of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. It was kindly ordered by Secretary Sheard, of the Newfoundland Grenfell Association; but, owing to some quackcountable delay, did not reach us in time for that issue. We

now, however, have much pleasure in giving it due prominence. His Royal Highness the Duke and His Excellency the Governor are here very distinctly seen on the platform of the Grenfell Hall, with members of the various committees on the right and left of them. The engraving was made from a photograph by Mr. R. P. Holloway.

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Sheep Preservation!

1. It shall be lawful for the duly qualified electors, resident within an area or district within this Colony, to present to the Governor in Council a petition or requisition in the form prescribed in the Schedule to this Act, or as near thereto as may be, setting forth the limits or boundaries within which such area or district is comprised, and the names of the towns, harbours or settlements included therein, and praying for a Proclamation prohibiting the keeping of dogs within such area or district.

2. Such petition or requisition shall be sent to the nearest resident Stipendiary Magistrate, and shall be by him (after examination and certificate as hereinafter provided) furnished to the Governor in Council.

3. If, upon due scrutiny of such petition or requisition, the Stipendiary Magistrate shall find that the same contains the bona fide signatures of a majority of the duly qualified electors resident within the limits or boundaries set forth in the said petition or requisition, he shall forthwith have a certificate to that effect endorsed upon or attached to the petition or requisition, and shall forward the same to the Governor in Council.

4. Any Stipendiary Magistrate to whom such petition or requisition may be presented may, before certifying the same to the Governor in Council as aforesaid, require proof to be made before him of the bona fide signatures of any of the names subscribed to such petition, upon the oath of either the party whose name purports to be signed or of a witness to such signature.

5. Upon receipt of any such petition or requisition containing the signatures of not less than one-third of the electors resident within any such area or district, certified as aforesaid, the Governor in Council shall issue a Proclamation or Public Notice prohibiting the keeping of dogs within such area or district.

6. From and after the date prescribed in and by such Proclamation or Notice, it shall not be lawful for any person resident within such area or district, to keep, or have in his possession, or under his control, any dog within the area or district to which such Proclamation or Notice shall relate, under a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months. This prohibition shall not apply to any person or persons travelling or passing through such areas or districts and having a licensed dog or dogs in his or their possession, charge or control, and not at large.

A. W. KNIGHT, Clerk of the Peace.

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St. John's, Newfoundland.

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention "The Newfoundland Quarterly."

Judge Prowse: Reminiscences.

READERS of THE QUARTERLY will miss this Christmas an article and story by the late Judge Prowse. The old Judge was one of our esteemed contributors from the time this periodical was founded, July, 1901, until his death on January 28th last. He was a prolific writer to whom our readers always looked forward to for an article dealing with homeland topics of interest, and they rarely looked to him in vain. His thoughts were always centered in assisting in the development of and in furthering the well-being of Newfoundland, and as he was the fortunate possessor of rare literary gifts, his pen was ever ready at the call of the editors of local journals. He was always solicitous in giving our readers his most interesting articles and reminiscences. While we, unfortunately, cannot give a story from the

about to turn in, when a voice boomed through the darkness: 'Is this my friend Prichard's camp?' A moment later, that most remarkable and able man, the late Judge Prowse, K.C., C.M.G., advanced into the circle of light. He was at the time between seventy and eighty years of age, but as vigorous as many a youngster would wish to be. He was clad in a thin butter-colored suit, his neck and chest were bear, and his feet were thrust into a pair of easy slippers. The spot where I was encamped was on the river, and the Judge informed me that he had been down stream looking after some salmon poachers in the interests of the Government, and had not eaten for fifteen hours. It was ten at night, the day had been drenching wet, and he was soaked through. I and the woodsmen with me marvelled at the strength and stamina that enabled him to undergo such hardships. He was a man whose bodily gifts were only exceeded by his mental powers; and had his role in life been cast upon some larger stage, his natural energy and force would have had a wider scope, and he must have left his impress upon his generation.

"Soon he was sitting before a roaring fire, clad in my 'extra change' and eating a meal of trout and bacon. While we were talking together, I was suddenly aware of a curious noise behind me among the spruces. It sounded at first if some animal were beating itself against the ground. 'What is it?' I said.

"A fox or a lynx," was the Judge's suggestion.

"I caught up a log of wood and hurled it in the direction of the sound. It ceased at once, and, picking up a brand from the fire, I went towards the place and presently came upon a young Canada goose. The log hurled at a venture had struck it on the head. I carried it back to the fire.

"A goose! A Canada goose!" cried the Judge. "It must have been attracted by the light of the fire. This is most interesting! I will write a letter to the papers telling the facts, and will send on a copy to the *London Field* the moment I get back to St. John's."

"Later in the night the Judge departed, taking the train which passes through Terra Nova station, rather higher up the river. I went to sleep.

"I awoke just after dawn to find a red haired man regarding my camp with gloom.

"Have you seen my tame goose?" said he.

"I explained exactly what had occurred, and, with many apologies, invited the red-haired man to dinner.

"He accepted. At the end of the dinner I said, 'The Judge intends to write to the papers in St. John's and London about the singular attraction possessed by fire for wild geese.'

"The red-haired man smiled sadly. 'It was a good goose,' he said. 'It would follow me about like a dog. Pass the whiskey.'

"The letter of the Judge to the papers was providentially never written. When, on my return to St. John's, I asked him what he had done, he said: 'I forgot all about it, my boy, but I'll write to-night. You can take home a copy with you on the boat for the *London Field*.'

"Then I revealed the true story. The Judge was convulsed with laughter. 'I'll tell that story against you in the *Cornhill*. It will please my friend, the Editor,' said he.

"But that letter also was never written. And now even his iron strength has not availed, and he has passed on through those changes which he never dreaded, for I believe he was one of the few men whose faith knew no fear."



THE LATE JUDGE PROWSE, R.C.M.G.

Judge's pen this year; we can reprint an interesting story in which he figures in a characteristic light.

The story is related in the September number of the *Cornhill* by Mr. H. Hesketh-Prichard, the well-known traveller who has hunted caribou in Newfoundland and the Labrador. Mr. Prichard in speaking of goose shooting said:

"Another goose whose visit to our shores has been recorded is the Canada goose, a splendid bird. I have never seen him in British waters save in the semi-domesticated state; but elsewhere, in Canada, in Newfoundland, and in Labrador he has many times rejoiced my eyes.

"There was an occasion when a very curious incident befell me in which a Canada goose played a part. I was, at the time, in camp by the Terra Nova River in Newfoundland, up which I was about to start on a trip into the interior, and during the day I had seen many Canada geese. Night fell, as wet and stormy as it can only be in England's Oldest Colony, and I was

Everywhere, Christmas To-Night.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,

Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine;

Christmas where snowpeaks stand solemn and white,

Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright;

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

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A Great Entertainer.



By Dr. Arthur Selwyn-Brown.

HARRY LAUDER, the Scotch Comedian, has been, since 1905, the most widely discussed public entertainer in Great Britain and is the most prosperous of the British vaudeville stars. No actor or operatic singer approaches him in popularity. His ability to draw full houses at every vaudeville theatre in the British Isles, Australia and the United States, that is fortunate in securing his services, is unsurpassed. He is unquestionably the most amusing of the popular entertainers of the day and the amount of merry-making he is responsible for is inestimable. His singing has made many a weary soul happy, while his phonograph records are carried to the utmost ends of the earth, and give a healthy entertainment to many a tired

sailor on the seas. Many of these records can be heard at night in the homes of fishermen in our outports and the writer can testify as to their popularity on the Labrador.

Lauder is a native of Scotland: He was born on a coal-field a little south of Glasgow. His father was a coal miner and he was brought up to the coal mining trade. Harry was nearly thirty years old when he suddenly blossomed forth a star on the English vaudeville stage.

The writer had heard so many Lauder records, and had seen so many interesting criticisms of his singing that he became anxious to hear him sing. But this proved difficult.

It generally happened that he had just left a city as I entered it, or was expected to arrive a few days after I left. Once I saw an advertisement in a newspaper in Aberdeen, Scotland, saying Harry Lauder was engaged to sing at the Trivoli theatre in that city. I immediately booked the best available seat. But I found that the artist was Niels Kenyon, who the programme said, was "better than Harry Lauder."

However, early this year I had better success. I was passing along the Strand, in London, one evening, and noticed that Lauder was billed to appear at the Trivoli that night. I secured a seat and had the good fortune to hear Lauder at his best. The audience, which was largely composed of soldiers and sailors, soon assumed a cheerful mood and insisted on recalling the singer many times. This appealed to his vanity so much that he fell in love with everyone and sang his full repertoire. Some of his songs were sung many times over and when the orchestra retired late in the evening from sheer exhaustion, Lauder sang on without any musical accompaniment whatever. When he became tired of singing he would tell a little tale like this: "It wasn't because McPherson had a lot to drink.

Certainly not! because we are absolutely teetottlers, only we are not pledged. That's the only difference. However, seeing it was McPherson's birthday, we had a "great doo!" Then a smoking concert. We sang 'The Dear Little Shamrock' eighteen times; 'Scots wha hae,' nineteen times; 'Annie Laurie,' twenty times; and 'Auld Lang Syne.' Then McLean suggested we go to our beds. So McPherson rose to turn out the gas, but said: "Chaps, I suggest we sing that wee chorus o' ours before we go." And so the old songs were re-sung until the break of day."

There is nothing very amusing in this little story; but when it is told by Harry Lauder, it is impossible for the dullest person to refrain from explosive laughter.

I remember how very funny he was when he told us about his son—"a rare wee laddie, a grand wee Hielan' lad, an' if ye only saw him, he's the picture o' the dad," and as his dad says:

"Of course he's just a boy, but he's got notions in his head; I've never had to smack him yet an' hope I'll never need, Ev'ry time he drinks the milk he blames it on the cat; Well, a wee boy woudna be a boy if he didn't do like that: "

When the audience stopped laughing at this song Lauder told this story of the boy:

"Oh! he's a great wee boy. I said to him when he cam' in frae schule the 'ither day. How is you an' your teacher gettin' on noo, son?" He said, 'Not very well pa.' I said, 'What's the matter?' 'Oh!' he said 'because I couldna answer a question th' day;' the teacher said, 'What is your head for boy?' And I said, 'What did you say?' 'Oh!' he said 'I told him it was for keeping on my collar.'

"He cam' in th' 'ither day roarin' like a bull. I said, 'what's the matter?' He said, 'Ye remember the penny ye gave me this mornin'?' I said, 'I'm not likely to forget it.' 'Well,' he said, 'It's lost!' So I gave him another one. He looked at it lovingly, slipped it into his pocket and bunted oot, roarin' like a couple of bulls. I said, 'What's the matter?' he said, 'If I hadn't lost the other penny, I would have had *twopenny* now!' Oh! He is a great wee boy!"

Lauder was so intimate with his audience the night I heard him that we were well able to judge the characteristics of the man and, perhaps, learn the causes of his great popularity.

He does not differ personally from an ordinary typical Scotch working man. He is of medium height, and having been brought up to the hard work of picking coal for nearly twenty years, he is physically well-developed. He is not musical. When he sang a favorite song with orchestral accompaniment he was able to keep time and his pantomime gestures detracted attention from his singing. He sang the following words with orchestral accompaniment:

"I never, never worry, and I never, never grieve,
I take things very easy—what I cannot take I leave.
I work the whole week round frae early morn till late at night,
On Saturday, I early look forward with delight
To beautiful Sunday!
I wish it would never come Monday!
For I lie between the sheets my bed adornin'
O, its very nice! yes, its very, very nice
To get yer breakfast in yer bed on Sunday mornin'."

It was very amusing to hear Lauder sing that song with the assistance of the musicians, but when he sang it alone there was a different entertainment. It was quite evident when he sang without musical accompaniment that his wide popularity is not due to his musical abilities.

It cannot be due to the wording of his songs. Many of these are not only commonplace, but positively vulgar. One of his greatest song successes is—"It's nice when you love a wee Lassie," which runs:

"It's nice when you love a wee lassie,
It's nice when the lassie is true;
Oh! it's nice when ye ken
That yer bonnie wee hen
Is in love and her lover is you!"

There is nothing in such words to arouse sentimental excitement. The wording is quite banal. But Harry Lauder can



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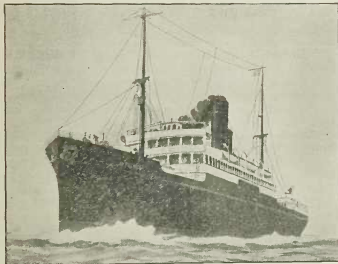
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our business and endeavoured to increase it constantly. We have made provision for immediate reply to inquiries, quick shipment of orders, and prompt furnishing of shipping receipts and invoices.

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sing them with music in such a way that a vast audience will be carried away with enthusiasm.

Let us take another popular favorite, "Every lad lie loves a lassie." The chorus runs:

"Every laddie loves a lassie,
Whether she be dark or fair,
And every lassie loves a laddie,
Just because her love lies there."

It is quite impossible on reading these words to see any humor in the song. The words express an extremely commonplace theme. But when Lauder sings them how we are all compelled to heartily laugh!

When I heard Lauder sing "Just a wee Deoch-an-Doris," it seemed he had reached the zenith of his power as a public entertainer. The audience commenced to laugh before he sang a word and was convulsed before he reached the line: "We'll a' unite and sing!"

This song has probably more sentiment in it than any other in Lauder's repertory. It seems to have something reminiscent of Old Lang Syne about it. Just read the words:

There's a good old Scottish custom
That has stood the test of time,
It's a custom that is carried out
In every land and clime;
Where brother Scots foregather,
It's aye the usual thing,
When just before they say guid-nicht,
They fill their cups and sing:

Just a wee deoch-an-doris,
Just a wee yin, that's a',
Just a wee deoch-an-doris
Before we gang awa',
There's a wee wifie waitin',
In a wee but an-ben:
If you can say: 'It's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht',
Ye're a' richt, ye ken.

I like a man that is a man,
A man that's straight and fair,
The sort o' man that will and can,
In all things do his share.
I like a man, a jolly man,
The sort o' man you know,
The chap that claps your back and says,
'Here, Jock, before you go!'

I'll invite you all some other nicht
To come and bring your wives,
I'll promise you the grandest time
You'll have in all your lives!
I'll hae the bagpipes skirling,
And we'll dance the Highland jig,
And just for auld acquaintance sake
We'll a' unite and sing!

The moral teachings of this song are not, perhaps, of high standing if it is literally construed by a highly moral person. But if we take it liberally, it means that we should be sociable, entertaining and always prepared to exhibit good fellowship. If we take it in this spirit we will get some clue to Lauder's great popularity all over the world.

When I heard Lauder sing this song in London, the audience was so delighted that it had to be repeated many times and everybody spontaneously joined in the chorus. And when the theatre closed, the people went home whistling the melody or singing "There's a wee wifie waitin'."

It is a strange phenomenon we see when this Scotch comedian is singing his banal dialect ditties and in wailing crowds of people to laughter or tears. What strange gifts enabled Lauder to become such a successful entertainer?

It matters not where Lauder sings. He is as popular in America as in Scotland. If he would generously visit us he would be equally popular in St. John's.

An American lady tried to find the secret of his mesmerizing powers when he sang in New York at Christmas in 1912. She said to him: "How did you come to sing in public?"

"Well madam," he replied, "I always liked to sing when I was a boy. I amused the miners at the collieries with comic songs whenever they gave a concert in the village hall. I was singing at a miners benefit concert near Glasgow one night when an English gentleman present liked my songs so well that he told me he would secure a vaudeville engagement for me in

London, if I would care to go there with him. I went with him and by hard work made progress on the English music hall stage."

"But how is it your songs are everywhere so popular?"

"Ah! now I think I know that. I take great care in selecting them. I have always taken pains to cultivate laughter and make men happy. People don't laugh enough. I like laughing so much that I take pleasure in trying to make the whole world laugh and sing jolly songs. It does everyone good to laugh and I feel sure, from my own experience, that music is a great sedative. I always do my best to make people I come in contact with as happy as possible. I study the newspapers carefully and whenever in reading them I see any thing that would suggest a comic song I make a note of it and use it whenever possible.

The songs I write are all based on human experience. They reflect some real phase of life that I have seen and experienced. I believe everyone has an inborn liking for rhythm. We all like to whistle, dance and sing when we are well. Have you not noticed how a march or waltz melody sometimes impresses itself on your brain so that you are compelled to whistle it or hum it all day long? Didn't the 'Sons of the Sea' or 'Soldiers of the King' once effect you that way?

"I have known people suffering the sorest mental distress being made happy by the effects of a jolly march air operating subconsciously during sleep. When they have awakened in the morning with a desire to sing the air, and have heard the birds outside in the trees chorusing their joys, they have completely discarded their despondency and forgotten their various little worries."

"That may be well for people who are musical and can sing well. But what solace is there in singing for those people who cannot sing?"

"I believe," said Lauder, "a musical voice is a splendid, but very rare gift—one of the best that nature can endow us with."

But I am also sure that great enjoyment can be had even from silent singing. I think it is very doubtful whether vocal singing is more beneficial in its effects on the sentiments than silent singing or even humming."

"What is meant by silent singing?" "Letting the blood beat through the brain in unison with the rhythm or lilt of the song."

"But singing is your hobby?" "No, I am not sure that I have any hobby except travelling, unless you would call making people happy a hobby. My greatest recreation certainly is in making new songs and originating comic patter that will please my audiences and make them laugh. Oh! how I love to see people laugh! It warms me through and through when my audiences laugh and sing my choruses with me."

These last words, I believe, explain the secret of Lauder's success and popularity. He is a master of the rare art of happiness—a man of clear character, fairly gifted with a humorous temperament, with a wide self-learned knowledge of human nature, who assiduously and consistently strives to amuse people and make them happy. He has experienced poverty and realizes how a radiant temperament and chastened comic spirit can lighten and overcome its wretchedness.

Humor is contagious, and Lauder has so well cultivated his humorous powers, and learnt to express himself in unique ways, that his expressions appeal to even the gravest people whenever they come into his presence, and sentimental people are quite carried away as soon as they see him. He appears to them to radiate happiness like the nymphs and fauns of the Pastoral Age.

This popular comedian of humble origin is a humble man and will continue so. For a number of years he has been a professional laughter maker and has amused the whole English speaking world with his jokes and songs. But his name does not appear in any biographical dictionary and in a few years probably, he will be forgotten. His efforts, however, in making millions of people happy have been crowned with success and his popularity is well deserved. As we sit by our firesides this Christmas in Newfoundland and hear Lauder sing to us through our gramophones let us reflect on the value of merriment and geniality.

How much richer the world would be if there were many comedians like Lauder—more merry-makers who would compel us to get a richer pleasure and gather a more fruitful harvest from life!

Christmas in War-Time.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

Oh turn away, the fields of Europe stand
Grim, horrid with red carnage day by day,
Until the heart is sick; yea, turn away,
And for a little join the humble hand
Of shepherds kneeling low where hand in hand
Sweet Child and Mother sit, and there display
Meet homage to the Prince of Peace, and pray
That He will pour His blessing on our land.

"Protect us, Lord from devastating strife,
Let not our sins on us be visited,
But spare us yet, Thou Judge of quick and dead!
Grant to our Empire newer, purer, life,
And give us soon, in this wild tumult's stead
A noble peace with victory's blessings rife."

Something New for Newfoundland.

MR. M. F. WADDEN, proprietor of the Central Pharmacy, Water Street, has recently been given the exclusive agency in St. John's for the world famous Rexall Remedies. These remedies, of which there are over 300, represent the products of the United Drug Company of Boston, Mass.; London, Eng.; Paris, France; and Toronto, Canada, and the largest Drug Co. in the world, with a capital of \$6,000,000, represented by some 7,000 drug stores all over the world. Owing to the enormous manufacturing possibilities of the United Drug Co, the cost of production has been materially reduced in all their remedies, and the result is that in buying Rexall goods the consumer gets a bigger package for less money. The one aim of the Rexall Company is to satisfy every customer regardless of any extra expense. All goods are sold under a bon-a-fide guarantee, and persons failing to get relief from any of their remedies, are asked to return them and get their money back. These Rexall remedies are not patent medicines, but rather the "ready-made" prescriptions of some of the greatest health and beauty specialists of America. We congratulate Mr. Wadden on his enterprise in securing for his patrons such a meritorious assortment of household remedies and toilet preparations, and no doubt when our people have realized the many advantages of Rexall remedies, they will join with the people of other countries in demanding for every disease, and ailment the famous Rexall Cures.

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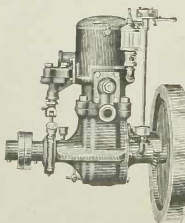
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Notice to Owners and Masters of British Ships!

The attention of Owners and Masters of British Ships is called to the 74th Section of the "Merchant Shipping Act, 1894."

74.—(1) A Ship belonging to a British subject shall hoist the proper national colours—

- (a) on a signal being made to her by one of His Majesty's ships (including any vessel under the command of an officer of His Majesty's navy on full pay), and
 - (b) on entering or leaving any foreign port, and
 - (c) if of fifty tons gross tonnage or upwards, on entering or leaving any British Port.
- (2) If default is made on board any such ship in complying with this section, the master of the ship shall for each offence be liable to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds.

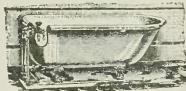
At this time of war it is necessary for every British Ship to hoist the colours and heave to if signalled by a British Warship; if a vessel hoists no colours and runs away, it is liable to be fired upon.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Registrar of Shipping.

St. John's, Newfoundland,
15th August, 1914.

Moore & Company



Plumbers,
Hot Water &
Steam Fitters.

Heaters, Stoves, Toilets, Baths and everything in our line
of the Best Quality at Lowest Prices.

SHIPS' PLUMBING A SPECIALTY

128 Duckworth St., - St. John's, Nfld.

Phone 456.

P. O. Box 1124.

Prosperous & Progressive.

Sun Life Assurance Company

Of Canada.

Amount of Assurance in force, - - -	\$202,363,996.00
Payments to Policy holders, - - -	39,385,287.91

Largest Company
in British Empire.

ALEX. BRYDEN, Mgr. for Nfld.



Department of Agriculture and Mines.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The attention of the Public is called to the following provisions of the Act to further amend the Crown Lands Act, 1903, passed at the last session of the Legislature :

Application for Timber Limits.

SEC. 3.—Section 24 of the Crown Lands Acts, 1903, is hereby repealed, and the following substituted therefor :

No such licenses shall be granted until notice of intention to apply therefor has been published in the *Royal Gazette* for a period of one month prior to such application. The said notice shall contain the name and address of the applicant, and with as much certainty as possible shall describe the location and boundaries of the land applied for, naming the Electoral District in which same is situated and its approximate area.

Returns of Timber Cut.

SUB-SEC. 4, SEC. 4.—To make returns to the Government annually on oath, on or before the 30th of November in each and every year of (a) the total quantity of timber cut between the 1st day of July and the 30th day of June then last past, which is liable to the payment of royalty ; and (b) of all timber cut for the manufacture of paper or paper pulp, also to make returns annually, or at such other periods as may be required by the Governor in Council, or by regulations under this Act, sworn to by him or by his agent or employee, cognizant of the fact of the quantity of all sawn lumber, timber, railway car stuff, ship timber and knees, shingles, laths, cordwood or bark, or any other product of timber sold or disposed of by him during such quarter or other period and the price of value thereof, the licensee to be liable to a fine of \$50.00 if the returns aforesaid

be not filed in the Department of Agriculture and Mines within thirty days from the date on which they are required to be filed as aforesaid.

Forfeiting Title for Non-Payment of Rents of Limits.

SEC. 6.—Whenever the rent or royalties payable under any lease to cut timber shall be in arrears and unpaid for the period of six months from the day on which the same became due, the Governor in Council may, without any suit or other proceedings to enjoin the same, declare such license forfeited and thereupon the same shall be again open to application by the public.

Survey of Mining Location.

SEC. 17.—Within one year from the date on which notice is given by the applicant for a ninety-nine year lease of a mining location or locations to the Minister of Agriculture and Mines, that it is his attention to hold said land as provided by Section 47 of the said Crown Lands Act, 1903, such applicant shall, at his own expense, cause a survey of the location or locations referred to therein to be made by a Surveyor approved by the Minister of Agriculture and Mines, and shall cause a diagram thereof, with the notes of the surveyor, to be filed in the Department of Agriculture and Mines within the same period. In all such surveys of mining locations, the bearings of the boundaries shall be from the True Meridian.

SYDNEY D. BLANDFORD,

Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1914.

A Neighborly Feeling

prompts one to be sociable at times and extend hospitality to their friends when they call. So keep your tea caddie well stocked; your friends will appreciate the **Cup of Quality** brewed from

HOMESTEAD.

Faultless in quality, its flavor makes staunch friends. **50c. lb.**

For 5 lb. Parcels, ten per cent. discount allowed.

C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth St. and Queen's Road.

Our Christmas Wish

is that your

Bread, Pies
and Pudding

be made from



**Verbena
Flour.**

W. A. MUNN, Wholesale Agent.

1914 Greeting 1914

CHANNING'S DRUG STORE desires to publicly thank their many friends for the kind patronage during the past year, and wish them, one and all, a **Merry Christmas.**

We respectfully draw your attention to our Stock of

PERFUMERY!

It is the very choicest obtainable, and being put up in fancy boxes, baskets, &c., would make ideal Christmas Presents. We also carry a full line of

Perfume Sprays, Sachet Powders, Toilet Boxes,
Hair Brushes, Shaving Brushes, Fancy Toilet Soaps,
* * * * * Smelling Bottles, Washing Gloves,
in fact a complete assortment of everything necessary
for Toilet and Medicinal purposes.

A visit to our Store will convince you, that right here
is the best place to buy anything in the above line.

We defy competition in goods or prices.

CHANNING'S DRUG STORE, 145 New Gower Street

Phone 785. Open till 11 o'clock every night. P.O. Box 806.

Baine, Johnston & Co.,

ESTABLISHED 1780.

Merchants, Ship-Owners, &c.

Agents

The Alliance Assurance Co., Ltd.

LONDON.

Total Assets exceed £120,000,000.
Fire Premiums for 1912 exceeded \$6,500,000.

Agents

Newman's Celebrated Port Wine

In Hhds., Quarter Casks, Octaves and Cases.

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ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,

Of London, England.

ESTABLISHED 1831

The Guardian has the largest paid-up capital of any Company in the world transacting a Fire business.

Subscribed Capital..... \$10,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital..... 5,000,000.00
Invested Funds exceed..... 25,000,000.00

T. & M. WINTER,

Agents for Newfoundland.

Miss May Furlong

Is now showing everything suitable for **XMAS PRESENTS.**

Handsome Fur Sets, Fur Caps, all kinds of French
Gloves in Ladies' and Gentlemen's, French Neck-
wear, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs.

Also, a large assortment of Fancy Goods, just the thing for the

XMAS SEASON.

Post Office Notice!---To Postmasters.

Payments to families of the Nfld. Naval Reserve is being made by means of British Postal Orders, and when presented at any Newfoundland Post Office they should be cashed when receipted by the payee, date stamped by the Postmaster and forwarded as cash to the General Post Office when remitting for stamps, &c., or may be forwarded as Money Order remittance or for deposit to the Bank of Montreal.

The orders are in sterling and should be cashed at rate of \$4.86 to the £.
Nov., 1914. **H. J. B. WOODS,** Postmaster General.

Reid Newfoundland Company

Proprietors of the Dry Dock, St. John's, Newfoundland

One of the best equipped Dry Docks in America. Steamships docked and repaired at the lowest rates. Well equipped and thoroughly fitted with all modern appliances for temporary or permanent repairs. Length of Dock, 610 feet. Depth of Water, 25 feet.

Proprietors and Operators of the St. John's Electric Street Railway.

All the Electric power supplied in St. John's is generated on this system. City Lighting and Power for Factories, etc., supplied at moderate rates. Those requiring Electric Power for any purpose should consult the undersigned.

Owners of Thirteen Clyde-Built Steamships

Royal Mail Steamers operating on Bays and Coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador.

Lessees and Operators of the Newfoundland Railway, 831 miles. Owners of 2,500,000 acres of Mineral and Timber Lands.

The Newfoundland Express Company, carrying on Express Business with all Express Companies of the world, and Money Orders issued to all parts.

The Railway and Steamship Systems give the best

connection between Newfoundland and Canada and the United States, and the best freight line between Canada and Newfoundland. S.S. "BRUCE" and "LINTROSE" connect at North Sydney with the Intercolonial Railway daily, except Sunday, leaving North Sydney on the arrival of the I. C. R. Express Trains on these evenings.

Newfoundland offers to the Tourists, Sportsmen and Health-Seeker the grandest scenery in the Western Hemisphere. A most beautiful climate in the summer months; cool, even and invigorating. No hay fever.

Finest Caribou Hunting Grounds in the World.

Best Salmon and Trout Streams that have yet been discovered. The Railway is equipped with Dining and Sleeping Cars, and everything to please the taste and add to the comfort of the Tourist is provided.

All information in regard to Newfoundland and Labrador will be given on application to the

REID NEWFOUNDLAND CO.,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

SPRING NUMBER, 1915

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.



STEEL SEALING FLEET.



HAULING SEALS AT THE ICE-FIELDS.



Insure Your Property

WITH THE

LIVERPOOL and LONDON and GLOBE

Insurance Company, Limited.

Bowring, Bros., Ltd.,

Agents for Newfoundland.

THE CENTRAL GARAGE,

F. J. DODD, Proprietor.

AGENCIES:

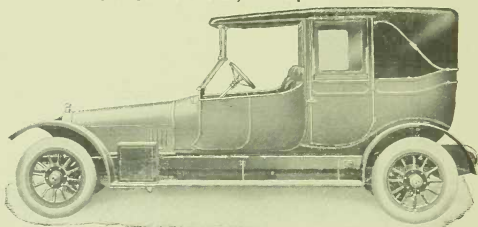
The Famous Sun-
beam Cars,

White Cars and
Trucks,

Regal Cars,

Dodge Cars,

C.A.V. and Rush-
more Lighting
Outfits.



Always in Stock:

Goodrich Tires,

Vacuum Oils and
Greases,

Assortment of Ac-
cessories and
Spare Parts.

Repairing a Specialty
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THE CENTRAL GARAGE, Catherine Street.

CLEM. J. MURPHY,

11 Pennywell Road,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.

Paper-Hanging and
Interior Work a Specialty.

P. O. BOX 142.

James Pidgeon,

Carpenter and Builder.

Jobbing Promptly Attended to

Workshop—15 Bannerman Street.

Residence—28 Prescott Street.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.



Notice to Mariners!

NEWFOUNDLAND.—(No. 11, 1914.)

IRON ISLAND,

Off Eastern Entrance to Burin Harbour, Placentia Bay.

Re-Establishment of Light.

Latitude 47° 02' 40" North.

Longitude 55° 06' 50" West.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Fixed Red Light on Iron Island, discontinued as per Notice to Mariners, No. 1, 1914, dated February 20th, 1914, is now re-established.

A. W. PICCOTT, Minister Marine & Fisheries.
Depart. Marine & Fisheries, St. John's, Nfld., Sept. 5, 1914.



Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	12 cents
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	24 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	36 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	48 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	60 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	72 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	84 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	96 "
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	\$1.08
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	1.20
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	1.32
Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.				
		No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 12 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by Express train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.
Over \$10, but not exceeding \$20	10 cts.
Over \$20, but not exceeding \$30	15 cts.
Over \$30, but not exceeding \$40	20 cts.
Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.

Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
Over \$60, but not exceeding \$70	35 cts.
Over \$70, but not exceeding \$80	40 cts.
Over \$80, but not exceeding \$90	45 cts.
Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order of any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1915.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents**, and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of signature and address, costs } From \$0.85
To 1.00

A ten word message to the United States, exclusive of signature and address, costs } From \$1.10
To 1.50

To Great Britain, France or Germany—25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1915.

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention "The Newfoundland Quarterly."

Imperial Life Assurance Co'y Of Canada. Head Office, Toronto.

The Cost of Smoking

Do you know that the cost of your two or three cigars—say a quarter a day—will maintain about \$4,000 of life assurance for a man between 25 and 30?

You can afford to smoke, sure! But you can also afford an **Imperial Life Policy** to provide for your wife and little ones should death call you suddenly.

For full information **WRITE or CALL to**

JAS. A. MACKENZIE,

Manager for Newfoundland.

P. O. Box 147.

Law Chambers Building.

Why Red Rose is a “Distinctive” Tea

Because it is largely composed of the fine teas of Northern India, which are generous in strength and richness. These, blended with the flavory teas of Ceylon, produce the qualities for which RED ROSE is famed.

N.B.—Coffee users will find Red Rose Coffee as generously good as Red Rose Tea.

Red Rose

TEA

 “Is Good Tea.”

LET US SUIT YOU!

The majority of American and Canadian men are wearing **READYMADE CLOTHING**. So also are the majority of Newfoundlanders. Our Experts' Cutting and Making enables you to obtain a fit and style that Satisfies the most fastidious. Our popular brands are:—Americus, Fitreform, Stylenfit, Truefit, and Progress.

Newfoundland Clothing Co'y, Limited.

Electric Pocket Lamps At BYRNE'S Bookstore.

Pocket Lamps, at 75c., 95c., \$1.00, 1.35, 1.75, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30 each.

Pocket Torches, \$1.00, 2.75, 3.30, 5.50, and 7.50 each.

Extra Bulbs and Batteries to suit above kept in stock.

GARRETT BYRNE,
Bookseller and Stationer.

At times of crisis it must be Bovril

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

T. J. EDENS, Agent for Newfoundland.

North West Fire Insurance Co. of Winnipeg.

Incorporated 1880.

Policies Guaranteed by the Union Assurance Society,
of London, England.

Chas. O'Neill Conroy,

Agent for Newfoundland.

Oke Building, St. John's.

The Newfoundland Quarterly

Vol. XIV.—No. 4.

APRIL, 1915.

40 cents per year.

Newfoundland and the War.

By Dr. Arthur Selwyn-Brown.



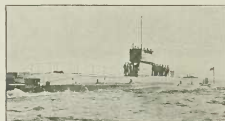
A. SELWYN-BROWN, M.A., F.H.S., LL.D.

WHEN the news was flashed across the cables on August 5th that England had declared war with Germany in

order to fulfil the British Government's promise to protect the sovereignty of Belgium, Newfoundlanders at once felt a desire to assist the Motherland in what was clearly foreseen would be a gigantic war. Steps were at once taken to offer sailors and soldiers to the British Government. The people did

not hold back from the battle when civilization in Europe was threatened, and like the Americans pursue, to their eternal shame, a cowardly policy of watchful waiting. They were of British stock and were determined to fight to the last man with characteristic British assurance. While the fighting promised to be severe, they felt there could only be one end—the triumph of Britain and her Allies. They remembered the teachings of history. Never has England called on her soldiers and sailors in a good

They, whom thy love hath guarded long;
They, whom thy care hath rendered strong
In love and faith,
Their heartstrings round thy heart entwine;
They are, they ever will be thine—
In life—in death!



A BRITISH SUBMARINE.

They felt that the most tremendous, most unscrupulous and most inhuman predatory assault of the Germans upon the world's civilization would tax the British Empire's full military and naval strength and, consequently, it was only just that in return for all the benefits bestowed upon the various constituent units of the Empire, all capable of bearing arms should give their services. And Newfoundland has done her share well. Two units of 1,000 men each have been given to the Empire—one being a naval unit and the other a military one. These units, together with their reserves will absorb about 2,500 men and there are several hundred Newfoundlanders, not included in the above, who are serving on land and sea with English and Canadian units.

Newfoundlanders are serving in all the fighting services—in the infantry, cavalry, artillery, the flying corps, in battleships, transports, submarines, patrol boats, coast-defences, cycle, medical, ambulance and hospital corps and in the various military and naval engineering services. No part of our great Empire is more fully represented in diversity of service and efficiency. Nor have our recruiting returns been exceeded on a *per capita* basis by any other Colony.

The first draft of the First Newfoundland Regiment, 540 strong, left St John's in the *Florissal* on October 5th, 1914. It was landed at Devonport, England, on October 16 and sent to Salisbury Plains, near London. A large amount of training was undergone there. Over 70,000 soldiers were in the camp and the military authorities found that the Newfoundland Regiment soon became one of the smartest and most trustworthy of all. The Regiment was inspected by Lord Roberts.



H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."



cause in vain and never before was the Empire called to battle in defence of more glorious principles. Not only has Britain undertaken to fight so as to restore Belgium to the Belgians, but to help France, to protect the civilization of Europe as well as the rights and freedom of the small nations and to uphold Christianity. It is a splendid task that could only be undertaken by the grandest nation this world has ever developed. While all the world wondered at the task Great Britain set herself, the people of even the remotest portions of the Empire vied with each other in offering their services and their means to assist the Motherland. They felt and dedicated themselves to England's cause as the Indian Poet Nizam Jung pictured the people of India doing when they sang:—

O England in thine hour of need,
When Faith's reward and valor's meed
Is death or glory;
When Faith indites, with biting brand,
Clasped in each warrior's stiff'ning hand
A Nation's story;

Though weak our hands, which fain would clasp
The warrior's sword with warrior's grasp
On Victory's field;
Yet turn, O mighty Mother! turn
Unto the million hearts that burn
To be thy shield.



A BRITISH SEAPLANE.



OFFICERS OF SECOND DRAFT OF NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT.

Top Row—Lieut. H. Rendell, Lieut. S. Robertson, Lieut. W. Pippy. 2nd Row—Lieut. J. Donnelly, Capt. E. Ayre, Capt. A. Montgomerie, Capt. I. Patterson, Lieut. H. S. Windels. 3rd Row—Lieut. H. V. Reid, Lieut. C. B. Carter. (Photo by R. P. Holloway.)

Lord Kitchener, the King and many other distinguished people who were all favorably impressed by its soldierly qualities. It was represented in the Lord Mayor of London's annual procession and was loudly cheered by vast throngs of Londoners.

The Regiment had the good fortune to be ordered to complete its training at Fort George Barracks, near Inverness, Scotland. These barracks are in the heart of the Scottish Highlands and are the head-quarters of the famous Seaforth Highlanders. Our men arrived there on December 8th, 1914, and underwent a severe training, exactly as the famous Highland troops are trained, until February 20th last when they were ordered to Edinburgh Castle to await the remaining drafts. When the Regiment was in the Highlands it was possible to compare it with the celebrated Scotch troops. The general opinion of the Scotch people, as voiced by the Inverness, Nairn and Edinburgh newspapers, is that they compare favorably with the Scotch regiments.

The Regiment was welcomed to Edinburgh by the Mayor and civil and military authorities. The good impression it made in the Highlands induced crowds of citizens in Edinburgh to give the Regiment a hearty welcome on its arrival at the Waverly Station. The Fort George draft found 250 men of the second draft awaiting it in Edinburgh Castle in the heart of the Scotch Capital. The second draft left St. John's on February 5th on the s.s. *Dominion* and arrived in Edinburgh on Feb. 17th. The third draft by the s.s. *Orduna* now makes the Regiment in Scotland 1,000. The final draft will soon join it and bring its strength up to 1,400 when it will leave for the front.

The Naval units amounting to nearly 1,000 men have been drafted to England in several drafts. They have been trained in the principal naval depots in England and assigned to positions on various ships. All the naval men have gained the confidence and praise of the Admiralty and have been entrusted with a variety of duties.

The British sailor is everywhere known as a handy man. But the Newfoundland Naval Volunteers have shown that there are degrees of handiness and they are among the handiest.

It fell to the lot of our naval men to be assigned to active service first. As a result they have also suffered the first losses. Some who formed part of the crews of H.M. Ships *Vickor*, *Clan MacNaughten* and *Bayano*, which were sunk by submarines off the English Coast lost their lives while on duty and found graves in the historic seas where the great admirals and seamen of England fought so many gallant fights in the defence of the freedom we have so long enjoyed.

While the men have freely volunteered for active service, the women and girls of Newfoundland have not been idle spectators. They have, by means of concerts, bazaars and other charitable entertainments, secured many thousands of dollars for the relief of the victims of German savagery in Belgium and France, and have laboured incessantly since the commencement of the war in knitting socks, jackets and other useful articles for the men at the front and on the war-ships. An astonishing number of presents have been shipped from St. John's for the front. The efforts made by the women of Newfoundland to assist the British soldiers and sailors, and alleviate the suffering of the sick and wounded, cannot be praised too highly. They show how the justness of England's cause is appreciated here and how thoroughly the sentiments of the people of England's oldest Colony are united with those of the people of Great Britain and the British Empire.

It is fully recognized that we are not engaged in an ordinary war; but in a war in defence of moral principles; a holy war waged whole-heartedly in the defence of all that is noble and beautiful in Christian civilization.

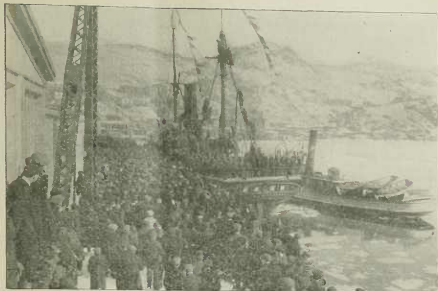
It is impossible to conceive the true meaning of this war unless we learn something of the character of the German people, their national ideals and the extraordinary philosophy which has urged them to the destruction of their Empire.

The Germans, since the earliest times have been known as a barbarous, quarrelsome people who could never be civilized. Julius Caesar in his History of the Conquest of Gaul asserted that the Germans were too quarrelsome and dull to be properly



Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.

VOLUNTEERS' FAREWELL DANCE AT THE BRITISH HALL.



VOLUNTEERS EMBARKING ON THE TENDER "NEPTUNE." [Photo by A. Tooton.]

civilized. The history of Germany is a continual record of fighting. The wild Germans several times over-ran Europe, as they recently tried to do again, robbing, plundering and laying waste the territory they traversed by fire and sword like they have lately done in Belgium, Poland and France.

In recent years, like the Japanese, they have taken on a veneer of civilization. But the war has disclosed that the modern Germans are at heart essentially savages. Nietzsche in one of his lucid intervals wrote of them: "The Germans are written down in the history of knowledge with imposing, ambiguous names; they have never produced anything but unconscious swindlers—(Fichte, Schelling, Schopenhauer, Hegel, Schleiermacher, deserve the word as much as Kant or Leibnitz: they are all mere Schleiermachers or veil makers). The German mind is *my* bad air; I breathe with difficulty in the neighborhood of this instinctive impurity in *psychologism* which is betrayed by every word, every look of a German. They have never come through a seventeenth century of laborious self-criticism as the French did. The Germans have had no psychologist up to the present. But capacity for psychology is almost the standard of the purity or impurity of a race. If one is not pure how can one be deep? We can never gauge the depth of a German, because, like women, he has none. And if a man has no depth he cannot even be called shallow. What in Germany is called deep—is just this instinctive impurity against one's self, about which I am now speaking; they will not see themselves as they are. May I not propose the word "German" as an international coin for this psychological degeneracy?"

"It is part of my ambition to be looked upon as a despiser of the Germans *par excellence*. I expressed my distrust of the German character as far back as my twenty-sixth year (1870). The Germans are impossible to me. When I think of a type of man that runs counter to my instincts, a German always appears. The first means I have of weighing a man is by knowing whether he perceives rank, grade and order between men; whether he *distinguishes*: In this way he is a gentleman; in every other respect he belongs irretrievably to the open minded, good-natured tribe of *canaille*. But the Germans are *canaille*—oh, they are so good natured!! One lowers oneself by having dealings with Germans. With the exception of my intercourse with some German artists, especially Richard Wagner, I have not spent a single happy hour with a German."

That is the candid opinion one of the greatest teachers of modern Germany held of the character of the German people. It confirms what many modern writers have said of them.

Prince Von Bulow, German Ambassador to Italy, formerly Imperial Chancellor, lately wrote in his "Imperial Germany:—
"Despite the abundance of merits and great qualities with which the German nation is endowed, political talent has been denied to it. . . . We are not a political people. . . .

Not that we ever lacked penetration and understanding for the sequence of political things . . . but what we did lack, and what we still often lack, is the art of proceeding from insight to practical application and the great art of doing the right thing politically by a sure creative instinct. . . . Politically there is an obvious disproportion between our knowledge and our power. . . . There is too often a lack of the political discernments which can grasp the bearing of acquired knowledge. . . . We are political donkeys."

After drawing attention to the amenability of the Germans to discipline, which he thinks is a good characteristic, Von Bulow admonishes his countrymen to remember that Tacitus writing about their ancestors related that it was through envy and jealousy, the old Germans destroyed their liberators, the Cherusci.

From what these writers have said of the inherent defects of the German character the causes of many of their wanton actions in the present war will be perceived.

Dr. Dillon, writing about the causes of the present war, indicates his belief that a lack of penetration or depth, the same deficiency that Nietzsche pointed out, accounts for many of the mistakes the Kaiser and his advisers have fallen into. He says that: "Despite their powers of observation and analysis, the Germans, even those who are gifted and experienced, are devoid of some indefinable inner sense without which they must ever lack true insight into the soul-stuff, the dormant qualities of the people whose wrath they have wantonly aroused. To the realm of British thought and feeling they, with their warped psychological equipment, find no access. Its secondary characteristics they grasp with their noted thoroughness and seek to practice upon with their traditional cynicism. But the deeper springs of our race character, its clear-souled faith, its masculine vigour and its vast reserve of elemental force lie beyond their narrow range of vision. To the sentient and perceptive powers even of the most acute German observer, the workings of the British soul, its inherent nobilities, its deep moral feeling, are inaccessible."

The Germans, unlike all the other races of Europe, have a very unstable character. They cannot rule themselves, but require autocrats to manage them. Whenever they settle among other people, as in Russia, England or the United States, they lose their identity and become merged with the people of the country. But they have always exhibited a strange sentimental liking for exotic and whimsical doctrines of a particularly decadent nature. A majority of their principal literary men have been undoubted decadents—men who have not only preached decadent themes but lived decadent lives. They were jealous



Photo by Miss Hayward.

S.S. "NEPTUNE" ON HER WAY TO S.S. "DOMINION" OUTSIDE THE HARBOR AWAITING OUR VOLUNTEERS.

of the grandeur and beauty of the world and dedicated their lives to lauding and painting impure phantoms, skeletons and the slimy phosphorescent elements of putrescence and decay in gay colours, in proclaiming beauty in sin and seeming to sing with the French Poet Baudelaire :

"We will embark upon the shadowy sea,
Like youthful wanderers for the first time free—
Hear you the lovely and funeral voice
That sings—'O come all ye whose wandering joys
Are set upon the scented Lotus flower,
For here we sell the fruits miraculous boon :
Come ye and drink the sweet and sleepy power
Of the enchanted, endless afternoon,
O Death, old captain, it is time, put forth !
We have grown weary of the gloomy night ;
Though sea and sky are black as ink, lift sail !
Our hearts are full of light and will not fail.
O pour thy sleepy poison in the cup !
The fire within the heart so burns us up
That we would wander Hell and Heaven through,
Deep in the Unknown seeking something new."

Degeneracy runs through all German intellectual work—in the works of German playwrights, artists, novelists and musicians. Even Nietzsche, one of the masters of German decadence, saw degeneracy in the German music. In his "Case Against Wagner" he said : "I am far from wishing to be a harmless onlooker when that decadent is ruining our health—and our music

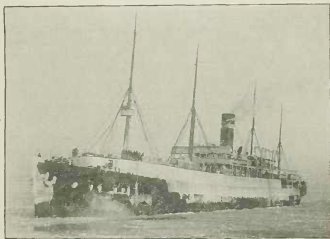


Photo by S. H. Parsons & Sons.
S.S. DOMINION AWAITING THE S.S. NEPTUNE OUTSIDE ST. JOHN'S.

as well ! Indeed, is Wagner really a man ? Is he not rather a disease ? Everything he touches falls ill—he has made music ill.

Wagner is the modern artist *par excellence*, the Cagliostro of modernity. In his heart we find bound up, in the most seductive fashion possible, what is necessary for everyone today—the three great stimulants of exhaustion: the brutal, the artistic and the idiotic."

The same decadent characteristics will be found in the artists and musicians today. They are the distinguishing features of the music of Strauss and Wolf-Ferrari.

When a nation's intellectual life is permeated with decadent principles it would be absurd to expect to find the people enjoying good aesthetic and moral standards. Even a superficial examination of German works of art, paintings, statuary, sculpture and architecture, shows a very primitive degree of taste. The art-forms are coarse and crude, the colour schemes are grotesque and bizarre.

Emil Reich an Austrian writer, attributes Germany's crudeness and lack of culture to the fact that it is an upstart among the nations. He says : "Prussia was 250 years ago a small state under the suzerainty of the King of Poland. Six hundred years ago, most of the Prussians proper were still heathens talking a Slav language. It was only by the end of the thirteenth century that the Prussians were converted to Christianity. Some of the South German people contend that this conversion is not complete even in our day.

It is common knowledge that, of all the kinds of intractable

pride, the pride of the upstart is the worst, the least amenable to sound limits. For centuries the Germans have been buffeted about by the French, English, Swedes, Poles and formerly even by the Hungarians. For centuries the German Princes, hat in hand, went the round of all the courts in Europe begging for subsidies, kissing the hands and licking the shoes of powerful Ministers, Kings, Popes and Generals. For centuries they were utilized like so many flunkies by the older and more powerful nations around them."

We might expect that among a people dull and envious as the Germans, and having experienced such a disagreeable history, there would be a better field for the dissemination of evil than goodness. So Nietzsche found. He is their great instructor. While many writers conspired to bring about the present war, the teachings of Nietzsche did incomparably more to lead the Germans to destruction than any other writer. And Nietzsche succeeded in doing that by his anti-Christian ideas. The doctrine of "Frightfulness" and the cult of universal lying now being so widely practised by the Germans are almost entirely due to Nietzsche's instructions. The war is but a manifestation of the fruitage of his theories. As Frederic Rogers says : "It is decadence and only that which is manifesting itself in the German soul now. A war can be marked by noble characteristics, even if it is in a wrong cause. History has proved that many times. But let anyone point out, if the can, one single act of nobility in Germany's actions or in her attitude towards Europe in this struggle. Only treachery and cowardice have manifested themselves in her conduct in Poland, Belgium and France and hypocrisy towards the rest of the world. And this is not altered by the fact that there are brave soldiers in the German army. There are such men in all armies. This decadence in the soul of Germany found its response in the decadence in the philosophy of Nietzsche."

The two main ideas permeating Nietzsche's philosophy are "the Will to Power" and "Master and Slave Morality." The motive power of all organic life, he thought, is not the "Will to Live," but a desire to expand, to grow, to appropriate, to gain power and this desire he called the "Will to Power." He considered that men are not equal. They can be divided into two classes, masters and men, the aggressive and the passive, those who command and those who obey. "Wherever I found a living thing," he says, "there I found the 'Will to Power' ; and even in the will of the servant, I found the will to be master. Neither necessity nor desire, but the love of power, is the demon of mankind. You may give men everything possible—health, food, shelter, enjoyment—but they are and remain unhappy and capricious, for the demon waits and waits and must be satisfied. Passion for power is the earthquake which breaketh and up-breaketh all that is rotten and hollow; the rolling, rumbling, punitive demolisher of whitened sepulchres; the flashing interrogative sign beside premature answers; passion for power, before whose glance man creepeth and croucheth and drudgeth, and becometh lower than the serpent and swine, until at last great contempt crieth out of him. The criterion of truth lieth in the enhancement of the feeling of power."

In this way Nietzsche finds nobility consists in the ability to command and obey and therefore culture consists essentially in obedience and habituation. Good is all that enhances the feeling of power, the "Will to Power" and power itself in man. Evil on the other hand is that which weakens such power—all that proceeds from weakness, envy and revenge. These were his moral principles and he deducted from them that to be brave and fight is good. Every national gift should be allowed to develop by contests. It was from these teachings that Bernhardi learnt that "War is a biological necessity, an indispensable regulator in the life of mankind, failing which would result a course of evolution deleterious to the species and too utterly antagonistic to all culture."

And when the Germans speak of culture, they have in view the doctrine of the superman, and mean the parallelism of the brute power of the ruling classes and the mule—like obedience of the people. It is the cult of the brute in man.

The development of the "Will to Power," Nietzsche thought, leads mankind upwards from the species to the super species; from man to super-man. Anything hindering this is not benefi-

cial to the race. Among those things which would strongly prevent the development of supermen, pity, compassion and benevolence are prominent. Nietzsche felt so strongly opposed to these so-called anti-eugenic factors that he wrote his "Anti-Christ" to oppose Christianity which emphasizes such virtues. In that work he said that if the sick and poor were of the same value as the strong and rich the natural course of evolution would be thwarted and the unnatural would become law. The species requires the suppression of the physiologically botched, the weak and degenerate; but it is precisely to these people that Christianity appealed as a conservative force. Christian altruism is the mob-egotism of the weak. It aims at the self-preservation and advantage of the inferior classes of society. It is an additional means, perhaps, for the super-men to overcome the resistance in the exercise of authority; but he finds many disadvantages accompanying it and after surveying them he is overcome by a fit of anger and exclaims: "I condemn Christianity and confront it with the most terrible accusation that an accuser has ever had in his mouth. To my mind it is the greatest of all conceivable corruptions. I call Christianity the one great curse, the one enormous and innermost perversion, the one great instinct of revenge, for which no means are too venomous, too underhand, too underground and too petty—I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind."

It is quite evident these words were never uttered by a sane man. They are the product of a diseased mind. Nietzsche said many correct and clever things in his many writings, but it is plain to all who read his works that he was never a sane man. He was only a violent lunatic towards the end of his life; but his mind was never normal. Still, this unbalanced intellect has swayed all modern German thought and led the Germans away from Christianity backwards into barbarism and caused the whole nation to revert to the primitive belief that might is right.

A distinguished writer reviewing conditions in Europe says: "We seem to be confronted with a great nation maddened by success and wholly in the thrall of a theory which other nations are just beginning to out-grow—the theory of brute force and disregard for the rights of others. But the matter is simplified if we bear in mind, first, that the Germans have, as a nation, apparently thrown aside Christianity; secondly, that they are a logical people. . . . I should find it quite impossible to interpret the modern German mind without noting first this guiding fact—it is a national mind in revolt from Christianity. Many who have written and spoken on the subject during the last few weeks have emphasized the war being a conflict between civilization and barbarism. But it makes the position much clearer if we observe that when disbelief in the central doctrines of Christianity spreads over the whole governing class of a nation, there is no room for the intrusion of the only rival creed—that is force. Obviously the history of Prussia has helped the Prussians to become votaries of this creed (as preached by Clausewitz, Treitschke, Von der Goltz, Bulow, Bernhardi and the Kaiser); but no national annals would have had this particular effect unless the German mind, in respect to fundamental principles, had been empty, swept and garnished. . . ."

The Germans appear to have developed the idea that the possession of the earth is above all things desirable; next that the great obstacle in the way is some lingering meek spiritedness among the people. Therefore this must give way to violence. But if men go so far as that, the next step is to terrorism—and in that word is included an ind-finite number and variety of savageries. Meantime, have they not learnt from Bismark that the most useful handmaid of violence is lying? so the world is appalled by a hideous blend of brutality and lumbering cunning. Moreover, the prospect is distinctly revealed that if by chance this nation should prove victorious, a tyranny would be set up over other nations. . . . The behaviour of the Germans in Belgium has shed a lurid illumination on the logical outcome of heathenism in the Europe of to-day. It has astonished us by its thoroughness. . . ."

To many of us the greatest marvel of all the marvels of this time is the evidence, which is even now at hand, that in spite of her unutterable failings, infirmity of purpose, blindness to warnings and callousness of wrong, Britain is again to be entrusted

with an unspeakably great commission: the charge not only herself to act on the principles of the Gospel message, but to get all the foremost nations of the world to see, to understand and to know."

Newfoundland's participation in the war is being watched with pleasure by the whole empire, and it is generally conceded that she has amply earned a distinguished place in whatever scheme is developed for closer Imperial Confederation when the war is over.

Throughout the many wars and international negotiations recorded in the long and brilliant history of British diplomacy from the early Anglo-Saxon days, through the periods of the Norman and Plantagenet Kings, indistinctly at times, and then again shining brightly like the sun's rays on a sparkling summer sea, as we see it to-day triumphantly emblazoned on our proud battle standards in France and Belgium, the majestic emblem of the *Libertas Britannica*, has been bravely borne, the symbol of the creative force and steadfastness of the larger freedom and higher justice bestowed by those British ideals which have bound over a fifth part of the world's population into the grandest empire that has ever existed and brought the sacred blessings of peace, goodwill, and justice to the majority of mankind. It was a splendid inspiration that caused Newfoundland to send her finest manhood to battle under such standards and to assist in upholding such noble ideals, so that when the war is over they may prevail over a still larger part of the world than hitherto, thereby leading to a newer and greater epoch in civilization and to the binding of the nations into a lasting, mutually beneficial *entente*.

✻ Dies Irae. ✻

By Eunice T. Holbrook Ruel.

WHAT of *That* "Day,"—you who have tried.

To steal what belongs to God?

The Earth is *The Lords* and the fullness thereof,

Though He grant us the use of the sod.

The cattle upon a thousand hills,—

And the valleys thick with corn—

Belonged to the Lord of the Universe

Before the war-lord was born.

He made the world and He's kept the world—

In the face of the Devil's host

He has conquered death and conquered Hell—

By the power of the Holy Ghost.

Yet *you* have said in your inmost heart

There is never a God that will pay,

For God and I—we are partners and I

Shall have it mine—not God's way.

For you thought to chain in iron bands,—

The world Christ died to save.

But the world *belongs* to the Son of God:

There is life beyond the grave

Have you thought of that when you bade your men,

Harrow and hack their way,

Have you thought of the morning that will dawn,

On the Resurrection Day?

When the dead will rise and *you* will rise.

And meet the clear, white flame

Of the eyes of the Lord, who died to save,

The world you have tried to shame.

What will you say to the marks on his hand,—

The marks of the Calvary Tree.

And what will you answer when He says:

"This is what you have done to Me."

The Devil will stand, with the crowd of the damned.

Will *he* pity *you* *shamed* head?

And where ever you turn you will see the eyes,

Of your risen accusing dead.

And when in despair you turn away,

The contempt of humanity,

And the murdered babies of Belgium—

Standing at Jesus knee.

O Second Herod! What will you do—

To whom can you turn and pray?

When the seal of the Lamb's great Book of Life,

Breaks apart at the Judgment Day.

Will you call it "a scrap of paper" *hers*,

The pages where your name should be?

He scorneth the sinner: and what will you do

When you face eternity?

❁ Our Great Sealing Industry. ❁

And the Men and Methods Employed from Time to Time in Its Prosecution.

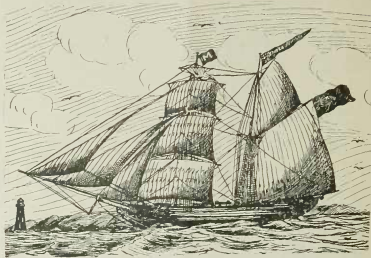
By Alex. A. Parsons, J.P.



ALEX. A. PARSONS, ESQ.

"The salt sea's secrets are all known to me,
The dry earth's mysteries I understand.
What is a furrow but a wave of land?
And what are waves but furrows of the sea?"

"My love for both is equal and entire:
This gives me wealth of fish and that of corn;
The son of both, I am the sea-board's born,
The land my mother and the sea my sire."

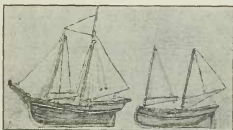


FIRST VESSEL OF 100 TONS EMPLOYED IN THE SEAL FISHERY.

IN preparing for the NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY these illustrated notes on the rise and progress of our sealing industry, it is not my intention to write a history of this once great source of income to the Colony, but merely to glance at the various important stages of development through which it has passed since its inception, little more than a century ago. I shall begin by taking the reader back to 1800, when George the Third was King of Great Britain and Ireland and Admiral C. M. Pole Governor of Newfoundland and its Dependencies. That was fifty years before the Colony possessed the "priceless boon of Responsible Government," as Mr. Philip Little, our first Prime Minister used to call it—and when

in nets and on the ice, five hundred young and old seals. Unusually large herds passed up through the Strait of Bell Isle that season, and great numbers were captured by residents on both sides of the Strait.

On the Labrador coast the seal net-fishery began in November and ended with Christmas, when the nets were taken up. On the coast of Newfoundland it began about Christmas and continued through the winter and spring. Up to the year 1800 the sealing business carried on by large boats and small schooners had not been general longer than nine years. It was pursued with varied success. From three to four thousand men were employed, and the historian of the time tells us that very few fatal accidents happened, notwithstanding the great risks they ran. St. John's, even then, we are told, took the lead in carrying on this industry, and sent out to the icefields almost as many vessels as did all the ports of Conception Bay combined. For some years the 17th of March (St. Patrick's Day) was the date fixed for the sailing of the sealing vessels; but there was then no legal enactment in reference to the matter. By thus delay-

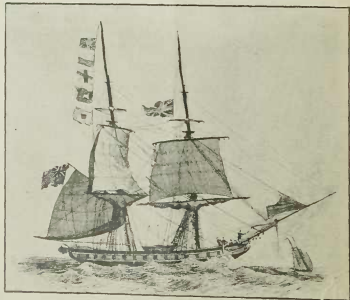


TYPES OF FIRST BOATS USED IN SEAL FISHERY.

the Island was regarded by the Imperial authorities, and the "folks at home" generally, "as a valuable fishing station, but scarcely fit for permanent settlement."

It seems that, at first, "seals were taken in nets which were placed between the shore and some island or rock at no great distance." In their migratory movements the seals go south along the shore during the early part of winter, and by means of nets placed in these narrow passages, a few were taken. We are told by L'Abbe Raynal that, "even previous to the year 1763, English fishermen were in the habit of repairing to certain favorable places in order to capture seals in the way referred to." A similar method is still pursued on some parts of the Northern Coast of the Island and also on Labrador.

In 1800 the adventurous and perilous pursuit of seal-hunting was prosecuted in two different ways—during the winter months by nets, and from March to June in decked boats and small schooners, pictures of which I herewith append. At that time the fishery by nets extended from Conception Bay to the coast of Labrador. Four or five men, ordinarily, constituted a crew to attend about twenty nets; but when seals were plentiful this number of nets required a double crew in separate boats. I remember to have heard the late Mr. Henry Lock of this city say that in comparatively recent years, when he was light-house keeper at Cape Norman, he and his assistants caught, one spring,



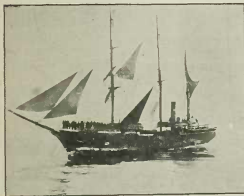
THE SEALING BRIG OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

ing their departure they managed to avoid the equinoctial gales—or "St. Patrick's brush," as it was called.

Subsequently, however, they learned by experience the advantage of making an earlier start in order to reach the young harps before they had taken to the water. The first of March at length became the usual time for the fleet's departure. In these small schooners the men speedily acquired hardihood and daring, and became expert in battling with the ice-floes,—hardihood because they had no fire except in the galley for cooking purposes, and daring on account of their being exposed to imminent danger all the time. The Rev. Dr. Harvey, in his preface to Mr. Chafe's excellent "Report on the Newfoundland Seal Fishery"—to which I am indebted for much of the information contained in this article—says the people of Conception Bay took prominence in prosecuting this enterprise, and Carbonear, Harbor Grace, Bay Roberts, Cupids, and especially Brigus, became centres of the sealing industry. The skippers of these little vessels of from 40 to 80 or 100 tons, became renowned as mighty hunters of seals, and many of them acquired considerable wealth. The crews also shared in the profits, and comfort and abundance prevailed in these sealing towns and villages, especially in such places as Brigus, Bay Roberts, Harbor Grace and Carbonear. At the close of the voyage the men

of us lay the barque *Barbara*, Capt. Kean, father or uncle of Capt. Abraham Kean of this city, the former at that time, like the latter now, one of the most successful seal-killers in the Colony. The weather continued boisterous all through the week, and Saturday morning it blew a terrific gale, with the temperature at zero. We had seen the storm coming and made the best arrangements we could to meet it. There were "lakes of water" all about, on the edge of one of which we lay, with a large ice berg just to windward. To the latter we fastened our strongest and best hawser and two smaller lines. The storm came on with increasing violence and the ice began to run with greater force than we had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself, during a temporary abatement of the storm, and was stretched out comfortably in the captain's bed, when I heard the sharp vibrating snap of a rope. Our second best line had parted, and we were swinging by the other two, the gale roaring like a cataract through the pinnacles and bergs on our weather quarter.

Half an hour more and "twang-twang!" came a second report. I knew it was the smaller line by the weight and sharpness of the report. Our biggest and newest line still held on, and to its strength and durability we pinned our faith. I was in the act of tying on my "Elsinore" when Tom Glavine, the



S.S. DIANA, BUILT ABOUT 45 YEARS AGO.



S.S. TERRA NOVA, BUILT ABOUT 30 YEARS AGO.

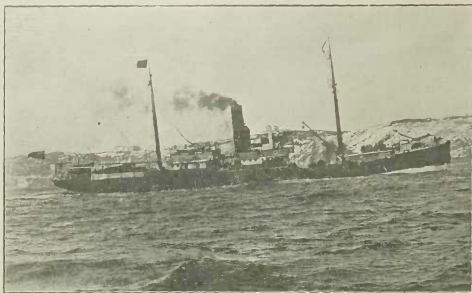
engaged therein spent their money lavishly, and did not seem to take the slightest thought of the future. In 1857 there were 400 vessels of from 70 to 200 tons employed in the seal fishery, of which St. John's sent out about 150; their united crews numbering 13,000 men. The average annual value of the seal fishery at that period was from a million to a million and a quarter dollars.

I still remember quite distinctly my first and only experience at the ice-fields. We left Harbor Grace in the brigantine *Union* on the 5th of March in the middle sixties. For some days previously the harbor and bay had been packed with ice, but on the 4th the wind swung round from the south-west and blew with hurricane force all that afternoon and night. Next morning the bay was clear and most of the fleet (there were about ninety vessels in all) got off during the forenoon. They certainly presented a pretty sight as—with all their sails set and flags flying—they glided out through the channel already cut for them in the harbor ice, and, amid hearty cheers from the shore and responsive hurrahs on board, shaped their course for the habitat of the phoca.

We ran out of Conception Bay through the loose ice, taking a N.N.E. course until daylight next morning; then hauled in to the N.W.W. till we sighted Cape John. Here we picked up a few whitecoats; but the wind suddenly shifting to the north, with increasing violence, all hands were called on board and things made as comfortable as possible. Some distance outside

master of watch came tumbling down the companion ladder. "Skipper," said he to the captain, my uncle, who was drinking a—cup of coffee, "she can't hang on much longer; 'tis blowing like blazes, and I'm afraid our last line will soon go, and if so, we'll be driven clean out of the seals before daylight." When I reached the deck, at the heels of the captain, the big hawser was proving its strength, and the crew, as they gathered around it, were speculating as to how long it would bear the strain. It was then as straight and hard as a bar of iron, and its Aeolian music could be distinctly heard swelling through the deafening roar of the wind and the moaning of the shrouds. It seemed to be singing its requiem, as, in a few moments, the strands gave away and we were at the mercy of the running ice. However, towards morning the wind gradually subsided and at daylight we found that we had passed out of the danger zone and were in comparative safety. The sun shone brightly and the weather was all that could be desired. We took on board that day 800 young harps. But it is not my purpose here to furnish a detailed account of the incidents connected with an ordinary sealing voyage; I am writing on the development of the seal fishery—"simply that and nothing more!"

The fishery was not prosecuted by Newfoundlanders prior to 1763. In 1787 about 5,000 seals were taken from the ice. To show the progress made in one hundred years, I would here remark that in 1871 there were 201 sailing vessels and 13 steamers employed, with an aggregate crew of 9,791 men. The export



S.S. BELLAVENTURE.—A HARVEY & CO.—ONE OF THE STEEL FLEET.

of seal skins from the Colony between 1838 and 1848, when only small schooners were employed in the industry, varied from 450,000 to 700,000 annually. With the introduction of steamers and—for a time—the indiscriminate slaughter of old seals, the work of extermination began, and has been slowly and surely going on ever since, until we now regard a crop of 300,000 as about as large a catch as we can reasonably expect. The abnormally good years for this industry were experienced from 1820 to 1952, when the following large crops of seals were brought in from the icefields:—

1830	548,442
1831	686,836
1832	508,407
1840	631,375
1844	685,530
1848	521,004
1852	534,378

The only other notably large catch secured between the years 1852 and 1862 was that of 1858, when the number taken amounted to 507,624.

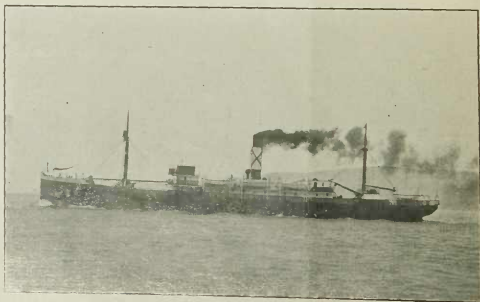
To quote again from the late Dr. Harvey: "In the year 1863 the great innovator steam entered the field and the first steamer took part in the seal fishery. The value of steam in connection with Arctic exploration had been previously demonstrated, and its introduction speedily revolutionized the seal fishery. The sailing vessels were gradually driven out of the field, and the number of steamers increased. In 1866 there were 177 sailing vessels and only five steamers. In 1873 there were 18 steamers; in 1882 there were 25 steamers." At present there are only 14, and the sailing vessel in the seal fishery has become a thing of the past. Is this industry within reasonable distance of its end? We hope not; but it certainly looks very much like it, unless common sense and rational legislation are permitted to step in and make provision for a close season.

Among the many items of useful information furnished us by Mr. Chafe in his remarks on the "Steam Seal Fishery," I notice he states that the largest bill ever made at this industry was that made by the

crew of the s.s. *Retriever*, owned by Messrs. Ridley & Sons, of Harbor Grace, and commanded by Capt. James Murphy, of Catalina, in 1866. The crew numbered 105 men and made \$303.00 each. From the same reliable source we also learn that the largest bill ever made in a St. John's steamer was that shared by the men of the s.s. *Nimrod*, Capt. Peter Cummins, in 1871, when his crew of 140 made \$268.47, each. That was in "the good old days gone by." At the present time a bill of \$80 would be regarded as a remarkably large one and mean for the owners a full load of seals. I do not know what the men of the s.s. *Commodore* made out of the "big trip" she had in 1872. That year the veteran seal-killer, Capt. Azariah Mundon, not only had a deck-load, but towed a quantity of seals from Bacallen up Conception, as far as Western, Bay, where they were taken on board

and placed along with others in pounds on deck. She was so deep that the crew could easily touch the water with their hands by leaning out over her side. She turned out 31,314 seals, was 290 tons and carried a crew of 200 men.

Of course the fishermen have suffered by the introduction of steamers in the prosecution of the sealing business. Mr. Chafe says the numbers employed have been reduced by more than one-half, and they now receive one-third of the value of the seals taken by each vessel instead of one-half, which was their share in sailing vessels. Especially has this been the case since the employment of those big steel ships, such as the *Stephano*, *Florizel*, *Naxos*, &c. As Mr. Chafe points out, the great difficulty now is to get burthens on board the steamers, and hence it is that hundreds are every year left behind. The reduction of wages is a matter of necessity, owing to the heavy expense incurred in fitting out sealing steamers and keeping them in good, seaworthy condition. However, it is not at all likely that we shall ever again revert to the use of sailing vessels in the sealing voyage, and the steam fleet is getting smaller and smaller every year. Obviously, the seal, like the whale, is doomed to extermination—and its disappearance from the icefloes and waters of Newfoundland is only a matter of time. Possibly the middle of the present century will witness the end of it. It is



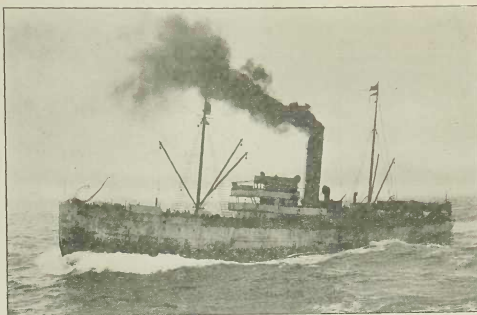
S.S. FLORIZEL.—BOWRING BROS., LTD.—OF THE STEEL FLEET.

argued by some people whose opinions on other matters are well worthy of consideration, that, if steamers were dispensed with in the prosecution of the seal fishery and sailing vessels employed, as of yore, this branch of our staple industry would slowly and surely be restored to normal conditions. But, I doubt this very much. As one of the writers already quoted observes, it is a mere dream to expect steamers to be withdrawn and sailing vessels restored. As well may we hope to abolish railways and revert to the ancient modes of locomotion. Steamers have come to stay, and we have to submit to destiny.

As I write these notes I hear the sound of the sealing steamers' whistles. They are leaving for their annual trip to the ice-fields. May Providence favor them, and grant that no accident, like the terrible tragedy of last year, may bring sadness and gloom to those engaged therein in 1915. One almost fancies he hears them sing as they steam out through the Narrows:—

"From the hill-tops look the steeple,
And the light-house from the strand;
And the scattered firs are waving
Their farewell from the land.
One glance, my lads, behind us;
For the homes we leave one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky.

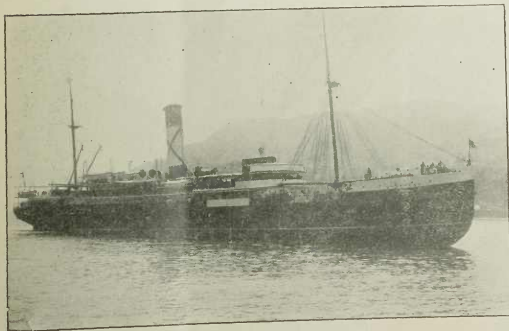
"Now, brothers, for the ice-bargs
Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
Along the rugged shore!
Where, like snow, the gannets' feathers
On Wadhams' rocks are shed;
And the noisy murr are floating
Like black scuds overhead."



THE S.S. NASCOPE—JOB BROS. & CO'S.—OF THE STEEL FLEET.

Regiment Photographs.

We have to thank Capt. A. O'Brien and Lieut. R. H. Tait for their kind interest in having Photographer D. A. Grant, of Nain, Scotland, send us the photographs of The Officers, "A" Company, and "B" Company," that appear on pages 14, 15 and 16 of this issue. Besides the groups we reproduce, there are numbers of others ready; while numerous others still are coming off shortly. The following are among the subjects produced thus far, and can be had from D. A. Grant, Nain, Scotland:—A Company, B Company, Officers, Quartermaster Staff, Groups of 14 & 4, Church Lads Brigade, Drums and Bugles, Mr. Tait's Platoon; while Capt. O'Brien's and Lieut. Wighton's Platoons are also being done. But in the set-up form: that is, all the members are photographed separately and mounted on a large board, the whole being subsequently copied and reduced to a convenient size. The photographs received are excellent.



THE S.S. "STEPHANO"—HOWRING BROS., LTD.—THE LARGEST SEALING STEAMER.—OWING TO WAR CONDITIONS, SHE IS NOT AT THE SEAL-FISHERY THIS SEASON; AND ON MARCH 20 TOOK THE THIRD DRAFT OF OUR VOLUNTEERS TO HALIFAX TO BE TRANSFERRED TO ENGLAND.

A Few Notes on Antwerp and its Treasures.

By Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Morris, P.C.



RT. HON. SIR EDWARD MORRIS, P.C.



One can read the story of Antwerp and Venice, their rise and growth as great commercial cities, without seeing in them a wonderful resemblance. Writing of Venice, Byron says:—

"But unto us she hath a spell beyond,
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms descend
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Phœnix: Shylock and the Moor,

And Pierre, cannot be swept or won away —
The keystones of the arch, though all were o'er,
For us repleted were the solitary shore."

What is true of Venice is equally true of Antwerp, for while she is no longer the great maritime city she was, her story has created a halo of interest around her "trophy which will not decay" that Time will never altogether efface.

Antwerp resembles more than anything else the fabled story of the Phoenix. Just as that bird fanned its funeral pyre with its own wings, so has Antwerp, by her greatness and industry in the past, fanned the flames of jealousy amongst nations, and thus repeatedly lead to her own destruction; but like the Phoenix she has risen time and again from her ashes, and I have no doubt will rise again gloriously over her present trials. The name Antwerp is said to be derived from Flemish words, which means "on the wharf." From her past history as a great seaport town, whose wealth was daily deposited on her wharves and piers, no name would seem more appropriate.

When I first visited Antwerp, five years ago, it was then a great prosperous maritime town, whose population was getting up for nearly four hundred thousand, with piers as fine as any country in the world. These were built by Napoleon I. when Antwerp formed a part of his Empire. No one can visit Antwerp and look at these docks and piers and see the ships laden with commerce flying the flags of all nations, without being struck with the colossal imagination possessed by that great soldier when he planned and executed them. And, as in Venice to-day,

"Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier!
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
The spumeless Adriatic mourns her Lord,
And annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood."

So has the glory of Antwerp departed, and her great commercial industrial institutions but suggest what she was in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Then 2500 sailing vessels furrowed her waters with their keels, and her custom house has been known to give clearance to 500 ships in one day. Through the city's gate 2,000 loaded waggons from neighbouring provinces have passed daily, and in all Europe in the day of her prosperity no city could rival Antwerp. Her merchants surpassed the Venetians in the splendour of their homes and the luxury of their surroundings. Her cathedrals, her palaces, and her works of art were more wonderful than those of any other city. But it was this very wealth and prosperity that made her the prey and attraction, for the civilized savages, who from time to time despoiled her. No other city has had so large a share of the horrors of war, that for five hundred years has desolated her, and now she has her crowning humiliation, in the invasion of the German vandals, and has just gone through a siege of nameless horrors. Her worst disaster occurred in 1576 known as the "Fury of Antwerp" when she was pillaged and burned by mutinous drunken Spanish soldiers. Next in 1584 she suffered

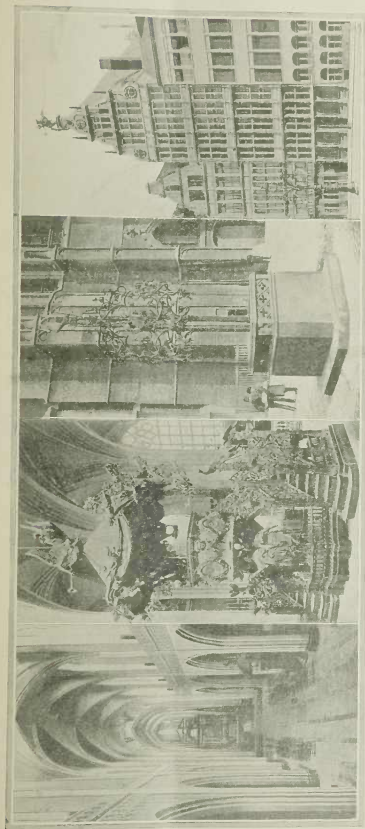
a fourteen months siege by Alexander of Parma. In 1589 her population fell as low as 55,000. Then she lost her commerce to the Dutch, and the River Scheldt upon which she is built was closed till 1790 when she had only 40,000 people. She was beginning to recover her self somewhat when the revolution of 1830 prostrated her again. But her great national advantages of port enabled her to surmount all difficulties, and she had previous to the present war a population of nearly 400,000.

It is not a pleasant task to contrast Antwerp of to-day, robbed of all the blessings of peace and prosperity, suffering from the widespread nameless loathing of war with the great and prosperous Antwerp of the middle ages. Amongst the many pictorial horrors one sees in the art galleries of the Netherlands there is nothing which strikes one with such horror as those which depict the sack of Antwerp by the Spaniards, when 8,000 men, women and children were massacred, burned or drowned in three days, and bodies lay by hundreds in the streets. The Spanish soldiers, drunk with wine and blood, cast off the semblance of humanity and played the part of fiends. But it is the great loss of life and art that one trembles for, when reading of the desolation of this fair city to-day. Money and labour can restore most of the material injuries inflicted on her, but the thousands of useful lives, the beautiful works of art, can never be replaced. For five hundred years Antwerp has been the home of painters and sculptors and goldsmiths and architects, giving birth to Tennyers, Jordeans and Van Dykes. Rubens lived and worked and died there, and Antwerp had a collection



THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, BETTER KNOWN AS THE CATHEDRAL OF ANTWERP.

of these great masters larger than any other city in the world. The church of Notre Dame usually called the Antwerp Cathedral is the largest and most beautiful of Gothic architecture in the Netherlands. It contains three of Rubens most famous pictures, namely the "Descent from the Cross," "The Elevation of the Cross" and the "Assumption of the Virgin." All are superbly beautiful, and when the sun comes out and bathes them



Interior view of the Cathedral, Antwerp.

The Palpit, Antwerp Cathedral.

The 15th Century Mari Well, with the Gothic Iron Canopy.

The House of Charles V., in whose reign Spaniards conquered Mexico and Peru.



Flemish Theatre, one of the handsomest modern buildings.

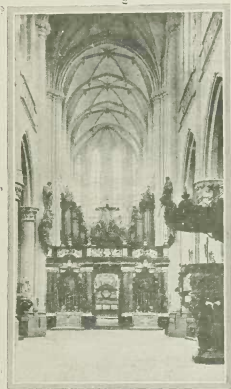
Plantin Museum.

in light, one gets as it were a glimpse of paradise. The artist seems to have put his very soul into these pictures. The Descent from the Cross is the most realistic picture one could possibly view.

Near the tower of the Cathedral is an old well protected by a handsome canopy of wrought iron, forged by Quinton Matsi, a blacksmith. Matsi fell in love with the daughter of the painter, and in order to obtain her father's consent to his suit, studied painting and became a great artist. His wrought iron well shows the true artistic taste, in shaping iron as he exhibited later with his brush. Van Dyke's "Entombment" is also one of the trea-

soned both in Europe and the United States, as it was in direct contravention of the provisions of the Hague Convention which Germany had signed. The bombardment of the city ended in its fall on January 6th and caused much loss of property and misery to the whole population. Fortunately none of the great treasures of art to which I have referred were damaged, and it is pleasing to be able to record that when the city was being bombarded those splendid works of art in the cathedrals, and museums were taken down and removed to places of safety.

The treasure of Antwerp is its Cathedral. When the Germans neared the city, when the entanglements of barbed wire were



THE SCREEN, SHOWING THE HIGH ALTAR IN THE DISTANCE. ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.



THE CALVARY OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL.

sures in the Royal Museum and has a place near the "Adoration of the Magi," "Christ between the Thieves" and "Christ on the Paller of Straw," by Rubens.

Antwerp has an historical interest for all Englishmen. King Edward III. spent the winter of 1338 in Antwerp with his Queen Philippa, who gave birth there to Lionel, afterwards the Duke of Clarence, and the house of Rubens which, still stands, was one time occupied by the Duke of Newcastle after the battle of Marston Moor, where he entertained Charles II. and many cavaliers.

From the time of the Franks, under Clovis, down to the siege of Antwerp in 1830, the wars of Western Europe have, to a large extent, been fought in and around Antwerp and her sister cities. Within a radius of fifty miles of Antwerp there are at least twenty broad plains where great battles have been decided,—Waterloo, Ramilles, Fontenoy, Quatre Bras, Waver, Namur, Liege, Charleroi and Ligny, and many others during the present war.

On August 24th, in defiance of the regulations of the Hague Convention, there was a Zeppelin bombardment by the Germans of Antwerp. Shrapnel bombs were dropped on the city killing a number of persons and injuring others, causing much damage to the royal palace and other buildings. An attempt was made to repeat the raid on the following night. Amongst the many acts of piracy and the violation of international law, none was clearer than this raid on Antwerp, and naturally it aroused indig-

being cut by the German soldiers, when the big guns were booming enough to strike terror into the hearts of the brave the people of Antwerp came into this Cathedral, and took down Ruben's masterpieces and the sacred relics from their places and carried them away where they would not be found. Antwerp was not destroyed as was Liege, or Louvain, or Rheims. The Germans shot their guns and dropped their bombs—more to frighten the inhabitants and convince them of the futility of resistance. Antwerp to-day is like the city of the dead; most of her citizens have fled to Holland and England. Her King and her army are gone and are wanderers. The government is being transacted in another country—at Havre in France. Though a great maritime port, Antwerp retains a good deal of the old world city character. The street cars stop at 11 o'clock, and if you are not at your hotel at 11 p.m. you will have to tip the night porter to get in.

“Via Vitae.”

By Ernest Blake.

Do you see the road a-winding through the dear green fields below?
Hear the bride bells a-jingle on the horses as they go?
Then beside blue flashing rivers, where the tall reeds softly sing
Plaintive songs of weary autumn, lyric carollings of spring.

Down the slopes wild pines rush headlong, tossing each his ragged plume,
Flung all the life and glory in a shadow-land of gloom.
But the shadows—are but shadows—Hark, the bells are jingling still.
See, it ends the journey mounting where the sun-light's on the hill.

The New Archbishop.

ON February 23rd His Lordship Bishop March, of Harbor Grace, Senior Bishop of the Ecclesiastical Province of Newfoundland, was officially notified by the Papal Delegate at Ottawa, Most Rev. Archbishop Stagni, that the headship of the Arch-diocese of St. John's vacated by the death of the late Most Rev. M. F. Howley, last October, had been filled by the appointment of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Roche, Vicar-General of the Arch-diocese and its Administrator since the late Primate's death.

The news was received with every evidence of satisfaction by the people of St. John's, regardless of class or creed, and by the country generally, for the new appointee had shown in the performance of his priestly duties that he possessed qualities of head and heart which rendered him eminently suitable for this honoured and responsible position of Metropolitan of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in this Island.

students ever graduated by that college, and from the outset of his clerical career distinctions were predicted for him, if his health, which at that time was none too robust, permitted of his doing justice to his intellectual abilities.

Returning to Newfoundland in the autumn of that year he was appointed to the parish of Topsail, as its pastor, where he served for ten years, being then transferred to the Cathedral where he acted as Rector of the Parish, and as Administrator of the Arch-diocese during absences of the late Archbishop. He was elevated to the dignity of Monsignor by the late Pope Pius X. during the visit of Archbishop Howley to Rome in the early months of 1914, and being appointed to the Administratorship of the Arch-diocese when Archbishop Howley was called to the other world.

The new Archbishop needs few words to commend him to the esteem and admiration of his countrymen, but it must be an added source of pride to him to know that he is to-day in all probability, the youngest Metropolitan in the Catholic world. Such a promotion rarely comes to an ecclesiastic so early in life, and his elevation to this dignity conclusively attests the confidence which the Papal Curia imposes in him; while the fact that the appointment was made within four months after



MOST REV. EDWARD PATRICK ROCHE,
Archbishop-elect of St. John's.

The Most Rev. Edward Patrick Roche was born at Placentia, Newfoundland, on February 19th, 1874, and thus received notice of his appointment a few days after he completed his 41st year. He was the oldest son of the late Edward Roche, of St. John's, then manager of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company's Cable Station at Placentia. His mother was the sister of the late Thomas O'Reilly, J.P., then Magistrate at Placentia. The family, in its various branches has given several sons to the Church, cousins of the new Archbishop being Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, now of St. John, N. B., Rev. Dr. Ryan, now a Professor at St. Augustine Seminary, Toronto, and the late Rev. Fr. Bonia of the Canadian Redemptorists. The new Archbishop's mother died when he was but four years old and his father passed away when the lad was but ten. An aunt, Miss Roche, cared for him until he reached manhood, and his education was imparted at St. Patrick's Schools and later at St. Bonaventure's College, after which, being destined for the priesthood, he repaired to All Hallows College, Dublin, where he completed his theological course, being ordained by Bishop Kelly, of Ross, on June 24th, 1897, for the diocese of St. John's. He enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most brilliant



R. C. CATHEDRAL, ST. JOHN'S.

the death of his predecessor is further evidence that his merits stood out conspicuously in warranting his selection. The Archbishop-elect is assuming a post which will tax his energies to the full, but he will have the support of a devoted clergy and laity to lighten his labors, and we trust that he may be spared by Providence to enjoy a long and glorious episcopate.

The elevation of Mgr. Roche to his new post has made it incumbent upon him, in order to give full attention to the many Parishes composing his Diocese, to resign the Rectorship of the Cathedral, and accordingly he appointed thereto the Rev. Fr. McDermott, who had filled for some time past a similar position at St. Patrick's Church in the West End. Fr. McDermott is a native of Ireland and a B.A. of the Royal University, a noted scholar and a theologian of unusual brilliancy. Ordained some twenty years ago for the Diocese of St. John's, he was appointed one of the curates at St. Patrick's, after a brief outpost service, and since the death of the late Dean Ryan has been in charge of that Parish. Here he proved himself a man of splendid business capacity; and largely through his energy, activity and good judgment, herculean work has been accomplished in providing substantial improvements in the Parish, such as the completion of the Church, the addition of a tower thereto, the enlargement of Holy Cross Schools, etc. In his new post we feel sure he will give equally good service and that he will uphold the ideals of his eminent predecessor.



Prussian Machiavellism.



By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D.



FREDERICK II. of Prussia, often called the Great, distinguished himself before he succeeded to the government, by writing a book against Machiavellism. "That," said Voltaire to him afterwards with lively relish, "is exactly what Machiavelli himself would have advised you to do." Frederick truly needed no advice from any predecessor in unscrupulousness: his own spirit was well able to prompt him. He was by a distinct degree more depraved than Machiavelli: for Machiavelli's unscrupulousness had for its end the deliverance of his country from a foreign, and especially from a German yoke. But the Prussian prince practised his unprincipled policy for his own aggrandizement and the extension of his yoke over other races, who had not offended.

Lord Acton, who was born abroad and of a German mother, and who was educated in Germany and chose a German lady for his wife,—Lord Acton also carried cosmopolitanism so far that he always had a leaning towards finding fault with his own country and had a warm affection for Germany,—Acton nevertheless sketched from the resources of his vast learning the history of the rise and growth of Machiavellism in Germany,

country.

FALSEHOODS IN FAVOR OF GERMANY.

Macaulay in his essay on Chatham says of the peace of 1763 that Great Britain "withdrew, at the cost of a deep stain upon her faith, from her German connections."

Once upon a time I believed this falsehood, and I used to admire the nobility of the politician who uttered it. How fine it was, I used to say to myself, of this man to rise above the narrowness of nationality, to uphold the moral law at the sacrifice of patriotic affection, and with a wounded heart to censure his own country for a breach of faith! But it happened to me one day that my curiosity led me to read the account of the peace by Edmund Burke in the Annual Register for 1762 and 1763, and then alas! I learned that this was only a Whig and Opposition electioneering lie, and that the conduct of the British Government had been just to Prussia and conducive to the peace and balance of power in Europe. Edmund Burke was as good a Whig or Liberal as Macaulay, but even amid the excitement of the time he was able to write more judiciously about contemporary events than Macaulay was at a date three-quarters of a century later. Burke explains that when Britain and France



OFFICERS OF THE FIRST NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT AT FORT GEORGE, SCOTLAND.

Top Row—Lieut. Tait, Lieut. Ledingham, Lieut. Nunns, Lieut. Wighton, Lieut. Quartermaster Summers, Lieut. Kowell, Lieut. Goodridge, Lieut. Butler, Lieut. Dr. Wakefield. Second Row—Lieut. Ayre, Lieut. Kaley, Capt. O'Brien, Capt. Alexander, Capt. Rendell (Adjutant), Lieut. Colonel Burton, Capt. Carby, Capt. Bernard, Capt. March.

[Photo by D. A. Grant, Nairn, Scotland.]

thirteen years ago in the introduction which he contributed to Mr. Burd's edition of Machiavelli; and he declared in his Lectures on Modern History that Prussian militarism (more thoroughgoing than Russian militarism) was the greatest danger threatening the "Anglo-Saxon" nations. Unfortunately few of his fellow-Liberals took the warning to heart.

Of all the nations in the world the Germans should be the last to be hostile to England, for they owe much both of their independence and their regeneration to the English. As Sir Wilfrid Laurier remarked, many a time in the past France would have wiped Germany off the face of Europe but for England. The old Romans had a proverb, *Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris*: when you have said of a man that he is ungrateful you have said everything. And the Germans, or at least the Prussians and the Prussianized Germans are a very envious people, who cannot bear to see any others prosperous.

As for reputation, English men of letters have admired Germany far too much, and in favor of Germany have gone far beyond the truth, even to the length of disparaging their own

(who had severally been financing Prussia and Austria) paired off, Prussia was more than a match for Austria, and therefore Austria soon made peace with Prussia.

Macaulay's essay on Frederick of Prussia also contains many misrepresentations in his favor.

Did Macaulay, then, tell deliberate falsehoods? or did he believe what he wrote? For my part, I think he believed those falsehoods, because I think he could believe anything that tended to damage the opposite party, even though it tended also to destroy the reputation of his country and the confidence that any foreign power might feel in its engagements.

Carlyle's *Frederick* is a still worse tissue of misrepresentations. That book might not be discreditable to a Prussian; but the Britisher who could compose such a work cannot be classed, politically, among the respectable part of mankind. What must the hero-worshipper be where the hero is a Frederick?

Let us take Macaulay's essay on Frederick—as Macaulay is the writer from whom the most readers get their notions of history and examine it a little carefully, and see how many mis-

representations are contained in it, I do not suppose that Macaulay was conscious of the falsehood of his statements; he was only repeating what Whigs had been saying since 1763. "When I say a thing three times, 'tis true," says the Bellman in *The Hunning of the Snark*; and what is an electioneering lie in one generation is history in the next. No doubt Macaulay would not scrutinize closely any statement damaging to his political opponents even if it were also damaging to his country's character for fidelity to its engagements with its allies.

What is usually known as the Seven Years War broke out in the beginning of 1756 in consequence of disputes between British and French Colonists; the French in Canada aiming at securing the whole interior territory from the great lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi, and the Americans being equally intent on expanding Westwards and, if they could, Northwards also. In April 1755 Frederick advised the French to attack Hanover, which was then connected with the Crown of England. This fact Macaulay does not mention. Frederick was suspected by the British Government of having designs, himself, upon Hanover, and a treaty was made with Russia to keep him in awe. In the mean time, Austria had been secretly negotiating with various continental powers for help in the recovery of Silesia which Frederick had seized in 1741 in defiance of all international right and without the slightest pretext. At this time, too, he was planning the future annexation of Saxony; the design he had in view was to invade Bohemia suddenly, as he had

many years has been secretly working up a Pan-German sentiment and party among the Flemish portion of the Belgian people. Those who believed that Germany, if allowed to march her armies through Belgium, would ever leave the country, must have more of the innocence of the nursery than of the wisdom of the world. The value Germany sets on the possession of Belgium may be measured by the fact that she has secretly offered to restore Alsace Lorraine to France, if France would make peace and recognize Germany's seizure of Belgium. If Great Britain had not interfered, as those simpletons, Lord Morley, John Burns and Ramsay Macdonald, and that impudent fool, the Trevelyan who was Secretary of the Board of Education, proposed, Germany would by this time be master of Belgium and the north-west of France, and France would have had to make peace, surrendering also Morocco; Germany, would probably be master of Poland to do there what it might judge best; Austria would be master of Serbia; the Balkan States would be terrified! Denmark and Holland would be vassals of Germany, soon to be provinces; Italy would also be a vassal; Spain would be forced into the German alliances; and thus Germany would be lord of all Europe right around from the Baltic to the Sea of Marmora; nor would it be long till Sweden and Norway would be dependencies. Then would come our own turn! and what good would be done by Lord Morley's plan of "husbanding our resources?" It might be doubted if the nation could bear the strain of having its com-

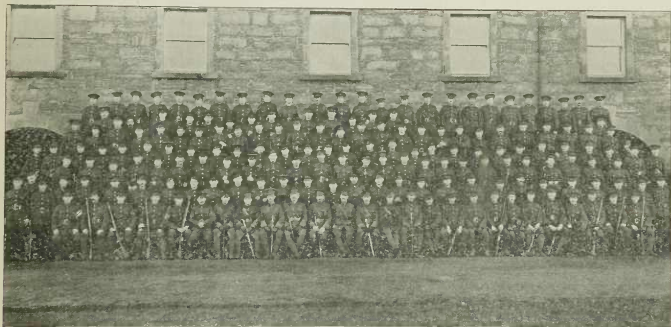


Photo by D. A. Grant, Scotland.

"A" COMPANY FIRST NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT AT FORT GEORGE.

invaded Silesia in 1740, and hold on to it until Austria to get him out should assent to his annexation of Saxony. But in July 1756 he discovered the Austrian negotiations for aid in the recovery of Silesia. The French government of that day, wiser than some which came after, had been made to see that the real enemy was not Austria but the rising power of Prussia, and had agreed to be neutral. Later on, France consented to join in the war against Prussia on this condition that, if she could enable Austria to recover Silesia, she should receive the Austrian Netherlands as compensation. It is in this way that Prussia and Britain came to be fighting as allies against Austria and France. When Frederick discovered the Austrian designs for the recovery of Silesia, having kept his army always ready for offensive war, he at once rushed it into Saxony, which, as I have said, he had long designed to seize, just as Kaiser Wilhelm rushed his army into Belgium. Maximilian Harden has lately declared, with cynical boldness, that Germany had long aimed at annexing Belgium, because Germany needs it; and certainly I myself, without special opportunities, have known that Germany for

merce shut out by a German revival of Napoleon's continental system.

When Frederick invaded Saxony, he found, according to Macaulay, abundant evidence of designs against him. That is the old Prussian trick, by which Prussia has "found" in Belgium evidence of English designs to violate Belgian neutrality in order to invade Germany. Saxony had feared Frederick, with good reason, and had applied to greater powers for protection. This war will, at all events, teach some lessons to our historians. And Frederick treated the Saxons as his successor is treating the Belgians. Anyone who wishes to measure how deeply Macaulay was besotted with party spirit, and how much easier it was for him to speak well of a foreigner than of a countryman who was a political opponent, may compare his account of Frederick's flight * at Molwitz with his account of Charles's flight at Naseby (in the essay on Hallam).

* Voltaire wittily said that Frederick never in his life felt grateful but once, and that was to the horse which carried him out of the field at Molwitz.

And Macaulay finishes up his account of Frederick by asserting that "the whole Continent in arms" had been unable to tear Silesia from his grasp. Who would imagine from this statement that he had the aid of the British fleet, a British and a Hanoverian army, and a British subsidy; that at the beginning of 1762 the hostile ruler of Russia died and a new ruler of German origin succeeded, who made peace with Prussia, equipped his Prussian prisoners and sent them home to fight, and then sent an army to aid Frederick; and that at the end of the year Turkey threatened Austria with war and sent a hundred thousand men to the frontiers of Hungary? It seems that English men of letters, perhaps not they alone, prefer to create fictions from their imagination rather than relate facts. Mr. Holland

that eminent Baptist preacher, the Rev. Mr. Clifford was visiting Germany and proposing peace and friendship on the basis of a common hostility to the Catholic religion (as if infidel Prussia were going to abandon its ambitions for the sake of English Protestantism); and when some English "Reformers" in this country were dreaming of "reforming" (that is destroying) our denominational school system: I then raised my voice in warning and declared that sectarian fighting was encouraging the enemies of the Empire in every quarter of the world; and that it was enabling the Germans in the United States to secure the alliance of the Clan-na-Gael. But I got no thanks for my pains. Some of my Methodist and Presbyterian friends chose to take offence at the censures which I cited from English writers upon

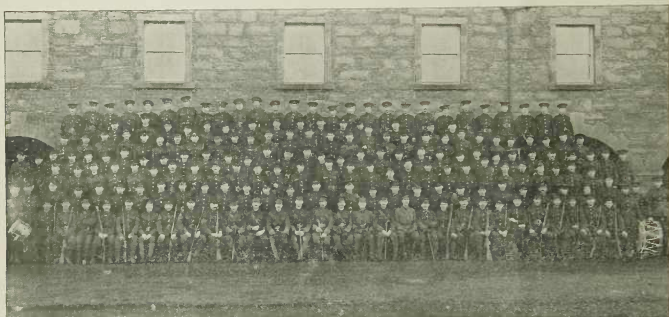


Photo by D. A. Grant, Scotland.

"E" COMPANY FIRST NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT AT FORT GEORGE.

Rose in his lectures on the war tells us that Germany is so efficiently organized that she has been able "almost single-handed" to keep three great powers at bay. As if the Austro-Hungarian Empire were not at the beginning of the war a greater military power (I do not say greater in any other respect) than France; having been able to send four army corps to aid Germany, and having supplied the heavy artillery which battered down the frontier forts; while Turkey has been able to stop Russian commerce by closing the Dardanelles, to keep a large Russian army in the Caucasus, and to keep a British army in Egypt. No doubt Mr. Rose's statement has been very useful to those in the United States of America who wish to exalt Germany. Now if he is not able to state facts that are before his eyes, how can we trust his accounts of the Napoleonic times, or of the revolutionary times, in his lives of Napoleon and of Pitt.

The fact is that no State in the world has ever been so much misrepresented and calumniated as the British Empire, for it, unlike other states, has been calumniated not only by foreigners but by its own children, especially by the English Whigs and Radicals. And if the Whig (Macaulay) and the Radical (Carlyle) have misrepresented their country for the advantage of their foreign hero, how can we wonder that, for the sake of whitewashing their hero Cromwell, they have calumniated the Irish race and the Catholic Church? We do not realise, until we look back, what a blessing is the unity which we enjoy in this war.

Seven or eight years ago, when the Radical party got into power by the most brazen electioneering lying that any English party since the eighteenth century has ever practised,—when their own leaders could scarcely restrain them, when they sought to conciliate the German wolves by reducing the number of sheep-dogs, when they put Home Rule on the shelf and made themselves the instruments of a bigoted sectarian attack on denominational schools by Unitarians, Baptists, and infidels, when

the "Political Dissenters," and some of my Catholic friends were quite sure that there was no danger of Radicalism or Socialism. It is no insignificant thing that the responsibility for waging this war has fallen on Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd George. But I gladly testify that the English people did not follow the assaults of the Catholic Church, and that the years which followed were marked by the alteration in the King's oath, the establishment of a Catholic University in Ireland, and the enactment of Irish Home Rule. And now, thank God, we find the people of the Mother Country (a term by which I mean England, Ireland, and Scotland together) readily pouring out their treasure and their blood like water in defence of international law and human right. Righteousness exalts a nation and therefore we may hope for God's blessing upon our arms.



TESTING ONE OF THE TWO MACHINE GUNS PRESENTED TO THE N.F.L.D. REGIMENT BY W. D. REID, ESQ. [Photo by A. Tooton.

Newfoundlanders in the British Service.



Lieut. Howard Vincent Reid.

THE British aeroplane service in France has attracted the attention of the world. General Joffre has publicly thanked it in many of his reports to the French War Office and General French has made many complimentary references to it. It is admitted by all authorities to be superior to similar services in any other country. Its scouting services in France and Belgium as well as in Egypt and the Dardanelles has been invaluable to the Allies. Newfoundland is represented in this service by Sub-Lieutenant Howard Vincent Reid, eldest son of William D. Reid, President of the Reid-Newfoundland Company. Lieutenant Reid was born in St. John's and educated at Harrow School, England. He is a good sportsman and mechanic and was noted in St. John's as a particularly clever automobile driver and motor cyclist. He has the distinction of being the youngest officer in the flying corps—being only nineteen years old when he obtained his Commission. Lieut. Reid is a clever and daring soldier and will worthily uphold the honour of Newfoundland in the Air Service.



Lieut. Stanley C. Duder, R.N.R.

THE war taxed England's medical and hospital facilities to the utmost. But the whole empire co-operated so heartily with the Motherland that shortly after the commencement of hostilities all deficiencies were made up. Many of our medical men are filling important positions on land and sea, in hospitals, troop-ships and on the war-ships. Dr. Harold G. Chaplin, of St. John's, is serving as surgeon on H.M.S. *Agadir*. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Chaplin, and was born at St. John's on March 10th, 1888. His scholastic record was a most creditable one, terminating with his Matriculation at London University, and also passing the qualifying examination for the Rhodes Scholarship. Having decided on following the profession of medicine, he went to England, and entered St. Thomas' Hospital, London. Here he repeated his educational triumphs, and concluded a brilliant term by leading his class in his final examination and passing out with his medical degree adorned by a Gold medal. He was appointed House Surgeon at the Hospital, but on the outbreak of war immediately applied for and obtained a Commission in the Royal Navy. He is at present surgeon on H.M.S. *Agadir*, which ship is with Admiral Jellicoe's fleet in the North Sea. This young Surgeon has always believed that physio-development should accompany mental activities. Before leaving Newfoundland he was a noted figure in athletics, particularly on the football field. His abilities give every indication that he will have a distinguished career in the Navy.

LIEUT. Stanley Carter Duder, grandson of the late Chief Justice Sir Frederick Carter and son of Mr. Charles R. Duder, of St. John's, is one of many Newfoundlanders serving in the British Navy. When war broke out Mr. Duder had just returned from a nine months voyage to China, Japan, and the Philippines as Chief Office of the s.s. *Suruga*. He at once volunteered for the Naval Service and was accepted; and went into training on H.M.S. *Calypto*, in St. John's. When the Governor, Sir Walter Davidson, learnt that a bright and experienced sailor like Mr. Duder was on board the *Calypto*, he cabled to the Admiralty recommending him for a Commission. He was at once granted a Commission as Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve and now Lieut. Duder is on active service in the North Sea. Lieut. Duder was born in St. John's in 1888. He was educated in the city schools, and studied navigation under Mr. F. J. Doyle. He was apprenticed to the sea. He has sailed to foreign ports during the past eleven years. For six years of that time he sailed out of England. He holds a Master Mariner's Certificate and has gained distinction as an able and daring seaman. He is an excellent type of Naval Officer and his career in the Navy will be watched with interest.

❖ Ocean Fly Fishing. ❖

By F. J. Morris, K.C.



FEW years ago when first I was told that river trout were caught in the sea with a fly, a smile of incredulity greeted the information. I heard the story from Mr. H. W. Stirling, who informed me the discovery was made by Rev. H. Uphill, who caught the first trout with a fly in the salt water at Kelligrews in the Summer of 1910. Now, whilst most of us seculars are generally disposed to accept the statements of clergymen as *ex cathedra* on matters doctrinal, yet when it comes to a

perpetuated the efforts of the good men and true, who formed the Committee of the Long Pond hatchery. It is because of the success of the operations at Murray's Pond that we have had such wonderful results in respect to the propagation of the California Rainbow trout, which, admittedly, for shapeliness of form, strength, weight, and sportiveness, is only second to the King of all game fish, the lordly Salmon. From this stock sprung the noble specimen of rainbow trout, weighing twenty-two pounds, taken from Manuels Pond which we exhibited at the Newfoundland Court during the Festival of Empire.

How eminently successful fish culture has been in Newfoundland, is amply testified to each year by the splendid fishing obtained from our rivers and ponds by the local angler, and the sporting tourist.

Much has been said and written about Loch-Leven trout, the general belief being that it is a distinct species, but there is no doubt that since the introduction of the trout to our rivers, its shape, colour and general proportions have considerably changed, especially now that it seems to have forsaken our estuaries and apparently adopted the habits of the salmon and sea trout.

The Loch Leven trout that I have caught in the sea were of a much larger size than and different in colouration from the Loch Leven caught by me in inland waters. The fish from the sea were of a silvery white, more the colour of the sea trout or the salmon species, whilst the Loch Leven you take from the stream or pond is of a bluish grey, the spots light and yellow, the head being also somewhat differently formed. The fish when cooked has a delicious flavor, is a beautiful pale pink in color and of a fine quality.

Most of these trout return in the evenings back from the sea to the rivers or pools and lie near to the swift, but in the quiet or dead water.

I have often, at my *favorite haunt*, with the moonlight glinting on the river, drawn a fly over such a likely spot and hooked many a good trout as he lay near the top of the water, watching every motion, or wrinkle, made by the tide, which might indicate the approach of some tasty morsel swimming between him and the surface.

These old trout are very subtle, and as fearful and timorous as a hare. They lie close together and do not stir out of their



AT FULFORD'S HOTEL, SOUTH-EAST PLACENTIA. JULY, 1911.

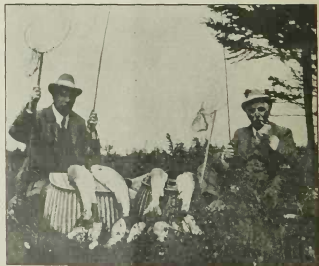
fish story, one is inclined to the belief that they are other men. Since, then, however, Mr. Uphill's discovery has been fully brought to the knowledge of sportsmen, and within the past two seasons I have, myself, captured with fly, in the waters of Conception Bay, Loch Leven trout weighing from eight to ten pounds.

The late, much regretted, Rector of St. Thomas's, Rev. Mr. Godden, a day or two before the fishing season closed last year, took three splendid fish from the sea with the fly, their aggregated weight being thirty-two pounds.

It may be interesting to some of the readers of THE QUARTERLY to know to whom we are indebted for the introduction of pisciculture in Newfoundland. The first trout hatchery was established at Long Pond, near St. John's in the year 1888, and the late Mr. John Martin, C.E., will ever be remembered as the pioneer of the art of fish culture in this country. He was the first who demonstrated its practical success, and amidst numerous perplexities, discouragements, and impediments, succeeded in establishing at Long Pond a hatchery for the procreation of fresh-water fish. Mr. Martin, about that time, also stocked Winsor Lake. The ova were obtained by him from Sir James Maitland at Howietown Hatchery, Scotland, and the consignment contained one hundred and eighteen thousand Loch Leven trout eggs, shipped at Liverpool on board the *s.s. Assyrian*, the voyage from hatchery to hatchery occupying ten days."

Mr. Martin had associated with him, at that time, gentlemen who are always to be found assisting pioneer work of a public or sporting character; amongst them were A. S. Rendell, the late A. J. W. McNeilly, R. G. Rendell, P. G. Tessier, W. A. B. Slater and the late Von Stein. Since then others have taken up the good work and the hatchery at Murray's Pond, with the Club-house, situated amidst beautiful and picturesque surroundings, is the worthy offspring of its Long Pond progenitor.

The names of Hon. W. C. Job, H. D. Carter, Dr. Keegan, F. W. Ayre and C. McK. Harvey are amongst those who have



AT MRS. LINAHAN'S, SOUTH EAST PLACENTIA, AUGUST, 1912.

held until the evening light has left the sky, but they will feed freely and boldly during the night, returning again to the sea at the peep of dawn.

Fly fishing in the ocean may not appeal to many of the dis-

ciples of the gentle Izaak Walton, and the contemplative man would no doubt pass the hours away more pleasantly sitting quietly on the bank of a placid stream, endeavouring to deceive with an artificial fly, the speckled beauty, who is said to be more sharp sighted than the hawk; or amidst surroundings so well and artistically described by my friend Mr. W. J. Carroll in the following stanza from his now celebrated poem "The Humber."

"Tis there the kingly salmon through the drowsy summer day,
Disport in glee amid the steadies deep,
In the limpid, living waters, how they breach and leap and play,
While the eddies onward, seaward, grandly sweep.
There the angler realises the sereneest earthly joy,
As from his reel his line swift singing goes,
Like gleams of glinting silver, crazy fish flash round his fly;
While, all serene, the lordly Humber flows."

Nevertheless what one loses in the absence of the placid and pleasant surroundings of the stream or steady is made up for in the excitement of this rare new sport in the ocean, when you hear a splash, a whirl, and the music of the running reel, and you find you have hooked a ten pound Loch Leven who is fighting for his life at the end of a fifty fathom line.

I have fished in Eagle River and the North-West River, Hamilton Inlet, Labrador and have hooked some fine fish, but I have never had anything like the splendid sport obtainable from fly fishing in the ocean.

The illustrations here shown are mementoes of two very pleasant fishing trips spent in company with some of the best sportsmen, and the most genial companions it was ever my happy lot to be associated with. The fish shown in the pictures are salmon, averaging from five to seven pounds, captured by my friends (who in sporting circles are known as "The Irish Consul" and

"John Knox") and myself in the "Beaver Pond Falls" about five miles from "Fulford's Hotel" at the head of the beautiful South-East Arm of Placentia.

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill."

Twilight in Wartime.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

Put by your needles, for the day is done;
That soldier's scarf of thickest woolen, which
This afternoon has held you, its last stitch
You just have finished; and the hours have run
Busily in the making. The red sun
Has long been set; and the pink sunset rich
Shines no more on the harbor, black as pitch,
Save where grey keppans float, or steam-tugs dun.

Here in the twilight lifting up each palm,
Let us thank God our Island Home is free
From battle's horrors; yet inaudibly
For those who have laid their lives down, breathe a psalm:
A solemn *De Profundis* let it be,
Eternam requiem dona sweet and calm.



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Soap,

And the Best

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Office Hours : 10 to 3; Saturdays, 10 to 12.

F. HERBERT J. RUEL, Manager.

NOTICE!

THE ATTENTION of Vessel Owners is called to the
following Section of the Harbor Regulations:

13.—If, in the opinion of the Harbor Master, any vessel
anchored in the harbor is likely to sink or to become an obstruc-
tion to navigation, the Harbor Master may, after giving twelve
hours' notice to the owner or agent of such vessel, or without
notice where there is no owner or known agent in St. John's,
take charge of and remove such vessel, and may deal with and
dispose of such vessel in such manner as he shall think neces-
sary, to provide for the free navigation of the port; and all ex-
penses incurred under this section shall be borne by the vessel
or her owners, and may be recovered with costs in an action in
the name of the Harbor Master before a Stipendiary Magistrate.

EDWARD ENGLISH,
Harbor Master.

PUBLIC NOTICE. PASSPORTS.

His Excellency the Governor gives notice that
on and after the first day of April next, the fee for
British Passports will be two dollars and fifty cents.
Such Passports will be valid for two years, and will
be renewable on application in the proper form for
four further periods of two years each. The fee
payable for each renewal will be one dollar.

By His Excellency's Command,

ARTHUR MEWS,

Deputy Colonial Secretary.

Dept. of the Colonial Secretary, March 15, 1915.



Published by Authority.

Under the provisions of "The Stamp Acts, 1898-1914," the following Rules and Regulations, respecting Stamp Duties, in substitution for those of date September 15th, 1914, have been approved by His Excellency the Governor in Council.

JOHN R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.

Department of the Colonial Secretary,
October 6th, 1914.

- 1.—Every instrument shall be stamped on its face, when possible.
- 2.—Cancellation of Stamps shall be made by the person cancelling, writing, printing or perforating his name or initials with date across Stamp.
- 3.—Bills of Exchange, Cheques, Promissory Notes, Bills of Lading, Shipping Receipts and Charter Parties, shall be stamped and the Stamps thereon cancelled as follows:—
 - (a) Bills of Exchange, Cheques, and Promissory Notes drawn or made in the Colony by the person signing the same; provided that in the case of a cheque on a Banker, the Banker to whom it is presented may, if it is unstamped, stamp the same and cancel the stamp.
 - (b) Bills of Exchange, Cheques and Promissory Notes drawn or made outside the Colony by the person in the Colony into whose hands any such bill, cheque or note shall come unstamped before he in any manner negotiates or pays the same.
 - (c) Bills of Lading executed outside the Colony by the consignee in the Colony into whose hands any such Bill of Lading may come before he in any manner negotiates the same.
 - (d) Bills of Lading executed in the Colony by the shipper. Provided that if any Bill of Lading is presented to any person or Company for signature unstamped, such person or Company may stamp the same and cancel the stamp.
 - (e) Shipping Receipts by the shipper. Provided that if any Shipping Receipt is presented to any person or Company for signature unstamped, such person or Company may stamp the same and cancel the stamp.
 - (f) Charter Parties by the person in the Colony last executing the same.
 - (g) Charter Parties executed wholly outside the Colony by the person in the Colony into whose hands any such Charter Party comes unstamped before he in any manner uses or takes any action upon such Charter Party.
4. The person upon whom the obligation to stamp and cancel any instrument is imposed by these Rules shall be deemed to be a person issuing an instrument, and, if he fails to stamp such instrument with its proper stamp, or to cancel such stamp, he shall be liable to the penalties imposed by Section 22 of the Act 61 Victoria, Cap. 14, entitled "An Act respecting the Payment of Certain Fees and Charges by Stamps."
5. Any Rules and Regulations which may have been heretofore made under the provisions of "The Stamp Acts, 1898-1914," are hereby rescinded.

NOTE:—Copies of "The Stamp Act" and of the foregoing Rules and Regulations may be obtained from the Banks, the the Stipendiary Magistrates, the Departments of Justice, Finance and Customs, or the Colonial Secretary.



Proclamation.

By His Excellency SIR WALTER F. DAVIDSON,
Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.
W. E. DAVIDSON,
Governor,
[L.S.]

WHEREAS by the 255th Section of "The Customs Act, 1898," it is enacted that the Governor in Council may prohibit the exportation or carriage coastwise of the following goods:

Arms, ammunition and gunpowder, military and naval stores, and any articles which he, by and with advice aforesaid, deems capable of being converted into or made useful in increasing the quantity of military or naval stores, or for purposes of hostility, or destruction in War, provisions, or any sort of victual which may be used as food for man:

And whereas I, by and with the advice of my Council, deem it expedient and necessary that I should exercise such power of prohibition in manner hereinafter appearing:

Now I, by and with the advice aforesaid, do hereby, from and after the date hereof, prohibit the exportation of the following articles, namely:—

To Sweden, Denmark and the Netherlands:
Tinned meats:
Tin plates.

To all Foreign Ports in Europe and on the Mediterranean and Black Seas, other than those of France, Russia (except the Baltic Ports), Belgium, Spain and Portugal:
Tea.

To all destinations abroad, other than British Possessions and Protectorates:

Vessels, craft and boats of all kinds, floating docks, parts of docks, and their component parts.

To all destinations:—

Aniline oil;
Aniline salt;
Explosives of all kinds;
Extracts for use in tanning;
Grindery used in the making of boots and shoes;
Picric acid and its components;
Raw Rubber;
Valonia.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, this 1st day of February, A.D. 1915.

By His Excellency's Command,
JOHN R. BENNETT, Colonial Secretary.

Three Great Leaders:
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GEO. M. BARR, Agent.

❖ Nietzsche—1844-1900. ❖

By Sam Thorp, M.Sc., B.A.

IT is better," said J. S. Mill, "to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied," and immediately he added, "better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied." The reference to the Greek philosopher emphasises a truth, of which the first line is but a moiety. Merely to grumble does not constitute manhood: the true man is he who seeks to find a solution for his discontent. Socrates was one of the first to attack the problem: Nietzsche is among the latest, and whatever be our opinion of his work, he, at least, thought that he was offering a genuine method for uplifting humanity.

Certainly, his profound dissatisfaction with the Europe of his day, that is about thirty or forty years ago, has much justification. In politics, he saw Italy the plaything of France and Austria; whilst Russia, seeking to advance in the Balkans, was thwarted by "the Powers." Germany, with its lack of unity, seemed to him a failure: yet Europe was calling for a strong man, a strong nation. In science, the new conception of evolution had deposed man from his throne as "the only rational animal" and had left him as a detail in that "cosmic process" which is called Nature. Against this suppression of individuality, this denial of one's self in order to advance the type, Nietzsche's whole soul revolted. "You desire to live 'according to Nature'? What fraud of words. Imagine to yourselves being like Nature, boundlessly extravagant, boundlessly indifferent, without purpose or consideration without pity or justice, at once fruitful and barren and uncertain: imagine to yourselves indifference as a power: how could you live in accordance with such indifference?" In still a third Ophre, that of ethics, he rejected the solution given by Kant. The latter had answered the question as to the essential nature of the highest good by asserting that in each of us there is enshrined another self, a self which it is impossible for us to know, and yet through which alone can come the assurance that any act of ours is disinterestedly good. All such metaphysical subtleties are swept aside by Nietzsche: "man is a creator of ethical values" is his cardinal ethical principle.

It is precisely because of the savage ferocity with which Nietzsche develops his ethical creed that the unique nature of his solution arises. Even in his own times, other men had seen the same defects in society and thought: Mazzini, Tennyson, Huxley had not hesitated to express their views. Yet they, and indeed all the great thinkers, anticipated peace, goodwill among men. It is interesting to trace this yearning for rest from struggle, with its opportunity for developing the best in man. Take the Greek view. Speaking of his guardians, Plato says that "they will often turn their eyes upwards and downwards: I mean that they will first look at absolute justice and beauty and temperance, and again at the human copy; and will mingle and temper the various elements of life into the image of a man—until they have made the ways of man agreeable to the ways of God." Similarly, Aristotle finds "the high-minded man" at peace with himself and his fellows, to possess "the crown of virtue." Or, later, turn to Dante, who designed his Monarchy so that "in this little plot of earth belonging to man life may pass in Freedom and Peace." Even the Utopias of the Renaissance are to be kingdoms of peace. Sir Thomas More would abolish warfare by pitting the leaders against one another. Bacon leaves his New Atlantis with an old man's prayer, "God bless thee, my son, and God bless this relation which I have made. I give thee leave to publish it, for the good of other nations." But all such aspirations are ruthlessly attacked by Nietzsche. Rejecting the lofty, the spiritual, he asks that each man be allowed to develop himself as his passions (Nietzsche would say emotions) direct. "Hatred, envy, covetousness, imperiousness are life-conditioning emotions." How terrible the thought behind these words—"I hear with pleasure that our sun is moving rapidly towards the constellation Hercules. I hope the men on this earth will do like the sun." And once more, "Life itself is essentially appropriation, injury, conquest of the strange and weak, suppression, severity, obtrusion of its own forms, incorporation, and, at the

least, putting it mildest, exploitation. . . . Exploitation is a consequence of the intrinsic will to power, which is precisely the will to life."

No hesitancy is noticeable in Nietzsche's development of these fundamental positions. The rearing of a new ruling caste, a new aristocracy, for Europe is his problem. Coexistent with his aristocracy, he postulates a slave class in society. "Every elevation of the type 'man' has hitherto been the work of an aristocratic society—and so will it always be—a society believing in a long scale of gradations of rank and differences of worth, and requiring slavery in some form or other." Although he attaches great importance to his two-fold classification of men, i.e. as rulers or as slaves, Nietzsche can claim neither originality nor consistency. A submerged tenth is the *sine qua non* of all Greek writers on politics: whilst presently, in his violence, Nietzsche demands the extermination of all except the rulers, although he says that "without a slave class, there can be no widening of the soul."

How shall a man become a ruler? By exercising the will to power. Whatsoever leads to power is Good—in a new sense: whatsoever hinders power is, in this same sense, Bad. A re-determination of ethical values becomes necessary, or as Nietzsche expresses it in the title of one of his books, we must pass "Beyond Good and Evil" in our present senses of the terms. The outlines of this new "good" or "master morality" may be summarised thus: the good man will reverence himself; he will be unwilling to renounce or to share his responsibilities; to his equals he has duties, calling for the exercise of profound gratitude or of profound revenge, for "there is a certain necessity to have enemies, as outlets for envy, and arrogance; to those of a lower rank he may act "as the heart desires." In brief, his highest test of moral value is that "what is injurious to me is injurious in itself." Opposed to this "good" is "slave morality" though we must bear in mind that in this case Nietzsche used the word morality with a sneer. His real meaning is non-morality: a quotation will perhaps help to make this clear. "To a slave, evil is personified in his master: actually the master represents the good." He outlines slave morality as "whatsoever alleviates the existence of these abused, oppressed, weary, suffering people, i.e. sympathy, patience, humility, kindness, friendliness," and proceeds: "we believe that severity, violence, slavery, danger in the street and in the heart, secrecy, stoicism, tempter's art and devilry of every kind—everything wicked, terrible, tyrannical, predatory and serpentine in man, serves as well for the elevation of the human species as its opposite."

Such a system finds its climax in three great rejections—society, Christ and truth. "All society makes one somehow, somewhere, or sometime—common-place." In another place, Nietzsche condemns society on the ground that it originates in an instinct for self-preservation, that is, in fear of one's neighbour. "At present, morality in Europe is herding-animal morality," and the fear which gives it birth must be crushed. "It is a privilege of the strong to be independent, to have no fear." His theory of punishment is developed from this same position—punish the criminal so that you need not fear him. He sneers at the fastidiousness which says: "Do not punish the wrong-doer; make him harmless."

It is difficult to summarise his attitude to Christianity. His central theory is that this religion was invented for the express purpose of maintaining an inferior class—that class to which the blessings of the Sermon on the Mount were specially directed, but his distorted view vitiates his facts. Of Christ he writes: "It is possible that under the holy fable of the life of Jesus there is hidden one of the most painful cases of the martyrdom of knowledge about love: the martyrdom of the most innocent and craving heart, that never had enough of any human love, that demanded frantically and inexorably to be loved and nothing else, with terrible outbursts against those who refused him their love: the story of a poor soul insatiated and insatiable with love, that had to invent hell to send thither those who would not love him—



A FEW HINTS Regarding Fire Danger



Published by Authority.

DON'T use coal or gas **Stoves** or **Heaters** unless **securely set on stone, concrete or metal**; all **woodwork** near stoves or pipes must be well protected. **Gas Stoves** on metal-clad wood or with flexible pipes are objectionable.

DON'T put **Ashes** in wooden boxes or barrels; use only metal ash cans.

DON'T have **Steam-pipes** in contact with woodwork or near inflammable materials, and don't permit **rubbish** to accumulate behind radiators or steam coils.

DON'T hang clothes or drapery near open **Fires** or **Stoves**, or on **Stove-pipes** or **Steam-pipes**.

DON'T permit loose-jointed **Gas Brackets**, which can be swung against woodwork or curtains, or **Gas Brackets** without wire screens or globes if **inflammable** materials are near.

DON'T destroy the insulation on flexible **electric light** or **fan** cords by hanging them on hooks or nails.

DON'T fail to keep **Lamps** filled and wicks trimmed; with the oil low, **explosive gas** may be generated; but in no case fill the lamps after dark.

DON'T permit **Benzine, Gasoline** or **Explosives** on your premises unless used from approved safety cans.

DON'T throw **oily waste** or **rags** on the floor; keep them in approved self-closing cans during the day and at night remove from the building—they are **self-igniting**.

DON'T mix **greasy** or **oily rags** with papers or with clean clippings, or keep more clippings in your place (even if clean and in bales), than is unavoidable.

DON'T use sawdust on floors or in spittoons, or to catch **oil drippings** from machines or gearing. Sand is safe.

DON'T keep **Matches** loose in paper boxes, but only in metal or earthen safes. Those lighting on the box are safest.

DON'T throw away **lighted** cigars, cigarettes, or matches.

DON'T permit your employees to **Smoke**. Don't permit anyone to **Smoke** in a **Garage**; or if combustible materials are kept on the premises.

DON'T store gasoline in a **Garage** or fill cars from open vessels.

DON'T fail to have fire-pails filled, distributed and placed in conformity to Rules of local **Boards of Fire Underwriters**.

DON'T fail to **test** periodically your hose and fire appliances.

DON'T permit **Stairs** or **Hallways** to be blocked up or used for storage, or permit **packing materials** and **rubbish** to accumulate and remain on your premises; **packing materials** must be kept in approved metal-lined bins.

DON'T fail to close at night all doors and traps to **Elevators, Hoistways, Stairs** and **Communications**, as well as **Iron Shutters**.

DON'T forget that **Neglect** and **Carelessness** are the cause of more **fires** than all other things.

And above all things keep your **MATCHES** where children cannot get at them.

JOHN SULLIVAN,

Inspector General of Constabulary,
and Chief of Fire Department.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to direct that the following Order of His Majesty the King in Council, No. 2, 1914, passed on the 29th day of October last, repealing the Order in Council of date the 20th day of August last, with respect to the Declaration of London, shall come into effect as from the date thereof.

JOHN R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.

Department of the Colonial Secretary,
November 17th, 1914.

1. During the present hostilities the provisions of the Declaration of London shall, subject to the exclusion of the list of contraband and non-contraband and to the modifications hereinafter set out, be adopted and put in force by His Majesty's Government. The modifications are as follows:—

- (1) A neutral vessel, with papers indicating a neutral destination, which, notwithstanding the destination shown on the papers, proceeds to an enemy port, shall be liable to capture and condemnation if she is encountered before the end of her next voyage.
- (2) The destination referred to in Article 35 of the said Declaration shall (in addition to the presumptions laid down in Article 34) be presumed to exist if the goods are consigned to or for an Agent of the enemy State.
- (3) Notwithstanding the provisions of Article 35 of the said Declaration, conditional contraband shall be liable to capture on board a vessel bound for a neutral port if the goods are consigned "to order," or if the ship's papers do not show who is the consignee of the goods, or if they show a consignee of the goods in territory belonging to or occupied by the enemy.
- (4) In the cases covered by the preceding paragraph three, it shall be upon the owners of the goods to provide that their destination was innocent.

2. Where it is shown to the satisfaction of one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State that the enemy government is drawing supplies for its armed forces from or through a neutral country, he may direct that in respect of ships bound for a port in that country, Article 35 of the said declaration shall not apply. Such direction shall be notified in the London GAZETTE, and shall operate until the same is withdrawn. So long as such direction is in force, a vessel which is carrying conditional contraband to a port in that country shall not be immune from capture.

and that at last, enlightened about human love, had to invent a God who is entire love, entire capacity for love—who takes pity on human love, because it is so paltry, so ignorant! He who has such sentiments, he who has such knowledge about love—seeks for death!" Elsewhere, he refers to the Crucifixion as the last term in a series of acts of religious cruelty. "First, man sacrificed human beings, next human nature, and finally God Himself!" Divine love stooping to relieve suffering, is to Nietzsche both unthinkable and undesirable. "Among men there is a surplus of defunct, diseased, degenerating, infirm and necessarily suffering individuals. . . . Christianity has preserved too much that which should have perished. It has deteriorated Europe." "You want to do away with suffering, and we?—it really seems that we would rather have it increased and made worse than it has ever been!"

"To recognise untruth as a condition of life: to admit that from our fundamental nature we have been accustomed to lying: to agree that everything that is profound loves the mask and that men need to be two-faced"—all this marks Nietzsche's third rejection. "The falseness of an opinion is not for us any objection to it. . . . The question is: How far is the opinion life-preserving?" "In our democratic age, education and culture must be essentially the art of deceiving. . . . An educator who nowadays preached truthfulness above everything else and called out to his pupils: Be true!—even such a virtuous and sincere ass would learn in a short time to have recourse to the fork of Horace in order to throw Nature out."

This rampant optimism in his ability to create a powerful ruling caste has its foundation in profound pessimism: in brief, Nietzsche is convinced that Heredity is the force that damns all spiritual progress and that, therefore, our whole effort must be directed to handing on, unimpaired, to our children, the beast which we ourselves have inherited. "It cannot be effaced from a man's soul what his ancestors have preferably and most constantly done. . . . Whatever appearances may suggest to the contrary. Any kind of offensive incontinence, any kind of sordid envy, or of clumsy self-vaunting—such must pass over to the child." Hence the new commandment which Nietzsche gives: "A new commandment, O my brothers, give I unto you. Be hard!"; and a still further development, his praise of cruelty. "Almost everything that we call higher culture is based upon the spiritualising and intensifying of cruelty." We admit that the last extract scarcely represents the precise thought in Nietzsche's mind—it is almost impossible to give it: none the less, the difference is so subtle as to be negligible.

His criticisms of European nations are characteristic of his outlook. "European noblesse is the work of France; European ignobleness is the work and invention of England. . . . Industrious races find it a great hardship to be idle: it was a

master stroke of English instinct to hallow and begloom Sunday to such an extent that the Englishman unconsciously longs for his week-end and work-day again." He applauds Napoleon: "the history of the influence of Napoleon is almost the history of higher happiness to which the entire culture has attained in its worthwhile individuals and periods." He ridicules Shakespeare, "that marvellous Spanish-Moor-Saxon synthesis of taste: over whom an ancient Athenian of the circle of Aeschylus would have half-killed himself with laughter or irritation." Two peoples call for his approval—the Jews and Russians. Of the former he writes: "The Jews are the strongest, toughest and purest race at present living in Europe, they know how to succeed even under the worst conditions. . . . A thinker who has the future of Europe at heart will calculate upon the Jews as above all the surest and likeliest factors in the great play and battle of forces"; of the latter he says, "I desire such an increase in the threatening attitude of Russia, than Europe would have to make up its mind to become equally threatening, viz., to acquire one will—a persistent, dreadful will of its own, that can set its aim thousands of years ahead. . . . The time for petty politics is past: the next century will bring the compulsion to great politics."

Hidden away in much that is repulsive, the student of Nietzsche will find many striking sentences. Here are a few: "A man of genius is unbearable unless he possesses two things at least, besides—gratitude and purity." "Our vanity is most difficult to wound, just when our pride has been wounded."

"It is not enough to possess a talent: one must also have your permission to use it—eh, my friend?"

"One may indeed lie with the mouth; but with the accompanying grimace one nevertheless tells the truth."

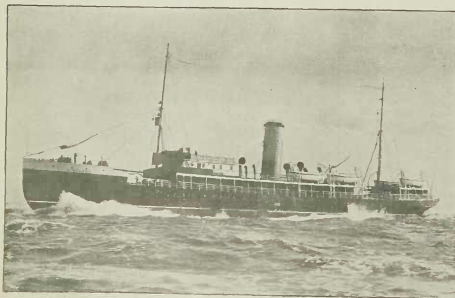
"He who does not wish to see the height of a man looks all the more sharply at what is low in him and in the fore-ground—and thereby betrays himself."

"It is too bad! Always the old story! when a man has finished building his house, he finds that he has learned unawares something he ought absolutely to have known before he began building. The eternal, fatal 'Too late'!"

"The maturity of man—that means to have reacquired the seriousness that one had as a child at play."

Had Nietzsche reached this maturity? We believe so, and we believe also that his philosophy cannot be dismissed by reference to his madness, for the "tu quoque" is inevitable. Heraclitus, Socrates, Dante; Cowper and Mary Lamb; Tschakovsky; Christ—each was, rightly or wrongly, said to be "mad." Nor does it appear that modern Germany is the outcome of Nietzsche's teaching. Rather does it seem that these doctrines find a real basis in every man—German or not German, for their influence has spread far beyond Saxony, the home of Nietzsche, and Prussia, which he hated. In English speaking countries, he has his disciples, joined together in the Good European Society. There have always been men who see only the base in their nature: thank God, there have also been men who could see the higher. Long ago, Thrasymachus preached the same doctrine—"Justice is the interest of the stronger, and injustice is more profitable and also stronger than justice." Socrates and Plato showed a more excellent way. Carlyle and Emerson called for personal idealism: Nietzsche's counter blast is a deification of animal passion. Every man who yields to his worse self, to his passions, is a disciple of Nietzsche, even though he may never have heard his master's name.

Rudolf Eucken, a fellow countryman of Nietzsche's, does not spare his criticism: "the balance of Nietzsche's effective influence lies with what he denies rather than with what he affirms." In our simple way, we repeat, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me."



THE REID-NFLD. CO.'S STE. "LINTROSE" PURCHASED BY THE RUSSIAN ADMIRALTY.



PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency SIR WALTER E. DAVIDSON,
Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.

W. E. DAVIDSON,
 Governor,
 [L.S.]

WHEREAS by the 255th Section of "The Customs Act, 1898," it is enacted that the Governor in Council may prohibit the exportation or carriage coastwise of the following goods:—

Arms, ammunition and gunpowder, military and naval stores and any articles which he, by and with the advice aforesaid, deems capable of being converted into or made useful in increasing the quantity of military or naval stores, or for purposes of hostility, or destruction in War, provisions, or any sort of victual which may be used as food for man:

And whereas I, by and with the advice of my Council, deem it expedient and necessary that I should exercise such power of prohibition in manner hereinafter appearing;

Now I, by and with the advice aforesaid, do hereby, from and after the date hereof, prohibit the exportation of the following articles, namely:—

To all Foreign Ports in Europe, and on the Mediterranean and Black Seas, other than those of France, Russia (except the Baltic Ports), Belgium, Spain and Portugal;

Clover and grass seeds;

Motor vehicles of all kinds, and their component parts;

Cocoa.

To all destinations abroad, other than the United Kingdom, and British Possessions and Protectorates:

Fish (whale) oil, viz:—Train, blubber, sperm or head matter;

Jewelled draw-plates for drawing steel wire.

And whereas I deem it expedient, by and with the advice aforesaid, that the following alterations should be made in my previous Proclamations, as hereinafter specified, which prohibited the exportation or carriage coastwise of certain articles, under the authority before mentioned, viz:

That the heading "Animals, pack, saddle and draught, suitable for use in War," should be deleted from the list of articles prohibited by my Proclamation dated the 5th day of August, 1914, from being carried coastwise;

And that the heading "Tea" should be deleted from the list of articles prohibited by my Proclamation dated 1st day of February, instant, from being exported to all Foreign Ports in Europe and on the Mediterranean and Black Seas, other than those of France, Russia (except the Baltic Ports), Belgium, Spain and Portugal;

I do, therefore, order and direct that my Proclamations aforesaid shall be amended in manner hereinbefore specified, as and from the date hereof, of which all persons concerned are hereby required to take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, Saint John's, this 16th day of February, A.D., 1915.

By His Excellency's Command,

JOHN R. BENNETT,
 Colonial Secretary.



Public Notice.

Censorship of Telegraphs, Cables and Wireless Stations.

By direction of the Chief Censor, London, the following Regulations will be in force on and after Friday next, January the 15th, namely:—

1. Cablegrams in authorized editions of A.B.C., Lieber's, Scott's and Western Union Codes only may be exchanged between British, Allied or Neutral Territory, on extra European Telegraph System, on one side, and British or Allied Territory, wherever situated, on the other side.

2. The term "Extra European Telegraph System" means the places outside the Telegraph System of Europe. Besides the places in Europe proper, the following are also counted as being on the European Telegraph System, namely:—Russia and Asia; the following French possessions in North and West Africa, namely:—Algeria, Mauritania, Senegal, Upper Senegal and Niger; and French Morocco. The Island of Cyprus is regarded as outside the European Telegraph System.

3. Until further notice cablegrams in the following three Codes, namely:—Meyer's Atlantic Cotton Code, Thirty-ninth Edition; Bentley's Complete Phrase Code, not including separate Mining and Oil Supplements; Broomhall's Imperial Combination Code, not including Special Rubber Edition, are allowed only between United Kingdom and places in Extra European Telegraph System.

N.B.—As all messages sent under the above Regulations have to be decoded and censored, the carrying out of this work will be greatly facilitated if persons sending such messages would hand in at the Telegraph Office, at the time of presenting the message, the translation of the same.

JOHN R. BENNETT,
 Deputy Chief Censor

J. T. MARTIN,

Mortician and Embalmer.

A Large Assortment of Caskets always on hand.

PHONE 489.

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JAS. J. WHELAN, Cor. Gower & Colonial Sts.

Our Inspector-General Honored.



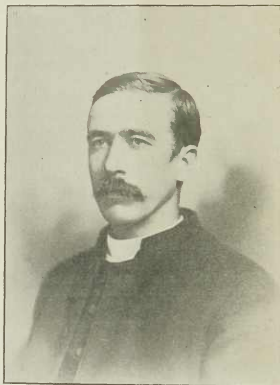
JOHN SULLIVAN, ESQ., J.P.

WE offer our sincere congratulations to John Sullivan, Esq., J.P., Inspector General of the Newfoundland Constabulary, on the distinguished honor conferred on him by His Majesty the King, when distributing the New Year honors. His Majesty has rewarded the Inspector General's long service to his country, as a Guardian of the Law, by conferring on him the distinction known as the King's Police Medal—the first King's Medal to Newfoundland—instituted by King Edward VII. in the year 1909. This is a rare honor, not conferred for long service alone. The recipient must also have been a success in his business. But one hundred are conferred annually throughout the whole empire, and fifty of these go to the Indian empire. It gives official approbation and recognition of the Inspector General's distinguished career.

It is forty-four years since Mr. Sullivan joined the police force as a simple private. He is now more than seven years at its head—a position he reached not by political favoritism, but by outstanding ability and fitness—and he is generally recognised to be one of the most efficient Chiefs of Police in the history of the Colony. The force under his control was never in better order, and never was crime more quickly detected and brought to the courts for punishment. The Fire Department which is also under the Inspector General's control is in a high state of efficiency; it owes much of its success to the organizing

ability of its present head, aided by the fire captains in control of the stations.

The Inspector General has been always fearless in the discharge of his duties, performing his difficult and sometimes disagreeable work, with malice to none, without favor and with no unnecessary harshness. In tendering him our felicitations we are but voicing the sentiments of the whole community in wishing him more years of service to his King and country.



THE LATE REV. G. R. GODDEN.

In Memoriam

THE LATE BELOVED

Rev. G. Ross Godden, Rector of St. Thomas's.

WHO DIED FEBRUARY 12, 1915

DEAR HEART! Dear heart!

So fond of "silent places!"

Dear heart! Dear heart!

Whose throbs are still'd for e'er!

The sad bells toll, the tender flow'rs are drooping

And heads bow, rev'rent, by thy honour'd bier!

Such souls as thine

See Faith beside the mountain—

In lake, in stream—the majesty of stars!

The camp-fires' gleam—night's deep and tender silence,

And morning's dawn, thro' opalescent bars!

The silent Church, the little path, the garden!

To those who lov'd him,

What enduring pain!

The spring will come

And kiss to life the blossoms—

Our Rector ne'er will look on them again!

* * * * *

Such souls as thine

See Faith beside the mountain—

In lake, in stream—the majesty of stars!

The camp-fires' gleam—night's deep and tender silence!

The morning's dawn—

And thou art past the "bars!"

Spring Suitings!

The Best Selection we have yet shown; bought before the rise in price. **ELLIS MAKE SUITINGS** are the Best Tailored in the City, and will cost no more than the other kind.

CHAS. J. ELLIS,

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THE COMPANY'S GROWTH.

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE
1872 ...	\$ 48,210.93	\$ 96,461.95	\$ 1,064,350.00
1914 ...	15,052,275.24	64,187,656.38	218,299,835.00

ALEX. BRYDEN,
Manager for Newfoundland.

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NOTICE.

I am in receipt of a communication from the Postal Department of the United Kingdom intimating that the Postmaster-General has agreed to a reduction of the postal rates on registered newspapers and magazines published in this country and mailed to Great Britain.

On and after this date all such magazines and newspapers will be accepted and forwarded at the rate of two cents per pound or fraction thereof, instead of eight cts. (8c.) per pound as hitherto.

Whereas it appears some mis-understanding has arisen with respect to the free delivery of parcels mailed to our volunteers in Great Britain, the public will please take notice that such parcels cannot be delivered free of postage. I have been notified that the Postmaster-General of the United Kingdom could not undertake the delivery, without charge, of unpaid or insufficiently paid parcels to the troops on active service in Great Britain. Consequently all parcels mailed to members of the Newfoundland Contingent must be stamped according to established rates.

H. J. B. WOODS,
Postmaster General.

March 8, 1915.



Sheep Preservation!

1. It shall be lawful for the duly qualified electors, resident within an area or district within this Colony, to present to the Governor in Council a petition or requisition in the form prescribed in the Schedule to this Act, or as near thereto as may be, setting forth the limits or boundaries within which such area or district is comprised, and the names of the towns, harbours or settlements included therein, and praying for a Proclamation prohibiting the keeping of dogs within such area or district.

2. Such petition or requisition shall be sent to the nearest resident Stipendiary Magistrate, and shall be by him, after examination and certificate as hereinafter provided, furnished to the Governor in Council.

3. If, upon due scrutiny of such petition or requisition, the Stipendiary Magistrate shall find that the same contains the bona fide signatures of a majority of the duly qualified electors resident within the limits or boundaries set forth in the said petition or requisition, he shall forthwith have a certificate to that effect endorsed upon or attached to the petition or requisition, and shall forward the same to the Governor in Council.

4. Any Stipendiary Magistrate to whom such petition or requisition may be presented may, before certifying the same to the Governor in Council as aforesaid, require proof to be made before him of the bona fide signatures of any of the names subscribed to such petition, upon the oath of either the party whose name purports to be signed or of a witness to such signature.

5. Upon receipt of any such petition or requisition containing the signatures of not less than one-third of the electors resident within any such area or district, certified as aforesaid, the Governor in Council shall issue a Proclamation or Public Notice prohibiting the keeping of dogs within such area or district.

6. From and after the date prescribed in and by such Proclamation or Notice, it shall not be lawful for any person, resident within such area or district, to keep, or have in his possession, or under his control, any dog within the area or district to which such Proclamation or Notice shall relate, under a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months. This prohibition shall not apply to any person or persons travelling or passing through such areas or districts and having a licensed dog or dogs in his or their possession, charge or control, and not at large.

A. W. KNIGHT, Clerk of the Peace.

Twilight Memories.

By Ella H. Rozier, Shrewsbury, England.

WHEN Twilight draws her curtain round,
And hides the last faint ray of setting sun;
When once again the work of day is done,
And all is hushed in calm profound;

Then memory comes on silent wing,
And speaks to us, in whisperings soft and clear.
Of those bright early days we hold most dear,
Round which our fond affections cling.

And as she speaks we taste again
The sweetness and the bliss of youthful days;
When all the paths of life seemed pleasant ways,
And nought we dreamt of coming pain.

When each day as it glided by
Was filled with dreams, each brighter than the last—
Dreams that, when mirthful, careless childhood passed,
Were lost in aspirations high.

But still they with us kindly stay,
Like silvery chimes that mark the passing hour,
Whose echoes seem to float around the tower
Long after they have ceased to play;

Or like the hollow ocean-shell,
Which, taken from its home in deep sea-cave,
Still echoes forth the roar of rolling wave,
And whispers of the surges' swell;

Or like the chords of some sweet lay
Swept o'er the harp-strings by some skilful hand,
Whose notes still vibrate exquisitely bland,
Though long the strain has died away.

E'en thus the memories of our early days
Shall in sweet chords, undimmed by darkling fears,
Reverberate through all our future years,
And cheer us through Life's wildering maze;

Until at length, our journey o'er,
We find our youthful hopes fulfilled at last;
And start to find now wondrously surpassed
Are all our brightest dreams of yore.

[The above poem is from the pen of a Newfoundland lady—daughter of the Rev. Mr. Rozier, who labored in the Colony for several years.]

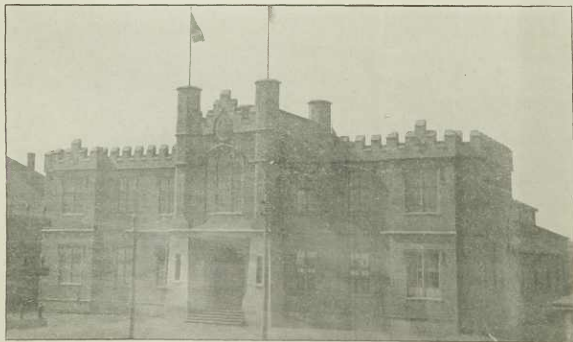
The Late John F. Chaplin.

THE FIRST Newfoundland soldier to give his life in the great European war was John F. Chaplin, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Chaplin, Saint John's, a private in the First Newfoundland Regiment. Young Chaplin went away with the first draft of the regiment, and while at Fort George, Invernesshire, was attacked with pneumonia and died in the local hospital. He was one of the youngest, and one of the keenest, in the ranks, a volunteer filled



THE LATE PRIVATE JOHN F. CHAPLIN.

with the buoyancy and the enthusiasm of youth. When the call came, his response was eager. The sacrifice of his bright, young life has been consummated on the altar of his country, not facing the foe, it is true, but none the less whilst on active service. He has fallen as a soldier, and to the young soldier's memory it is Newfoundland's honour to pay the tribute of praise and pride. John F. Chaplin belonged to the Methodist Guards, and was a lad beloved by all who knew him, generous, kindly and full of vitality and fun. Almost the first to offer condolence to the grief-stricken parents was His Excellency the Governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir W. E. Davidson, whose sympathetic letter will ever be a treasured possession. The Chief of the Clan Davidson lives not far from Fort George, and His Excellency expresses his intention to visit the grave on his next visit home, for where the young soldier fell, he will, to quote His Excellency, "rest in the military cemetery looking over the Moray Firth, where so many brave soldiers have been buried with Highland honours during many generations."



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Tweed and **Worsted Suitings** and **Trouserings.** Also,
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NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, & Hearth Brushes, & Whisks.

A Large Stock of **BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES** and
WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents
in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of
Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the
Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel as-
sured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be
imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention
and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident
of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt
attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, March, 1915.

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TRY

SOUTHDOWN

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Fancy Goods and Perfumery,
Hardware, Machinery and Metals,
Jewellery, Plate and Watches,
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Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

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✻ Highland Tartans and Clans, ✻

By Arch. G. Gibb.

"Where the Highland Tartans wave,
Love and friendship join together;
No vile tyrant, serf or slave
Treads the bonnie, purple heather!"



THE picturesque Highland costume, with its kilts and plaid of handsome "chequered" clan tartan, is familiar to us all, and has endeared itself in the heart of every true Scot, no matter what corner of the globe he may reside in. The sight of it in a foreign land takes his memory back to the scenes of his boyhood, spent perhaps amongst the heather-clad hills, or the beautiful glens of the "Far North."

Scotch tartans, or plaids, as they are often called, have become exceedingly popular in other countries, especially in America where they are largely imported, and manufactured in cotton goods, and in France, where they are made in silk, and other fabrics. Some writers claim that the word Tartan is from the French *tartane* and that the designs originated in that country. Be that as it may, tartans are universally recognised as being peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland, where the tartan kilts of the Clans are looked on as the national dress. While the origin of tartan is obscure, the following account of the material and its history should be of interest to the readers of the *QUARTERLY*.

Tartan is a worsted cloth woven with alternate stripes or bands of coloured woad and weft, so as to form a chequered pattern in which the colours alternate in "sets" of definite width and sequence.

While the wearing of parti-coloured and striped cloth cannot be claimed as peculiar to any race or country, the term "tartan" is specially applied to the variegated cloth used for the distinctive costume of the Highlanders of Scotland. For this costume, and the tartan of which it is composed, great antiquity is claimed, but it is difficult to find out just when and where it originated.

George Buchanan in his *Rerum Scotticarum Historia* (1582) says:—"Undoubtedly the term tartan was known, and the material was woven 'of one, or two colours for the poor, and more varied for the rich, as early as the middle of the 15th century.'" Logan in the *Scottish Gael* gives the following extract from the accounts of John, Bishop of Glasgow, Treasurer of King James III. in 1471:

Ane elne and ane halve of blue tartane to lyne his gowne of cloth of gold	£1 10s. 00
Four elne and ane halve of tartane for a spawort about his credill, price ane elne 10s.	2 5 00
Halve ane elne of doble Tartane, to lyne ridin collars to her Lady the Queen, price	8 00

In 1538 accounts were incurred for a Highland dress for King James V. on the occasion of a hunting excursion in the Highlands, in which there are charges for "variant culloir velvet" for "ane schort Heland coit," and for "Heland Tartane to be hose to the King's grace."

In more modern times the following references may be quoted. In 1640, General Leslie states that the Highlanders under his command were composed of men of the same name or clan; as to the Tartan, reference is made as to its price in the Acts of Parliament of Scotland in 1661.

In the ornamental title to Blean's map of Scotland, published in 1654, two Highlanders are represented in striped clothes, one of them wearing the "Belted Plaid," consisting of a large and long piece of plaiding, which was so folded and confined by a belt round the waist as to form a complete dress, plaid and kilt in one piece. This is supposed to be the origin of the now highly ornamental Highland dress.

On the 1st day of August, 1747, after the rising of 1745, an act was passed forbidding the wearing of tartan, as any part of a Highland dress, under a penalty of six months imprisonment for the first offence, and transportation "beyond seas" for seven years for the second.

No Highlander could receive the benefit of the Act of Indemnity without first taking the following dreadful oath—"I, A. B. do swear, and as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, I have not, nor shall have, in my possession any gun, sword, pistol, or arm whatsoever, and never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb; and, if I do so, may I be cursed in my undertakings, family and prosperity—may I never see my wife and children, father, mother, or relations—may I be killed in battle as a coward, and lie without christian burial, in a strange land, far from the graves of my forefathers and kindred; may all this come across me if I break my oath."

—Dr. James Browne's History of the Highland Clans, 1859.

This severe and harsh act, as might have been expected, was most unpopular, and, in consequence of the discontent created by it, it was repealed in 1782, through the influence of the gallant Duke of Montrose.

Since that date (1782) clan tartan has with varying fluctuations of fashions, been a highly popular article of dress, by no means confined to Scotland alone; and many new and imaginary "sets" have been introduced by manufacturers, with the result of causing confusion in the heraldry of tartan, and of throwing doubt on the reality of the distinctive "sets" which were undoubtedly recognised as the badge of various clans. The manufacture of tartans has long been carried on at Bannockburn, and in the Devon Valley, at Alva, and Tillicoultry, and in other parts of that district.

It should be borne in mind that many Clans have from one to five various Tartans, such as, the common Clan Tartan, the Chief's Tartan, used only by himself and heir, the Dress Tartan; the Hunting Tartan and Mourning Tartan. The ignorance of this fact often leads to many disputes as to the correctness of a particular tartan, it being generally supposed that a clan had only one tartan.

Martin, in his "Western Isles of Scotland" (1703), says:—"Every isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids, as to the stripes in breadth and colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places, are able at the first view of a man's plaid to guess the place of his residence."

With the limited space at my disposal it would be impossible for me to attempt to describe the many different sets and colourings in which tartans are woven, so that any description must necessarily be brief. The dominating colours are purple, green and blue, and red and yellow are also great favorites with some Clans.

There is, amongst some of the tartans, a great similarity, that is, in the general appearance. The basic colours, and the arrangement of the "sets" in the background may be similar, but with the "over-check" in a different colour, the difference is quite noticeable, the over-check is generally in white, yellow or red, and sometimes in a combination of red and white, red and yellow, and so on. Take for instance the Gordon (which is perhaps the most familiar to us here, being adopted by our Highland Brigade) and compare it with the Forbes.

The basic colours and the set arrangement are very similar, but the "over-check" on the Gordon is yellow, while that on the Forbes is white, which makes quite a difference in the two tartans, and makes them easily distinguishable.

In a future paper I may give the history of some of these old Clans.

The visit of "our boys" to Fort George and their sojourn in that romantic corner of Scotland, has brought them in close touch with people and places that, previous to their visit were, to many of them, almost unheard of, except in a vague way. They have climbed the rugged hills, traversed the romantic glens, and "foregathered" with the men of the talk "the Gaekie." Visits have been paid to the Chief of one of the Highland Clans (the Mackinnon) where they experienced the fervor and kindness of a Highland welcome and hospitality they are not likely to forget. And if all we hear is true, not a few of the boys have succumbed to the rosy cheeks and "bonnie blue een" of many of the Highland lassies! This all tends to bring the Colonial boys, and the folk of the "Far North" into a closer knowledge of each other, and has cemented a friendship that will never die. Our boys will now be able to say, with Aytoun—

"Nowhere beats the heart so kindly
As beneath the Tartan plaid."

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A Valuable Meat Food for War-Times.

By Clarence Birdseye.



URING the Spanish-American war a large number of American soldiers were incapacitated as a result of eating spoiled meat. In all wars the meat portion of the soldiers' rations is likely to be one of the most difficult and expensive to supply. Yet it is vitally important that each man receive meat regularly. Non-combatants, also, find that the effect of any great war is to lessen their supply of meat and to increase its cost. Obviously, therefore, it would be a great benefit to combatants and non-combatants alike if in such times as the present a good substitute for beef, pork, mutton, and other domestic meats could be made available in large quantities and at a low cost.

I believe that the harp-seal and whale fisheries of Newfoundland can be made to furnish just such a cheap yet valuable substitute for domestic meats. Many, perhaps most, people will consider the idea of eating seal or whale meat disgusting or absurd. Yet it is neither. I have eaten most kinds of game to be found in North America, and consider that the flavor of none of them surpasses that of young "white-coat" harp seal. The flesh of young whales, also, especially that of young "fin-backs", is much like beef and as tender as the best tenderloin. The meat of old seals and old whales may be both strong and tough; but so is that of old bulls, or of old stags or old bears. In respect to the quality of seal flesh as food I quote from Dr. A. Horner, surgeon of the *Pandora*, in "Land and Water" *

"From the length of time these people (the Eskimos) have inhabited this cold country, one naturally expects them to have found some special food well adapted by its nutritious and heat giving properties to supply all the wants of such a rigorous climate, and such is found to be the case; for there is no food more delicious to the tastes of the Esquimaux than the flesh of the seal. . . . Seal's meat is so unlike the flesh to which we Europeans are accustomed, that it is not surprising that we should have some difficulty at first in making up our minds to taste it; but when once that difficulty is overcome, every one praises its flavour, tenderness, digestibility, juiciness, and decidedly warming after-effects. Its color is almost black, from the large amount of venous blood it contains, except in very young seals, and is therefore, very singular looking, and not inviting, while its flavor is unlike anything else, and cannot be described except by saying delicious! . . . The daintiest morsel of a seal is the liver. . . . The heart is good eating, while the sweetbreads and kidneys are not to be despised."

"The usual mode of cooking seal meat is stew it with a few pieces of fat bacon, when an excellent rich gravy is formed; or it may be fried with a few pieces of pork. . . ."

* December 18, 1875, p. 475.

"For my own part I would sooner eat seal's meat than mutton or beef, and I am not singular in my liking for it, as several of the officers on board the *Pandora* shared my liking for it. I can confidently recommend it as a dish to be tried on a cold winter's day to those who are tired of everlasting beef or mutton. . . . It is very fattening, and if eaten every day for several weeks together it is likely to produce rather surprising effects."

The flesh of the "white coats" (suckling harp seals) is not nearly so dark as that of adult animals, and tastes a little like the tenderest sort of veal. That the meat of both seals and whales is exceedingly nourishing I can testify from personal experience—during the last two winters I have frequently eaten both sorts on my prolonged dog-team trips along the Labrador Coast, and have found them far more invigorating than venison, rabbit, bear, or partridge. There is no better food than seal or whale meat for dogs engaged on long komatik trips; and captive foxes, mink, marten, and other carnivores thrive exceedingly well on either sort.

In the annual spring seal fishery of Newfoundland, prosecuted during March and April, there are from 200,000 to 285,000 seals taken, almost all of them being young "white coat" harps. These are killed solely for their fat and skins, and the carcasses are left on the ice. The average weight of the fat and skin of one of these "white-coat" seals is about a quintal (56 pounds), and the edible portion of the carcass is of about equal weight. Considering each of the 200,000 or more seals killed each spring to afford 50 pounds of meat, there is a minimum of 10,000,000 pounds (5,000 tons) of exceedingly nutritious and delicious flesh left on the ice, a total waste! The amount of available whale meat is more difficult to estimate, but some idea of its vastness is furnished by the fact that each "whale factory", to pay must, catch from 30 to 80 whales a year, and that each of these "fish" would furnish in the neighborhood of a hundred barrels of "choice cuts."

This immense amount of valuable meat might be salted, canned or frozen, and made available for use either by the armies of the warring nations or by the innumerable refugees and other noncombatants rendered destitute by the effects of the war. Canada has sent large quantities of flour and grains as her contribution to the Mother Country; why would it not be well for Newfoundland to utilize some portion of her vast meat resources for helping to feed the British armies and unemployed?

There would be some difficulties in the way of utilizing this meat—many of them serious, but none insurmountable.

Sandwich Bay Fur Farms, Cartwright, Labrador,
November, 1914.

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Notice to Owners and Masters of British Ships!

The attention of Owners and Masters of British
Ships is called to the 74th Section of the "Mer-
chant Shipping Act, 1894."

74.—(1) A Ship belonging to a British subject
shall hoist the proper national colours—

- (a) on a signal being made to her by one of His Majesty's ships (including any vessel under the command of an officer of His Majesty's navy on full pay), and
- (b) on entering or leaving any foreign port, and
- (c) if of fifty tons gross tonnage or upwards, on entering or leaving any British Port.

(2) If default is made on board any such ship in complying with this section, the master of the ship shall for each offence be liable to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds.

At this time of war it is necessary for every British Ship to hoist the colours and heave to if signalled by a British Warship; if a vessel hoists no colours and runs away, it is liable to be fired upon.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Registrar of Shipping.

St. John's, Newfoundland,
March, 1915.

"This Newfoundland of Ours"—What is Her Destiny?

By Rev. Frank Hope Scott.

"If we look at the matter calmly and philosophically, we shall see that we are every day drawing nearer to our destiny—incorporation with the Dominion of Canada"—A. A. Parsons in *Amal Belle*, 1914.



THESE Christmas Numbers! What joy they bring!

Coming over leagues of ocean, they breathe around us the spirit of the old home-land and transport us back once more to scenes of long ago. Yes, the spirit of the old home-land—that indefinable something which makes her different from any other land on earth. And right from their pages comes something that disquiets us. Her destiny! She is to lose her identity—to be swallowed up in the great new of some devouring whale. And Newfoundland, thou old rugged island-home of ours, we shall know thee as thine own old self no more!

But what is it that makes the visits of the NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY and the various Christmas Numbers so welcome to us? There are no Christmas Numbers like them. They are quite distinct from anything we know and they are interesting—absorbingly interesting. Is this not because they speak of a people in formation, a national spirit, growing into youth from childhood, full of promise for its maturer years—a spirit in which we have been nurtured and which we think we understand. It is the spirit of a people welded of English, Irish and Scotch, yet like none of these; a people akin to the great nations of the adjacent mainland, yet distinct from those.

But we are told their destiny is to be absorbed. They are a little nation—not powerful, not strong—a tiny sister who must place her little hand in that of her big sister if she would be protected in the storm and stress of life.

One has known for a long time that public men who ought to know have said that this is so. One has felt that many, like the esteemed author of the article from which I quote, have considered federation with the great Dominion as her inevitable fate. One has felt—perhaps without good reason—that the officials at Downing Street would rather deal with the people of British North America in bulk. No doubt, it would simplify matters considerably for the Imperial authorities. But ought she yield to considerations such as these and allow herself to be dealt with as a part of Canada? Tennyson has beautifully said of England:

"Thank him who isled us here and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers.
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought and kept it ours."

If Philipp of Spain had had his way, England would have been a province of the mighty Spanish Empire; had Napoleon triumphed, she would have been an appendage of France,—and why not? Surely her destiny ought to have been to be incorporated into the great Dominion at whose gates she lay; should William's ruthless legions succeed in rolling back the tides that rise against him, she will be incorporated into the realm of her "German kindred."

If Newfoundland, against all threats and blandishments, holds to the position she has held so long, might there not come a time when some Newfoundland Tennyson would address his country in words akin to those I have quoted? Visions rise before one's eyes of a day that is not ours—the future ages of the world. One sees the teeming millions of America looking to Europe as we now look to Persia and the Middle East as the cradle of their race, and nothing more. And these teeming millions will not all be of the same race. There are more races now on the two Americas than there are on the Continent of Europe. Will they always be content to sink their racial characteristics in one common unity, or will they develop along their own lines a new set of races with ideas and aspirations all their own? Will our United States cousin always retain the hegemony she now possesses over the Americas? Will she

always remain united—always a republic? Or will she break up into the races of which she is composed and will she lose her premier-place? Will the Latin nations contest her position, and will she always prevail? If not, is there to be no 'warden' of the liberties of America—no eye, no soul of Colombia—no watchdog set to guard the gates against the encroaching tyrant? Well, we are dreaming, yet dreams oft come true. Will this one, I wonder?

Again, let us look at the Empire. There are not wanting signs that we are on the verge of great things for it. In the coming re-adjustment of the relations of the parts of the Empire to one another, will our interests be always identical with those of Canada? There is at least a chance that they will not. Are we to barter our voice and influence in the shaping of the future of the Empire for the doubtful advantages of union with Canada? Things which do not enter our minds at the present moment, may happen. Disjoined from Canada we can follow our own course and seek our own best interests. Joined with her, we may be dragged into courses of action which accord neither with our sentiment nor our highest development.

And as I sit and think of things at home, I am struck with the absence of that calm and philosophical discussion of the question to which the writer refers. When have I seen the question discussed in a really effective way? One has heard the word Confederation used as a party cry often enough, but seldom or never has one seen a cool, clear and logical statement of either the pros or the cons of the case. One may be wrong, but one likes to think that dear old Terra Nova has a higher destiny than absorption into the Dominion of Canada, and one fears that it may be brought about by a snap vote, not given on the merits of the case, or given thoughtlessly, because the larger issues are not appreciated. A distant view of the picture seems to bring a new set of ideas, a larger conception of the relationship of parts than a close examination of a few of the details. Confederation may come or it may not; but if it does, one feels it will be a vast pity.

Hull, England, January, 1915.



The Moon-Setting.

By B. F. d' Erone.

The moon that fainted through the longsome day
Now enters the pale gate-way of the west.

Her star-tiara pale
Weave a filmy veil

That sheds a guiding light before her way
And falls like star-dust on her purple vest,—

A gown mosaic-wise wove, deft-fingered Night
Wrought from the listless rags the day-sky wears,
Plashed through her yellow hair
Pale threads the dawn-stars wear—
Elusive beams, like rainbows of wan light
That love-light at love's parting strikes through tears.

But lo! the jagged bill she erstwhile gilt
Before her yawns its mouth obscurely green.
Alone she goes within
Those pale night-portals dim,
The dome of light eternal God has built,
But where she goes no mortal eye has seen.

Sailings Every Saturday to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

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Offers a weekly service of twelve-day trips to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and St. John's, Newfoundland. This service will be maintained by their two new steamers,

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People who spend the summer at Chester, Digby, Hubbards or any of the other charming seaside resorts in Nova Scotia will find that the Red Cross Line provides the best, easiest and most direct method of getting there.

There is splendid trout fishing in the vicinity of St. John's. Loch Leven and Rainbow trout have been imported assuring the angler of the very best fishing. The finest salmon fishing on this side of the Atlantic can be reached in one day from St. John's at very small expense.

Ptarmigan or grouse shooting is from October 1st to January 12th. Caribou shooting commences August 1st, and in no other part of the world can big game shooting be enjoyed for so little expense.

The rate for the round trip, including berth and meals while at sea and in port is only \$60.00 and up according to accommodations desired. Illustrated folder, with complete rates, plans, sailings and other information will be sent upon application to

BOWRING & COMPANY, General Agents Red Cross Line,
17 Battery Place, New York City.

Extract from The Merchant Shipping Act Referring to the Naming of Ships.

Regulations made by the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the Commissioners of Customs, under Section 50 of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1906.

Under the provisions of Section 50 of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1906, the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the Commissioners of Customs, hereby make the following Regulations relating to ships' names, and direct that they shall come into force on 1st January, 1908:

1.—Any person who proposes to make application for the Registry of a British Ship shall give notice in writing of the proposed name of the ship to the Registrar of Shipping at the intended Port of Registry at least fourteen days before the date on which it is contemplated to effect the registry.

7.—When it is proposed to register the ship at a port not situated in the British Islands, the Registrar to whom the name is intimated may proceed with the registry of the ship if he satisfies himself that the name does not appear in the Current Mercantile Navy List; but if the name does so appear, the Registrar shall transmit the application to the Registrar General of Shipping and Seamen, and the case shall be treated in the manner laid down for registry in the British Islands.

Department of Customs,
March, 1915.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Registrar of Shipping.

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  TIP TOP

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for those manufactured by

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Bell Island, Grand Falls, Placentia.



Newfoundland Limestone.



LIMESTONE is found in extensive deposits in many parts of Newfoundland, and is one of the Colony's valuable non-metallic mineral assets. It occurs extensively in the carboniferous areas at Bay St. George and Deer Lake and, in the form of marble, in White Bay and other places on the northern and southern coasts. The lime occurs in the rocks as calcium carbonate. It is sometimes pure, as in the White Bay marbles, and sometimes it is associated with alumina and magnesia.

Limestone is commercially valuable as a building stone, and as a flux for smelting iron, copper, lead and other metallic ores. It is an important source of lime and Portland cements. Bricks, porcelain and other furnace products are made from it. In recent years it has been extensively employed in the electrolytic industries for making carbides like calcium carbide which yields lights for automobiles, nitrates for fertilizers, artificial petroleum and other synthetic chemical products. Each year new fields of usefulness are being developed for limestone and, consequently, every year our limestone deposits are becoming better national assets.

Lime plays a very important part in nature and is destined, like magnesium, silicon and aluminium, to play many more important roles when it is better understood.

It also occurs very extensively in the sun and other celestial bodies and in an astronomical work, Sir Robert Ball writes of lime as follows: "The shell of the hedge-sparrow and a shell cast up by the sea have qualities in common besides their beauty. They have both been fabricated from the same material. Lime is, of course, the substance from which the bird, by some subtle art of physiology, forms those exquisite, walls, by which the vital part of the egg is protected. The soft organism that once dwelt in the cowrie was endowed with some power by which it extracted from the waters of the ocean the lime with which it gradually built an inimitable shell. Is it an exaggeration to say that this particular element calcium, this element so excessively abundant and so rarely seen, seems to enjoy some peculiar distinction by association with exquisite grace and beauty? The white marble wrought to an unparalleled loveliness by the genius of a Phidias or a Canova is but a form of lime. So is the ivory on which the Japanese artist works with such delicacy and refinement. Whether as coral in a Pacific island, as a pearl in a necklace or as a stone in the Parthenon, lime seems often privileged to form the material basis of beauty in nature and beauty in art.

"Though lime in its different forms, in the rocks of the earth or the waters of the ocean, is one of the most ordinary substances met with on our globe, yet calcium, the essential element which goes to the composition of lime, is not by any means a familiar body, and not many of us, I imagine, can ever have seen it. Chemistry teaches that lime is the result of a union in definite proportions between oxygen gas and the very shy metal calcium. This metal is never found in nature unless in such intimate chemical union with some other element, like oxygen or chlorine, that its characteristic features are altogether obscured, and would indeed never be suspected from the mere appearance of the results of the union. To see the metal calcium you must visit a chemical laboratory where, by electrical decomposition or other ingenious process, this elusive element can be induced to part temporarily from its union with the oxygen or other body for which it has so eager an affinity, and to which it returns with

such alacrity. Though calcium is certainly a metal, it is very unlike the more familiar metals such as gold or silver, copper or iron. A coin might conceivably be formed out of calcium, but it would have no stability like the coins of the well-known metals. Calcium has such an unconquerable desire to unite with oxygen that the unstable metal will speedily grasp from the surrounding air this vital element. Unless special precautions are taken to withhold from the calcium the air, or other source from whence it could obtain oxygen, the union will most certainly take place, and the calcium will resume the stable form of lime. Thus it happens that though this earth contains incalculable billions of tons of calcium in its various combinations, yet calcium itself is almost unknown except to the chemist.

"It is plain that calcium plays a part of tremendous significance on this earth. I do not say that it is the most important of all the elements. It would indeed seem impossible to assign that distinction to any particular element. Many are, of course, of vital importance; but without calcium there would neither be fertile soils for plants nor bones for animals, and consequently, a world, inhabited in the manner of our present globe would be clearly impossible. There may be lowly organisms on this earth to which calcium is of no appreciable consequence, and it is of course conceivable that a world of living types could be constructed without the aid of that particular element which is to us so indispensable. But a world without calcium would be radically different from the world which we know, so that we are



HUMBER RIVER NEAR NICHOLSVILLE.

disposed to feel a special interest in the important modern discovery that this same element calcium is abundantly distributed throughout the universe."

In a climate, like our own, which has a heavy rainfall, the surface waters dissolve and carry away the fertilizing element of the soil. The result is that the unfertilized soil is acidic and will not bear crops unless it is re-fertilized. The long stretches of peaty soils which are seen by railroad travellers in Newfoundland are acidic and require neutralizing with lime before they will grow good crops of vegetables, fruit or hay. But at Stephenville Crossing and St. George's immense hills of splendid limestone can be seen from the train that could be used to make the barren lands of the interior bloom like the most beautiful parks.

In the near future, the Newfoundland limestone deposits on the West Coast will undergo extensive development. They are only used at present for fluxing the Bell Island iron ores at the Sydney furnaces. But within a couple of years they will be extensively employed in making Portland cement, fertilizers and calcium carbide.



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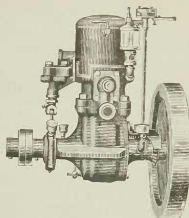
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✻ Development of Farming. ✻

By Samuel Ruby.



HE prices of many commodities have advanced during the war and those of food-stuffs, like flour and meat have, in many cases, reached almost prohibitive figures, notwithstanding the efforts of the various Governments to prevent merchants from taking advantage of the war to increase their profits. It is plain to every householder that in war-time, more so than in times of peace, the farmer feeds the nation and he is the basis, the back-bone of our national life.

In Newfoundland we have millions of acres of good agricultural land that with intelligent husbandry could be made to yield, not only all the food our people need, but a large and valuable surplus for export. We are told by the Newfoundland Agriculture Board that: "The area of land seeded to grass throughout the country is capable of yielding a very much heavier crop than is at present obtained. It is an undeniable fact, that if the area under grass were made to produce the average cut of one and a half tons per acre, we would be independent of importations, would supply the home demand and thus keep in the country the \$60,000 to \$75,000 that we yearly send to Canada for imported hay. A good field of timothy and clover will yield two and a half tons per acre and there is no reason why two tons should not be cut off any acre of reasonably well-cared for land."

In order to draw attention to the great need for more and better farming in Newfoundland and to arouse interest in our agricultural industries and opportunities, I purpose to show how the farmer is encouraged in other countries and indicate how farming may be stimulated here.

That the cost of living has been rising for many years is well known, and the cause must be world wide, for the increase is world wide, as shown by statistics compiled by the London Board of Trade. Taking the year 1900 as a basis, it appears that the price of food stuffs had, in 1912, risen 15 per cent. in Great Britain and France; 20 per cent. in Italy; 25 per cent. in Holland; 23 per cent. in Belgium; 35 per cent. in Austria; 38 per cent. in Japan (1911); 39 per cent. in the United States (1911); and 51 per cent. in Canada.

Among the world wide causes that have been suggested are the greater production of the gold, reducing its value, and the progressive withdrawing of labor from Agriculture to the manufacturing industries.

In Great Britain and France the soil is handled most intelligently with intensive Agriculture. That the percentage of increase should be larger in some of the important food producing countries than in Great Britain is worthy of note. It is especially remarkable that in Canada it should be highest of all. The causes assigned to this have been operating in the Dominion with full force. From being a food exporting nation Canada has become, in some lives, a food importing one. While we boast of city growth that is the consequence to the farm.

Such results should justify us in taking steps to increase the fertility of our soil. God said "Let us multiply and replenish the earth." We have multiplied, but have we replenished the earth? This is a most important matter to consider.

In the soil lies our salvation. Agriculture is the basis of every thing. By treating our soil intelligently, we can double our crops; then cattle will be fed with good clover hay, and the products of the farm will then be double and treble what they are to-day and bring us great national wealth.

There are large sums of money being spent in building railroads. Railroads have undoubtedly been of great assistance in the building up of every progressive country in the world. The building of railroads encourages the opening up of new industries and the employment of large numbers of people; that means there will be more people to be fed. They increase the demands for the products of Agriculture.

Are we acting wisely in spending our money away to other countries where the cost of foodstuffs has gone up 40 or 50 per cent. in ten years, instead of taking more interest in the financing

of agriculture such as they are doing in other countries; and recommended by Sir William McGregor when he was here? The financing of agriculture will make cheaper living for the people and will settle many happy families on the land in good and comfortable homes.

We say we have a good asset in our railroads. That is correct, but in a good virgin fertile soil we have a better asset.

There has been a greater interest taken in poultry raising during the last few years, and in most cases the feed has to be imported for it. It would be cheaper to import the poultry, but certainly then you would not have the fresh eggs! all this feed can and should be grown here, and then it would be a paying business. The same may be said of pig feed. Most of it is imported. If we would take this matter up in earnest, it would make farm life more attractive, and would be the means of keeping our young men in the country, and inducing others to go in to farming, and that is what we want. As the late Rev. Brother Slattery said in a report to the Board of Agriculture: "We want a million more farmers;" and the writer quite agrees with him.

Whatever the government would do to foster Agriculture would be more beneficial to the consumer than the producer, because when the farmer grows large crops he has to employ more labor to handle them, and the farming products have to be sold cheaper in the market. There is where the people reap the benefit. Mr. Morine tells us "we must read to know what they are doing in other countries." Well, we do read about these great Agricultural countries, but what made them great? The governments efforts to help the farmers out.

The American farmers are one billion dollars in debt. That is what made their great farms. Now, the American government had delegates abroad seeking the best European methods of financing Agriculture to help them out. Mr. Morine says "the financing of Agriculture is not a new thing, it is only new in Newfoundland."

The Irish tenant farmer who wants to own his own land can go to day to the landlord and buy the land from him; and the Government of England helps him with the money.

If a person wants to get a farm to-day in the North West, the Canadian Government will give him a farm; or the Canadian Pacific will give him a farm, put a fence round it and a house on it, and assist him to stop there in every way; and then says: "Now take it in the name of God, and pay for it in ten years."

In the Province of Ontario the farmers are given help to drain their farms by the Government. If they want to benefit their lands in that way they can go to the government of the province and get money advanced at 5 per cent.

The young and progressive State of Western Australia has, in recent years, been making great economical progress, which Hon. Sir Newton J. Moore, formerly Premier, attributes in large measures to the fact that agriculture has been succeeding the dependence upon mining as a productive agency; also railways for the purpose of agricultural development have been constructed and the land settlement conditions liberalized.

A third direction in which the Australian States undertook to aid the industries of the soil has been by means of the Government Agricultural Bank, which lends money on approved holdings in sums ranging from £25 to £2,000 for improvements, water conservation, stock-farming, implements, and any other approved purposes. The success of this policy has been completely demonstrated. The amount advanced by the Bank last year was £400,000, the next heaviest year being that immediately preceding, when £300,000 was lent. As showing the careful way in which the institution is managed and the caution with which advances are made out of a total amount of £3,000,000 loaned, the arrears of repayment have been quite negligible. Last year the profit on the Bank's transactions was £8,061, which brought the reserve fund up to £35,000. There are now 7,101 accounts current on the books, representing as many cus-

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we are glad to say, have been appreciated, and result in an ever increasing demand with which we are keeping pace by improved and enlarged equipment. We will count you among our friends, and will be glad of a friendly word from you to any person needing supplies in our line. We will especially value any order of your own with which you may favour us.

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tomers, and the number continues to increase. Last year 461 accounts were closed and 1,334 new accounts were opened, leaving net increase of 873 accounts. "The effect of the policy pursued," writes Mr. Reid, "has been to induce other banks and financial institutions, to come into the field for the purpose of lending money on Western Australian agricultural land."

Sir William McGregor, in his Address at the opening of the Newfoundland Agricultural Show, October, 1906, said:

"Now we come to ask ourselves what can be done to assist agriculture? For that the experience of other countries will give us sure indications in every direction. In the first place I would mention the desirability of introducing here the system of registration of titles and dealings in land, known in Australia as the Torrens Act. Briefly, it makes the transfer of an estate in land as simple and easy as the transfer of a share in a ship. It enables security with respect to advances on land to be given and taken, with a minimum of cost and trouble, and with certainty as to good faith. This system is a great boon to every agricultural country in which it has been introduced."

"Then comes into consideration the system of 'Advances to settlers,' which has been of immense advantage to the Australian Colonies, and is, at the present time, doing so much for agriculture in Italy, Germany, France, Belgium, and elsewhere. In South Australia, for example, this is managed by an Office called 'The State Bank' established by the Government, which makes advances in aid of rural industries. This Office raises its required capital by the issue of Bonds guaranteed by the Government and bearing interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Stacks of these bonds are issued as required and are taken up locally, chiefly by Savings Banks and Insurance Companies. The money is then lent out at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This system in all the Australian Colonies has been an unqualified success, a source of profit to many, and it has caused no loss to anyone. This plan is well worthy of consideration here. For one thing it would keep down the price of beef."

Now, I have indicated what is being done in many other countries. Will we try to do a little better? In reading the debates of the House of Assembly, we can see that some of our legislators advise keeping up-to-date with other countries; but that is in a minor matter. Will they keep up-to-date in the matter of agriculture, that will make more work for the labouring man? Any man who can work on a railroad can make a better living on the land if he is put in the proper way of doing it, as science tells us.

Mr. D. J. Davies, in his articles on "Soils and their improvement," tells us that lime, by its chemical action, supplies the soil with a valuable and costly manure, namely, nitrate of potassium. An acid known as nitric acid is formed during the decaying of animal and vegetable matter. Lime unites with this acid, forming a substance called nitrate of lime; this reacts on the potash compounds present in the soil producing nitrate of potassium.

We are giving away our lime-stone to another country for nothing. For our iron our Government is getting 73 cents per ton. They send us back the by-products and charge us twelve or fifteen dollars a ton for Basic Slag, refuse from our lime and our iron; they also charge us two or three dollars a barrel for cement made from our iron and our lime. Basic slag is recommended for the large percentage of lime it contains, but that is a dear way to buy lime. Outfits can be bought for crushing and pulverizing limestone. An outfit for 1½ tons an hour, costs \$1,500.00 to be operated with 20 H. P. The money that was spent the last ten years in Agricultural shows, would have supplied all the farms in the country with lime.

In a report from the Rothamstead Experimental Station, it is stated that they give credit to the fertility of the soil to lime that was applied to it a hundred years ago. The lime caused the clover to grow and that kept up the fertility of the soil. In the south of France some time ago, Agriculture was at a very low ebb and the farmers were poor. They put lime into the soil and the cattle industry thrived and the people were made comfortable. Lime shows its effects in many different ways. Where there is a sufficient quantity of lime in the soil for plant growth to take up, the animal consuming this will receive the benefit. The finest steeple chase horses in the world are raised on the limestone soil of Ireland. We are told that bones are about half lime. If we cannot get the lime in our food in sufficient quantity,

what will be the result? Weak, small bones; but with plenty of lime, good strong bones to support the body.

In the United States of America they are printing bulletins and circulars and sending them broadcast to the farmers, showing them the necessity and value of lime for the crops. I have the names of twenty-eight different companies supplying lime-stone to farmers in Illinois. Ground lime-stone can now be obtained at 60 cents per ton or \$1.25 in bags from Southern Illinois penitentiary, other places from 90 cents to \$1.00. Some of these companies furnish fine ground lime-stone and some furnish limestone screenings, which include both very fine dust and some coarser particles, even as large as wheat grain, in carload lots. The price on board cars at the plant varies from 50 cents to \$1.00 per ton, according to the fineness. The freight charges are one half cent per ton per mile, with a minimum carload of thirty tons. There is no doubt that the Reid Newfoundland Co., would adopt similar freight charges here, carrying limestone over the railways as it would be an advantage to them to see the products of the soil increased; it would make more freight for their trains.

The only way to supply abundance of food is to increase the productiveness of the land. We have in our soil a great natural asset, a dish out of which we can eat and eat to day, to morrow and for ever. If we handle our soil with skill and intelligence, we may have the dream of the philosopher realized, we mean a thing that can be used over and over again. There is nothing more certain than that we have in our soil a permanent and inexhaustible asset. In the circulars distributed by the experimental stations they have illustrations showing the difference in limed and unlimed crops to educate the farmers. Then it is put to the government this way:—If a shoe company can afford travelling men to introduce their shoes, and if other mercantile companies can afford travelling men for the same purpose, cannot the State afford one or more men to go among the farmers and land owners and help introduce the use of limestone in systems of soil improvement? The result already secured amply justifies the conclusion that not one but several such men should be in the field, and we hope, largely to extend this line of effort. While the first car-loads of ground limestone ever applied to Illinois soils were used on the experimental fields less than ten years ago, the records from the Southern Illinois Penitentiary already show shipments to the farmers as follows:—

In 1906	122 tons
" 1907	1,520 "
" 1908	4,428 "
" 1909	4,846 "
" 1910	14,135 "

The above is from one factory only.

In agriculture we have the most important basis of a country's prosperity. The conservation of the fertility of the soil out-weighs all the other economic subjects in importance. History shows that the almost uniform course of agriculture over long periods, is downward, towards decreasing fertility, and increasing poverty. The real strength of the population comes from those who till the soil, and efforts should be made to sustain their strength and numbers. The soil must be preserved in a condition to afford a comfortable livelihood. We cannot afford to repeat the experience of other countries, particularly the history of the abandonment of the farms in the New England States. Lime is not the only thing neglected in Newfoundland. We can see the sanitary carts going to the dump with refuse and animal bones to be buried to get them out of sight. In other countries they take care of these, grind them up and send them here to get our money for them.

I sincerely hope others will take up this subject and not only say, but do still more for the agricultural advancement of our dear old Newfoundland. Could not some teachers who have also been farmers, be enabled to take summer courses and then return to teach the rising generation to take more interest in agriculture and remain on the farm? My friend, Mr. P. Butler, has suggested this and he believes it would have a good effect and that the establishing of school gardens and the teaching of agriculture in agricultural districts, should then become compulsory. They would then have as good an effect here as in England, Canada, and the United States.



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St. John's Municipal Board. PUBLIC NOTICE.

The following was adopted at a meeting of the Municipal Board, held March 19th, 1915, and ordered to be published:—

WHEREAS:—The 1910 Amendment to the Municipal Act, Sections 11, 12, 13, provides as follows:—

- (1) All tenements of a lesser rented value than \$50.00 shall be maintained by the owner or lessee in all respects reasonably fit for habitation.
- (2) The Council to have power to order any house not fit for habitation to be removed as a nuisance.
- (3) The Council to have power to make Rules and Regulations for putting and keeping dwelling houses in wholesome and sanitary condition.

BE IT RESOLVED:—

- (1) A house reasonably fit for habitation shall have its roof, outer walls, windows and doors sound and watertight.
- (2) Upon complaint being made to the Council by the Occupier of any tenement of a yearly rental value not exceeding fifty dollars, that the tenement occupied by him is not in a habitable condition, for reasons specified, and if upon investigation by the Council's Inspector such proves to be the case, notice shall be given to the owner of the said tenement to have repairs effected within a time to be stipulated or the Council may direct the Inspector to inspect such dilapidated dwellings with the view of having the same repaired or condemned.

If repairs are not effected within the time specified in said notice, the said owner shall be subject to a penalty of \$5.00 per day for every day during which the specified repairs are not effected, to be recovered in a prosecution before a Magistrate.

By order.

JNO. L. SLATTERY,
Secretary-Treasurer.

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We have sold over twenty of these Machines to firms in the city already.

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BAIT!



Or rather the want of it, is one of the principal drawbacks to the fisheries of Newfoundland, and as it is tolerably certain that we shall have good markets and high prices in 1915, now is the time to prepare to capture **BAIT** fishes.

As a means to this end we are making **cheap light Caplin Seines**, that will be easily handled; and as one good haul will pay for the outfit, every Schooner should have one.

We are making **Squid Traps**, which will be most effective.

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We make **Cod Traps** and **Cod Seines**, Hemp and Cotton, to order.

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Newfoundland has already equipped and sent to the front her First Contingent, 540 strong. But we must not stop at this. Further drafts are urgently needed to reinforce our numbers on the battle line, and must be sent forward at the earliest possible moment.

Suitable Recruits between the ages of 19 and 36 will be accepted and trained in drill and shooting so as to fit them for military service. They will then be formed into regular Companies of the Regiment, and will be given the option of volunteering for service abroad, if required, on the same terms and conditions as the men of the First Contingent. Pay will commence when the men are actually enrolled for service abroad.

Recruiting Offices will be opened in St. John's and the offices of the different Magistrates, and at the other suitable places in the Colony, (as to Recruiting in case of doubt write to the Recruiting Officer, St. John's). Where not less than fifty men offer for enlistment at any recruiting centre a drill instructor will, if possible, be sent to the District to train them.

Men of the Ancient and Loyal Colony, Show Your Loyalty NOW.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Baine, Johnston & Co.,

ESTABLISHED 1780.

Merchants, Ship-Owners, &c.

Agents

The Alliance Assurance Co., Ltd.

LONDON.

Total Assets exceed \$120,000,000.
Fire Premiums for 1912 exceeded. \$6,500,000.

Agents

Newman's Celebrated Port Wine

In Hhds., Quarter Casks, Octaves and Cases.



Department of Agriculture and Mines.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The attention of the Public is called to the following provisions of the Act to further amend the Crown Lands Act, 1903, passed at the last session of the Legislature :

Application for Timber Limits.

SEC. 3.—Section 24 of the Crown Lands Acts, 1903, is hereby repealed, and the following substituted therefor :

No such licenses shall be granted until notice of intention to apply therefor has been published in the *Royal Gazette* for a period of one month prior to such application. The said notice shall contain the name and address of the applicant, and with as much certainty as possible shall describe the location and boundaries of the land applied for, naming the Electoral District in which same is situated and its approximate area.

Returns of Timber Cut.

SUB-SEC. 4, SEC. 4.—To make returns to the Government annually on oath, on or before the 30th of November in each and every year of (a) the total quantity of timber cut between the 1st day of July and the 30th day of June then last past, which is liable to the payment of royalty ; and (b) of all timber cut for the manufacture of paper or paper pulp, also to make returns annually, or at such other periods as may be required by the Governor in Council, or by regulations under this Act, sworn to by him or by his agent or employee, cognizant of the fact of the quantity of all sawn lumber, timber, railway car stuff, ship timber and knees, shingles, laths, cordwood or bark, or any other product of timber sold or disposed of by him during such quarter or other period and the price of value thereof, the licensee to be liable to a fine of \$50.00 if the returns aforesaid

be not filed in the Department of Agriculture and Mines within thirty days from the date on which they are required to be filed as aforesaid.

Forfeiting Title for Non-Payment of Rents of Limits.

SEC. 6.—Whenever the rent or royalties payable under any lease to cut timber shall be in arrears and unpaid for the period of six months from the day on which the same became due, the Governor in Council may, without any suit or other proceedings to enjoin the same, declare such license forfeited and thereupon the same shall be again open to application by the public.

Survey of Mining Location.

SEC. 17.—Within one year from the date on which notice is given by the applicant for a ninety-nine year lease of a mining location or locations to the Minister of Agriculture and Mines, that it is his attention to hold said land as provided by Section 47 of the said Crown Lands Act, 1903, such applicant shall, at his own expense, cause a survey of the location or locations referred to therein to be made by a Surveyor approved by the Minister of Agriculture and Mines, and shall cause a diagram thereof, with the notes of the surveyor, to be filed in the Department of Agriculture and Mines within the same period. In all such surveys of mining locations, the bearings of the boundaries shall be from the True Meridian.

SYDNEY D. BLANDFORD,

St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1915.

Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

If you use

Windsor Patent and Royal Household Flour

You will have the satisfaction of knowing that money cannot buy better in any part of the World.

CLOTHES With Style and Individuality.

There is something to our custom garments which makes them look as if they belonged to the wearer. Not only the well selected materials, but also

The Artistic Cut and
the Thorough Construction,

make our suits stand out above all others for fit, finish and quality.

CHAPLIN,
The Store that Pleases.

Public Notice!

INSPECTION REGULATIONS.

The boilers of every steamer registered in the Colony shall be subject to annual inspection by the Inspector.

Every steamer carrying local crews or passengers to or from this Colony, or to or from any ports therein, shall be subject to annual inspection.

All persons installing new boilers for any purpose, to work under steam pressure, shall notify the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in writing, as to the locality of said boilers.

All persons removing boilers or installing second hand boilers for any purpose, to work under steam pressure, shall notify the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, as to the new locality it is intended to work boilers in; and shall not work such boilers until they have been inspected.

The Inspector shall grant a certificate of inspection for every boiler which shall be approved by him. The certificate shall be displayed in a prominent place in the vicinity of the boiler to which it refers.

INSPECTION FEES.

When a boiler is not in good condition, and the Inspector has granted a certificate for a period less than twelve months, the fee for each extra inspection during the twelve months, shall be the extra inspection fee of that class.

For any special visit to be made by the Inspector, other than the annual inspection, or for any special inspection made at the request of the owner or manager of a boiler, the owner shall pay the expenses incurred by Inspector from St. John's to location of boiler and return, subject to approval of Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

MODE OF INSPECTION.

Notice of alterations or additions to any boiler should be given to the Inspector, in writing, for his approval, before proceeding with the work.

Every boiler made after the coming into force of these Regulations shall be stamped with the initial letters of the Inspector's name who inspected it and tested it, the year it was made, and the pressure under which it was tested; also the actual working pressure under which it was tested; also the actual working pressure allowed upon it.

A. W. PICCOTT,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

St. John's, March, 1915.



NOTICE.

The attention of the Public is directed to the following Section of Cap. 39 of Consolidated Statutes dealing with "Nuisances and Municipal Regulations":—

"Any person who shall throw any

Stones or Ballast,

or anything else hurtful or injurious, into any harbor or roadstead in this Colony or its Dependencies, shall, for every offence be liable to a penalty not exceeding

Fifty Dollars,

or imprisonment for a period not exceeding

Fifty Days."

A. W. PICCOTT,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
March, 1915.

Reid Newfoundland Company

Proprietors of the Dry Dock, St. John's, Newfoundland

One of the best equipped Dry Docks in America. Steamships docked and repaired at the lowest rates. Well equipped and thoroughly fitted with all modern appliances for temporary or permanent repairs. Length of Dock, 610 feet. Depth of Water, 25 feet.

Proprietors and Operators of the St. John's Electric Street Railway.

All the Electric power supplied in St. John's is generated on this system. City Lighting and Power for Factories, etc., supplied at moderate rates. Those requiring Electric Power for any purpose should consult the undersigned.

Owners of Thirteen Clyde-Built Steamships

Royal Mail Steamers operating on Bays and Coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador.

Lessees and Operators of the Newfoundland Railway, 831 miles. Owners of 2,500,000 acres of Mineral and Timber Lands.

The Newfoundland Express Company, carrying on Express Business with all Express Companies of the world, and Money Orders issued to all parts.

The Railway and Steamship Systems give the best

connection between Newfoundland and Canada and the United States, and the best freight line between Canada and Newfoundland. S.S. "BRUCE" and "KYLE" connect at North Sydney with the Intercolonial Railway daily, except Sunday, leaving North Sydney on the arrival of the I. C. R. Express Trains on these evenings.

Newfoundland offers to the Tourists, Sportsmen and Health-Seeker the grandest scenery in the Western Hemisphere. A most beautiful climate in the summer months; cool, even and invigorating. No hay fever.

Finest Caribou Hunting Grounds in the World.

Best Salmon and Trout Streams that have yet been discovered. The Railway is equipped with Dining and Sleeping Cars, and everything to please the taste and add to the comfort of the Tourist is provided.

All information in regard to Newfoundland and Labrador will be given on application to the

REID NEWFOUNDLAND CO.,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.





